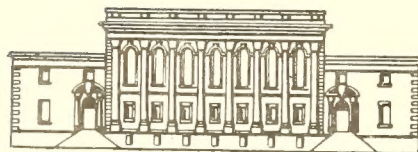


SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE




3 2449 0349720 4

SWEET
BRIAR
COLLEGE
LIBRARY



196741



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://www.archive.org/details/brambler45464748unse>



The BRAMBLER

Volume 45, No. 1

February, 1968

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

VOL. 45, No. 1

FEBRUARY, 1968

CONTENTS

PROSE

Robert Bly's Poetry	Emmy Savage....	Page 4
The Poetry of James Wright	Jan Haagensen....	Page 8
Once A Little Girl	Alexandra Rich....	Page 10

POETRY

Johnson's Cabinet Watched by Ants	Robert Bly....	Page 2
As the Asian War Begins	Robert Bly....	Page 3
The Blessing	James Wright....	Page 6
Autumn Begins at Martin's Ferry, Ohio	James Wright....	Page 7
The New Haven on a Summer Night	Jane Dedman....	Page 14
Two Sonnets: Requiem for a Keltic Gyravague	Lawrence G. Nelson....	Page 15
Psyche	Heinrich Heine....	Page 16
To Wordsworth's Daffodils	Emmy Savage....	Page 17
Resurrection	Jan Haagensen....	Page 17
The Threshold Season	Elizabeth Sanford....	Page 18
Rapid City Transit	Jan Haagensen....	Page 19
Poem	Addie Russo....	Page 19
Protest	Kathy Robbins....	Page 20
Dropout	Jean Preston....	Page 20
If I Could Only Say?	Addie Russo....	Page 21

ART

Diane DeLong	Cover
Kristin Herzog	All Other

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA



VIRGINIA INTERSCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editor-in-Chief

NANCY CRAWFORD

Assistant Editors

JAN HAAGENSEN, poetry

JOSIE WINN, art

MARY CANTY

JO FOX

CAROLYN GUILFORD

GINGER TAYLOR

ADDIE RUSSO

JANE DEDMAN

BELLE QUESENBERRY

KRISTIN HERZOG

KIM MULLER-THYM

Editorial Staff

SUZY PERRY

CATHIE KELLY

DIANE DELONG

JANIE RICHLEY

MARY ROSE GRIFFIN

MARION SWEENEY

ELIZABETH LEWIS

Business Staff

COURTNEY RUCKER

JEAN RUSHIN

ANN ARNSPIGER, Circulation Manager

RIDGELY FULLER, Chataqua Chairman

JEANNIE PRESTON, Publicity Manager

SUSAN HOLBROOK, Exchange

MARY MAHAN, Advertising Manager

MR. WILLIAM SMART, Faculty Advisor

ROBERT BLY

Johnsons Cabinet Watched by Ants

1

IT IS a clearing deep in a forest: overhanging boughs
Make a low place. Here the citizens we know during the day,
The ministers, the department heads,
Appear changed: the stockholders of large steel companies
In small wooden shoes: here are the generals dressed as gamboling lambs.

2

Tonight they burn the rice-supplies; tomorrow
They lecture on Thoreau; tonight they move around the trees,
Tomorrow they pick the twigs from their clothes;
Tonight they throw the fire-bombs, tomorrow
They read the Declaration of Independence; tomorrow they are in church.

3

Ants are gathered around an old tree.
In a choir they sing, in harsh and gravelly voices,
Old Etruscan songs on tyranny.
Toads nearby clap their small hands, and join
The fiery songs, their five long toes trembling in the soaked earth.

Copyright 1967 by Robert Bly. Reprinted from **The Light Around the Body**, by Robert Bly, Harper and Row, 1967.

As the Asian War begins

THERE are longings to kill that cannot be seen,
Or are seen only by a minister who no longer believes in God,
Living in his parish like a crow in its nest.

And there are flowers with murky centers,
Impenetrable, ebony, basalt . . .

Conestogas go past, over the Platte, their contents
Hidden from us, murderers riding under the canvas . . .

Give us a glimpse of what we cannot see,
Our enemies, the soldiers and the poor.

Copyright 1967 by Robert Bly. Reprinted from *The Light Around the Body*, by Robert Bly.
Harper and Row, 1967.

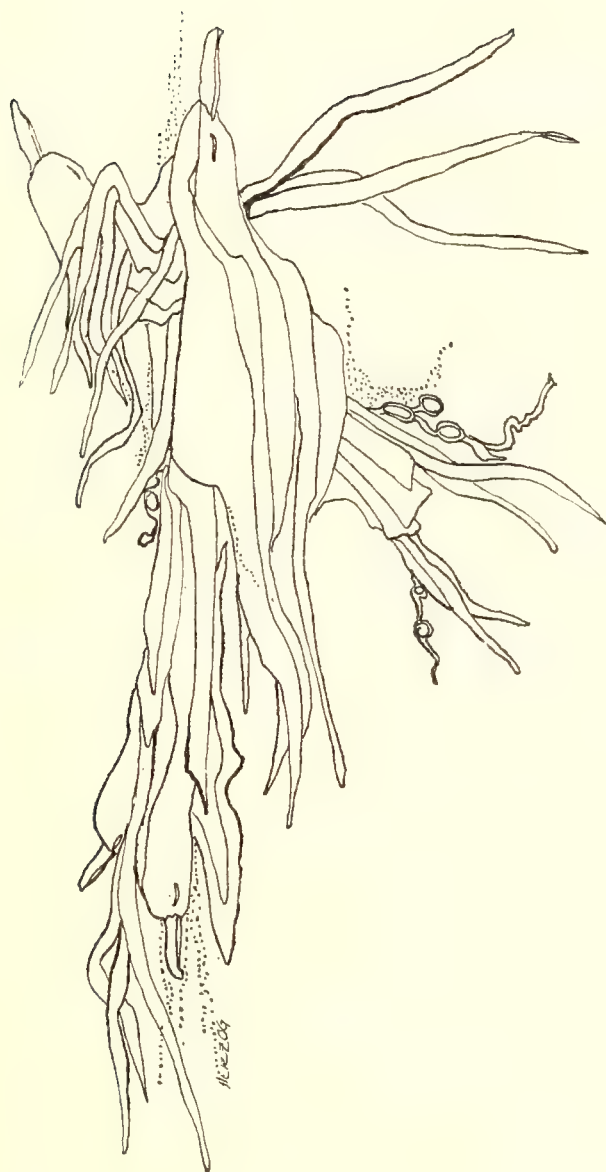
by EMMY SAVAGE

ROBERT BLY'S POETRY

The poems in Robert Bly's earliest volume, *Silence in the Snowy Fields*, seem to be about solitude, and silence, and death. The world in these poems is a world of winter, of sunset and grey cold, where the only sound is the rattle of corn stalks in snowy fields. A lethargy and a darkness pervades this poetry. There is a desire to burrow deeply, mole-like; to sleep against moving waters, against the heart of rock and "sleeping sand" and there to dream of "golden wings." And yet, what may at first appear to be an escape into a death-like dream is rather an awakening to life. Death, winter, the assertion of time passing strip away our artificial world of business, or "great machines," our world Robert Bly is to later call "a desert, . . . a landscape of zeros." "We are returning now to the snowy trees," Bly says, "And the depth of the darkness buried in snow . . ." Bly attempts to understand this darkness in his poetry. We find in these poems the poet's sudden awareness of what is silent and wistful, beautiful and unseen: light snow filling dark car tracks, a snow flake caught in a horse's mane, or of the way, passing in a car, "dark telephone poles,/ One by one lift themselves out of the fence line/ And slowly leap on the gray sky—/ And past them the snowy fields." In these instances we catch a glimpse of that darkness beneath the snow which tells us that we too live and take notice of life. Life is not a solitude. Bly's snowy fields are not without their lighted barns — shells of light containing the activities of men and animals. The barn becomes the world's household of all life in which we live. But while Bly expresses such glimpses, he also feels that men are blind to life. We are wanderers, neither at home in our bodies nor in our world. We are lost on unknown seas. Thus, there is in his work an intermingling of imagery of ships and seas with the mid-western landscape of fields and snow-obscured roads. In a poem from his most recent volume, *The Light Around the Body*, Bly says,

A still sky here, a dusk there,
A dry cornleaf in a field; where has the road gone? All
Trace lost, like a ship sinking,
Where what is left and what goes down both bring despair,
Not finding the road, we are slowly pulled down.

Now, something more terrible than modern artificiality has made its ugly intrusion upon life. Robert Bly's very real anguish over the Vietnam War is expressed in these latest poems. The violence of this war tears down man's quiet household in the snowy fields. The poet who is sensitive to all life cannot but feel "How long the seconds are in great pain!/ Terror just before death,/ Shoulders torn, shot . . ." Even if we can now discover the joy of living, these instances of killing and terror become "crystals,/ Particles/ The grass cannot dissolve. Our own gaiety/Will end up/In Asia . . ." Bly's poetry moves now "through the troubled sea/ The way the holy tortoise moves/ From dark blue into troubled green." And yet, against a certain despair, Robert Bly's poetry offers hope in a dream that man's world will yet find some wholeness again in "a body/ Not yet born."



JAMES WRIGHT

The Blessing

JUST off the highway to Rochester, Minnesota,
Twilight bounds softly forth on the grass.
And the eyes of those two Indian ponies
Darken with kindness.
They have come gladly out of the willows
To welcome my friend and me.
We step over the barbed wire into the pasture
Where they have been grazing all day, alone.
They ripple tensely, they can hardly contain their happiness
That we have come.
They bow shyly as wet swans. They love each other.
There is no loneliness like theirs.
At home once more,
They begin munching the young tufts of spring in the darkness.
I would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,
For she walked over to me
And nuzzled my left hand.
She is black and white,
Her mane falls wild on her forehead,
And the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear
That is delicate as the skin over a girl's wrist.
Suddenly I realize
That if I stepped out of my body I would break
Into blossom.

Copyright 1963 by James Wright. Reprinted from **The Branch Will Not Break**,
by James Wright, Wesleyan University Press, 1963.

Autumn begins at Martin's Ferry, Ohio

IN THE Shreve High football stadium,
I think of Polacks nursing long beers in Tiltonsville,
And gray faces of Negroes in the blast furnace at Benwood,
And the ruptured night watchman of Wheeling Steel,
Dreaming of heroes.

All the proud fathers are ashamed to go home.
Their women cluck like starved pullets,
Dying for love.

Therefore,
Their sons grow suicidally beautiful
At the beginning of October,
And gallop terribly against each other's bodies.

Copyright 1963 by James Wright. Reprinted from *The Branch Will Not Break*,
by James Wright, Wesleyan University Press, 1963.

by JAN HAAGENSEN

The Poetry of James Wright

"Poetry in this age is the art of stating and examining and evaluating truth . . . I've wanted to make the poems say something humanly important instead of just showing off with language." In the tradition of Frost, James Wright can make human seasons in a landscape as well as create the illusion of speech in conventional metrical patterns. In his first book *The Green Wall*, Wright laments the man apart — drunkards, a deaf child, a girl in the county asylum, fugitives, lesbians, George Doty in the death house. And in mourning "The beaten age, the dead, the blood gone dumb" Wright makes a ritual language of tragedy. Man alone is fragmented, seasonless, damned — "Dirt of my flesh, defeated, underground." In both *The Green Wall* and *Saint Judas* voices are often reasoning quietly with meter and rhyme instead of speaking:

Lonely to hold
Some hand upon me, lest it float away
And be dead as I, thrown in a sack
Of air to drawn in air, I rose . . .

Wright occasionally roughens a line and makes his sound walk on the page:

I saw the last offer a child a penny
To creep outside and see the cops were gone.
My name is James A. Wright, and I was born
Twenty-five miles from this infected grave,
In Martins Ferry, Ohio . . .

In *The Green Wall* Wright's imagery is language alive; life breaking in on iambs. Cadenced perception becomes revelation — imaginative honesty moving out of ritual to the making of an image that gives: "The hunching of the body is enough/ To violate his bones. That bright machine/ Strips the revolving earth of more than grass; . . . The earth knows how to handle the great dead/ Who lived the body out, and broke its laws,/ Knocked down a fence, tore up a field of clover."

In his last work, *The Branch Will Not Break*, Wright moves out of prosody to the freely structured forms of the Spanish imagists — Neruda, Hernandez, Vallejo and Lorca: "Blossom and water and wheat kernel share one precious consistency, the sumptuous appeal of the tactile . . . Let that be the poetry we stand for . . . worn with the hand's obligations." The artist translating a language of "felt life" unburies dead words in 'good darkness' — resurrection is the breaking of imagery out of syntactical bodies, a requiem sung for the metrical straitjacket, artifice, rhetoric, connectives and 'poetry of calcium.' Imagery is relevance created,

then held, in the fusion of intellect and sensuous impression; the risen, textured surface of language alive in new unities:

The unwashed shadows
Of blast furnaces from Moundsville, West Virginia
Are sneaking across the pits of strip mines
To steal grapes
In heaven.
Nobody else knows I am here.

Wright's words move in context, his men in a landscape. Language is the common ground inbetween the poet and experience. The balance of inner reality and physical vision is imagery — "the language of fact . . . not realized before." The abstract is irrelevant. Clear light in sound is the flesh of an image beneath the skin of language — the idea is implicit in ice, bone, fur, earth and lamentation:

The cancerous ghosts of old con men
Shed their leaves.
For a proud man,
Lost between the turnpike near Cleveland
And the chiropractors' signs looming among dead mulberry leaves
There is no place left to go
But home.

Inherent in much of the work of the Spanish imagists is explicit political commentary. And as stuffing a line with editorial platitudes is sloganeering, not poetry, imagery must ripen as well as define the shape of events in the lyricist's partisan arguments. Wright's "Eisenhower's Visit to Franco, 1959" is the 'mating of darkness and light' in political imagery:

The American hero must triumph over
The forces of darkness.
He has flown through the very light of heaven
And come down through the slow dusk
Of Spain.
Franco stands in a shining circle of police.
His arms open in welcome.
He promises all dark things
Will be hunted down.

Structure is open, ungathered and absolute. Unequivocal meaning is released in a landscape's translation; the outward made lucidly inward. The ruptured night-watchman of Wheeling Steel, Saint Judas, a dog in a cornfield, drunks and the slag heaps of Belaire, Ohio are emotion's "objective correlative" — "human images come to pray for hands" in a language that reveres the living — a structure that moves in compassion, slow celebration, and praise.

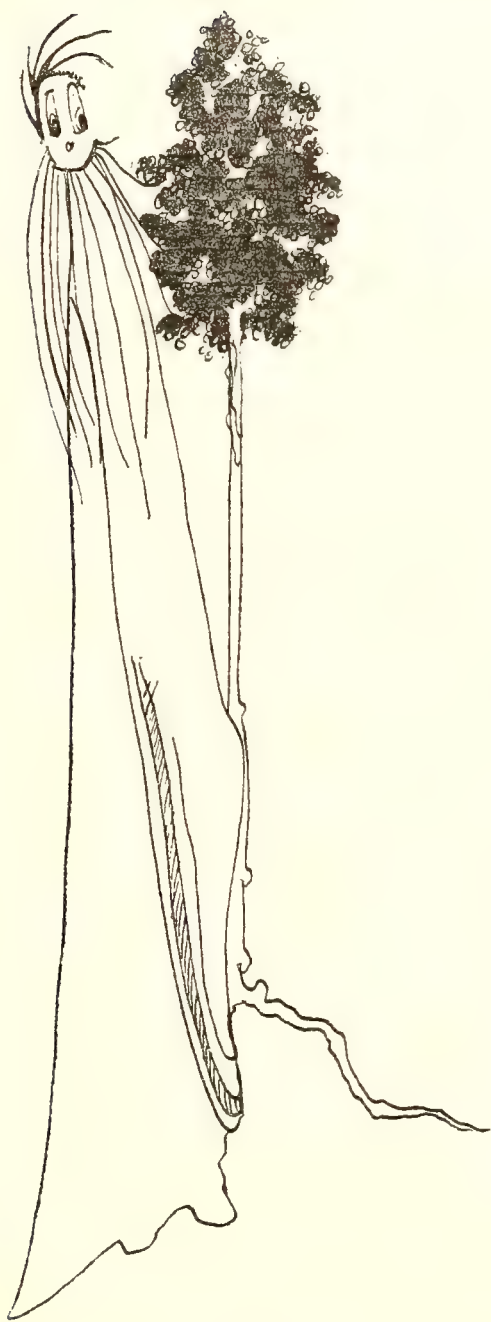
by ALEXANDRA RICH

ONCE A LITTLE GIRL

Some people used to say that I had a marvelous imagination. That's not really what they were thinking, though. They were thinking that I was sort of weird. "It's nothing you can put your finger on," Aunt Millie once said, "but that child is definitely not like *my* babies!" That made me ecstatic, because her "babies", as she called them, were the most obnoxious brats I'd ever known and if my behavior separated us in any way I was all for it. Nonetheless, people didn't like being alone with me and Mamma always had a dreadful time finding a sitter. It wasn't that I misbehaved exactly; I just made them nervous. For instance, Blanche, the most recent one, said that I would sit talking to someone when no one was around to talk to except her. Well, you can be sure that I wasn't going to talk to her because she was stupid, loud mouthed, and a compulsive eater. Besides, Mahidabel had just returned from overseas and we had so much to talk over. Mahidabel is one of my best friends. We've been together almost seven years and couldn't be closer; so naturally we sat and chatted. This worried Blanche terribly. Now, I had no intention of bothering Blanche and so I'd gone to my room to be with Mahidabel and serve tea, but she heard our raucous talk and came to investigate. I didn't hear her until it was too late. Thus, one more sitter down the drain. I would always insist that I didn't need one, but Mamma would not listen, until eventually it became virtually impossible to hire a girl. Then she had to leave me alone. Those were the times of my greatest happiness, for then I was free to entertain.

I was also famous for another quirk of human behavior! I could predict, upon occasion, various events. At first I kept them to myself, but, after learning how much my "lucky guesses," as they were called, gave people pleasure, I capitalized on them. Thus many parties I attended required a demonstration of my little abnormality. It was a family joke — until I predicted my father's death. Mamma never forgave me for that. I still have my visions, only now I am more careful whom I tell them to. Once I told Johnny Thornton his cat was going to be run over. It was, and he hated me ever after. I guess he thought that I had done it, although I don't know how. After several more disastrous occurrences, I stopped relating them to anybody. However, Mahidabel and Mortimer and the rest get unending joy from my "to be's" as we named them.

This had all been going on for some time when one night Mamma knocked at my door. I was in the middle of a tremendously exciting game of Chinese checkers with five guests and was quite perturbed by the intrusion. It seemed that whenever I was having fun she interrupted it all. Thus, this night our laughter was stilled once more and I went to the door. Poor, tired Mamma smiled weakly and said supper was ready. This was precisely what I didn't want, for we had been eating all afternoon — however there was no point in arguing. I said I'd be



down momentarily. After all, I needed time to straighten up and get my guests comfortably settled. I explained the situation to them and they sympathetically nodded, for they too had been through it all before, when they were like me. "Mary Margaret," Mamma called out my repulsive Catholic name and without further hesitation I took my leave.

Dinner looked about the same, the two places set at the kitchen table, the lighted candles, steaming potatoes, and the platter of meat. All of this thoroughly disgusted me following an afternoon of tea and cake. However, I ate my portion while Mama sat in her usual trance. She glanced at me only to ask if it were hot or would I like some more. I couldn't wait to finish and get back to my room where I could faintly distinguish a game of Logo beginning. Unfortunately, though, that night Mama had something to tell me. She hemmed and hawed for ten minutes or so while she cleared the table and brought the milk and cookies in. I sat watching her and wondering if she had ever played Logo—for surely if she had she'd let me go now; but I wasn't sure and so I kept quiet.

At long last she seated herself and began to explain. There really wasn't much to say; we were moving to a small apartment and selling the house, my house. I had been expecting something of the sort, with the phone calls and visits Uncle Charlie had been paying us. Still I stared in disbelief. Could she possibly not understand, I thought? No matter. I wouldn't leave. My friends were here and expected me to stay. They wouldn't let me go even if I wanted to. Thus I nodded to her empty words and excused myself.

Things were pretty wild when I got back to my room. Shrieks of laughter echoed down the hall. It was such fun! I joined in and soon was rolling about in near hysteria while Matilda blindly searched us out. I had to tell them what had happened, though. As we lay on the floor trying to recover from Matilda's chase, I told them. As I said, it was not much of a surprise. Mortimer was rather delighted actually and started to make plans. It always intrigued him to arrange for the transference of a soul. He's been one of the first to visit me in our house, and since Montague and Montaigne weren't available, the whole situation was his to take care of. It didn't take him more than a day to decide how it should be done. It wasn't that it was hard, only that he wanted it to be original and a bit of a treat for me. After all, my age was perfect (I was nine years old) and my attitude superb because I much preferred them to people; thus no transitional hardships.

Actually, Wednesday turned out to be the day, although I liked Friday better. Mortimer said that that would be too late in the week and terribly conventional—so Wednesday it was, only three days before we were to move. Mahidabel suggested that I ought not to know when it was to happen or how, because I might give it away to Mamma. Thus I arose that morning filled with anticipation. Breakfast passed and Mamma left. I busied myself with straightening my room up and arranging my dolls; after all I didn't want to leave things a mess. It was strange, though, not to see any of them. I felt a bit alone, only I knew they were busy preparing a party for me. I was to be the guest of honor. I quaked with excitement as I thought of it. The day dragged by. I became a bit impatient until I realized they must be waiting for Mamma to return. At last I heard her at the door. I went to help her and she kissed me hello with her dry mouth as she went to the kitchen.

About six o'clock the door bell rang. I jumped up to get it and Mamma followed. Uncle Charlie stood before me and greeted me with his usual "How's my favorite niece?" which of course I knew he never meant. He and Mamma stood talking in the hall. I heard a noise and looked up at the top of the stairs. There they were, all motioning to me to come up. I excused myself and hurried up to my room. As I reached the top step, Mortimer straight-armed me in the chest. Back I went, tumbling down the stairs. How marvelous, I thought, and when I least expected it! Once at the bottom I sat up and giggled once. Then off I went again to join them on the second floor. Once I reached them, I turned and looked down. Mamma and Uncle Charlie were kneeling ashen faced beside the body of a little girl named Mary Margaret. For just a second I felt sorry for poor, dear Mamma, now all alone. But then off we ran and all I had time for was "Bye-bye Mamma."

A year has passed. It's been such jolly fun with just the eight of us. We play all day now and entertain by the hour. What parties we've had! A new family is moving in today. They've just come. Mahidabel and Mortimer and I are watching from the upper level. Crawford is their name. They are standing looking around. A little blonde girl, six years old and named Marcie is hugging her teddy bear. She has long curls and such pretty blue eyes. Mahidabel and I look at each other. Mortimer turns and winks.



by JANE DEDMAN

The New Haven on a Summer Night

YELLOW light, tinged grey,
Smudges tired faces;
Steamy air presses sticky foreheads—

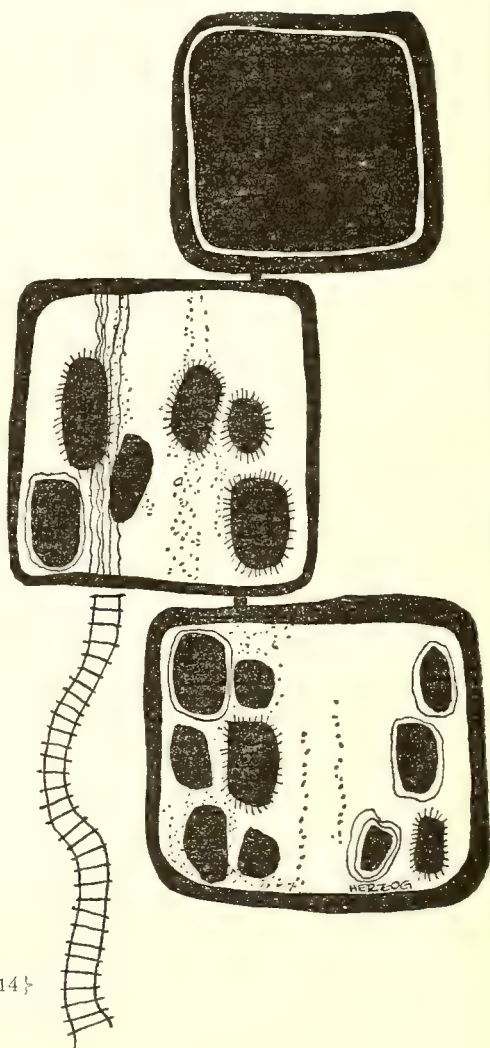
—125th.

Strange, this gaudy neon rainbow—
Moving cars, moving crowds, and
Joints stacked like bright alphabet blocks on the sidewalk.
Nothing touches—
Black figures wrapped in light,
Separated by cool darkness:
A fantastic pantomime,
No sound, no connection.

The train is suffocating,
Light and dust compressed—
A yellow block.
Yellow sheathed in steel and glass;
Thick yellow muffling sound, making
Movement half-movement—

—moving.

Jerking down the latticework balcony,
It tunnels through an ash-dark maze,
Where lights are always on
And children never sleep.



by LAWRENCE G. NELSON

Two Sonnets:

Requiem for a Keltic Gyravague

*As you pass by, behold my length
But do not glory in your strength.*

—giant's epitaph in Britain

I

We are such stuff as dreams are made on . . .

O TORTURED insolent spirit, Irish Bard,
Inventing dreams of Kelt and Byzantine,
Of doomed Deirdre and fantasied Oisín,
With magicked violence climbing heavenward
To the Tower guarded by Michael's flaming sword,
Enspelled by garrulous spirits sibylline;
Beggarmán and Fool, you served the cruel Queen,
Proud minstrel and proud warrior battle-scarred.
Like your mad Cúchullain, you made the truth
Out of magnanimities of superstition;
Your oracled age out of orts of glamour'd youth:
The intricacies of Sophoclean vision,
Homer's unchristened sight, Shakespeare's large sun,
Rapt singing Blake and clear-eyed christened Donne.

II

And our little lives are rounded with a sleep.

Through ordered agonies of the turning gyre
You won to wisdom's gaiety, a hard derision
Of lightening-born serenities of vision;
Spent ashes flamed to artifice of fire,
Long mummied images sang in risen choir
Of man's high lonely privileged condition,
The flight that perns and spurns its mortal mission.
What did you see beyond the blackening pyre?
Perilous your voyage to mad Byzantium's Wake,
Your chart a crumbling palimpsest churned from the deep
Of harrowed Lethe's unremembering lake.
O restless guest Earth cannot keep nor weep,
You have come to God's hard peace man did not make
And cannot mar. Close your cold eyes, and sleep.

by HEINRICH HEINE

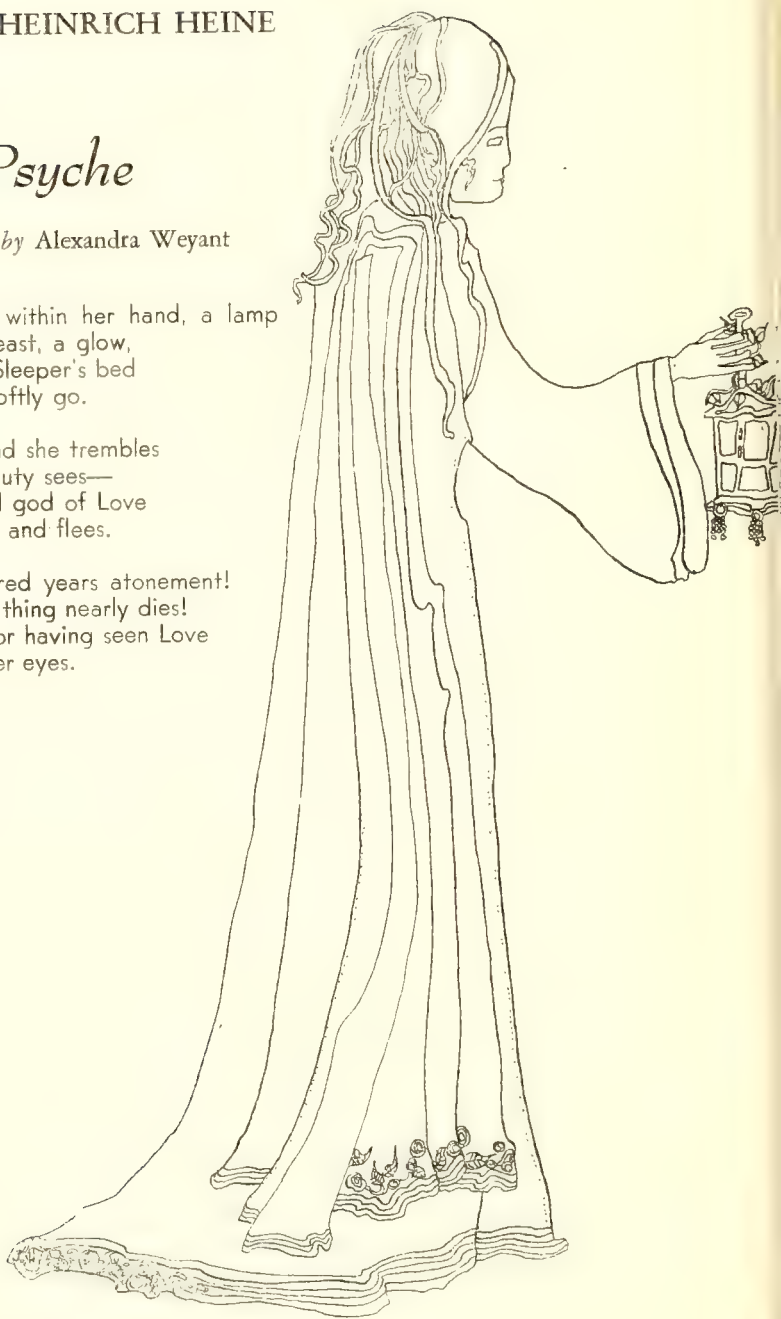
Psyche

translated by Alexandra Weyant

CLUTCHED within her hand, a lamp
Within her breast, a glow,
To the lovely Sleeper's bed
Does Psyche softly go.

She blushes and she trembles
As she his beauty sees—
The uncovered god of Love
Awakens then, and flees.

Eighteen-hundred years atonement!
And the poor thing nearly dies!
Psyche fasts for having seen Love
Bare before her eyes.



by EMMY SAVAGE

To Wordsworth's Daffodils

WHAT of these yellow daffodils
Splashed on the years' glance back
On mud sodden springs?
From wrinkled fruits, diminished,
Asleep in withered husks,
How did these disparate colors dance
Back to find in the mind's reflection
An art to keep by some connection
The night's mythology of stars.

by JAN HAAGENSEN

Resurrection in Oakes County, Georgia

RESURRECTION in Oaks County, Georgia
is a rising held in spring at the home for the aged.
Cancer-blue gauze cracks open
the hackleberry leaves,
day-beds sway and bend
from the weight of the risen-free
like a shaken white-oak branch on the rest-home porch.
Unmoving, the dead shall bloom forth
in thin nightgowns,
wet bones bright as chalk.
Flesh on the edge of the blossoming
rises fattened,
and walks.

by ELIZABETH SANFORD

The Threshold Season

FROM that stucco brightness primavera's passed
Into the mellow lovely levelness
of summer.

Meaning the madonna's face has changed,
And her form is a better kind of green.

Fate is raining mosaic patterns in
the Mediterranean haze . . .

What has the heart conceived and
the body taken?

Strange new spirit of warmth and fullness
beyond spring's thinking,

Beneath the waters of the bay and
the sea of swimming laughter

A fisherman cracks a mussel; soft
moist ocean's fruit,

Fruit of the soul; figs and apricots
to pull open when they're ripe.

Yet the taste can be of salt not
of the sea;

And the wine you find is nirvana
to the mind.

This ancient thoroughfare we know.

Does fortune say that we shall go?

Take the sun the gods throw
across our shoulders,

And three years ago last weekend
we were spring.

Instant depth comes only in an instant,

And summer may come with only a step.

Aujourd'hui c'est toi . . .

Ma domani, chè sarà?

by JAN HAAGENSEN

Rapid City Transit

MRS. MURPHY could always move out of her bones
when there wasn't any skin on the leaves.

The trolley in winter ran over a dog
but the widow was caught in the steel. Old lady
melting in a blood-scent under the wheels.

City Transit runs past all the drunks in the park,
smell of cheap wine in her hair,
hands like an empty bottle
in a pidgeon robe.

All flesh was bright glass in that snow.

Leaves and tramps lay fallen white in the streets.

Mrs. Murphy was a blue-ticked hound
and her bright skin greased concrete.



by ADDIE RUSSO

Poem

THE mouse woman has evolved in all her mangy fatness,
Twitching her beady-nose eyes.

Poet, tell me why she lies groping in round quietness,
While colored ideas sleep furiously.

Poet, mothering yourself, you bearing yourself,
Grasping your child's head and twisting
His shoulders against your sore self to free him.

The mouse runs through alleys and across
Far fields. The mouse eats, and flicks off her
Lice without discrimination. The mouse will die
Guillotined by a trap without propagation.

by KATHY ROBBINS

Protest

THERE'S passive Romeo with his
passive Juliet
She has lost her balcony; she fears the bomb she says
and (when Romeo comes over garden walls
and calls
Juliet, Juliet, let down your hair
she lets it down) leaps to the ground
He has blown his mind too far
It explodes and destroys the world around
The Montagues and Capulets
are dead
Yet there sits passive Romeo with
his full-blown head
Beside his passive Juliet
with vacant eyes who
has lost her balcony and hates her bed.
Wherefore art thou, Romeo?

by JEAN PRESTON

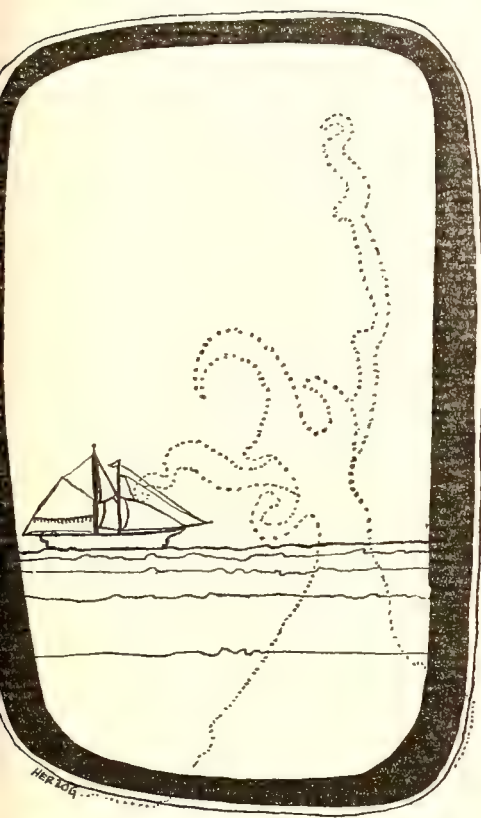
Dropout

NAGS above the kitchen clinking
Drops things, banging,
Shaking hand. Gets worse with her pitch.

She's ticked, you can tell.

Well-meaning: "What-would-people-say-work-never-hurt . . ."
Get off my back.

Stretched and curved,
Sank in silencing
Comforts of my pillow,
Kicked the cancer of
My conscience
To Hell
Tomorrow
I
May
Matriculate.



by ADDIE RUSSO

*If I Could Only Say,
"Oh God, Your Sea Is
So Large, and My Ship
Is So Small."*

IT WAS a flight to Islip that
Gave the cold kiss to my now dead
Dream.

It was a metal-eagle view
That turned my sound sea into
A glint of glass, five fingers wide.

That schooner seems a thumbnail high,
And gaffed main and gaffed boom
Like bits of faded leaf and twig.

The Sound was vast, and wild, and wise,
Seven oceans' equal under
The rule of my kingly rudder.

The Sound has shrunk and so have I
Strapped in an upholstered seat,
Sipping bouillon, being taken
And regretting that sailors fly.

The Contributors

JANE DEDMAN hails from Darien, Conn. She has taken experimental writing and has contributed to THE BRAMBLER before. She has worked on the *Sweet Briar News* staff and is an English major. Class of '68.

DIANE DELONG is a junior, majoring in History of Art. She is from Washington, D.C. She attended the Mt Vernon Seminary and the Corchoran School of Art. She is interested in commercial art.

JAN HAAGENSEN, a senior, was graduated from the Franklin High School in Murrysville, Pa. She is taking creative writing and has contributed to THE BRAMBLER before. She is an English major.

DR. NELSON has been a professor at Sweet Briar for twenty-one years. He is a native of Texas. He studied at various schools, including Chicago, Michigan and Cornell. He received his Masters at the U. of T. and his Ph.D. at U.Va.

JEAN PRESTON'S home and high school are in Bowling Green. She has taken experimental writing. She has been publicity manager for THE BRAMBLER. She is a senior, majoring in philosophy.

ALEXANDRA RICH was born in Bronxville, N. Y. She attended the Knox School; she was editor of the newspaper and yearbook. She is taking experimental writing and plans to major in English. Class of '70.

KATHY ROBBINS is my name.

ADDIE RUSSO is from Bridgeport, Conn. At the MacDuffie School in Mass. she received the poetry prize from the newspaper. She took her junior year in France and is majoring in French.

ELIZABETH SANFORD, '68, is from nowhere in particular, and despite years lived in the Orient and Latin America, her psyche is most happy in the Mediterranean, where a childhood in Grece, summers in Turkey and Macedonia, and student days in Italy have inspired and fortified a major in art history and a strong penchant for archeological excavation.

EMMY SAVAGE is from Annapolis, Md. She attended the Woodside High School. She has studied creative writing for a year and is majoring in English. Class of '68.

ALEXANDRA WEYANT went to Bayside High School in N.Y.C. She has studied German at Queens College and is majoring in German here. This is her first contribution to THE BRAMBLER. Class of '70.

BRAMBLER PATRONS

Dr. J. F. Alsop	Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Garcia
Mr. and Mrs. Carleton W. Bacon	Mr. and Mrs. A. Mason Gibbes
Mr. A. Emmett Barnes	Lt. Col. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Hampton
Dr. J. M. Barnes	Mr. and Mrs. Kyle Hand
Dr. O. J. Bateman	Dr. and Mrs. Olin F. Helm
Dr. and Mrs. Walter H. Bennett	Mrs. Samuel M. Hemphill
Mr. V. F. Bergguist	Mr. and Mrs. Andrew H. Henery
Mr. and Mrs. George P. Bissel	Mr. and Mrs. Sidney P. Herbert
Mrs. Henry A. Black	Mrs. Ernest A. Herzog
Mr. Joseph A. Blair	Mr. and Mrs. Seavy Highsmith, Jr.
Mrs. Schuyler Blankley	Mr. and Mrs. Elmer F. Hinner
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon F. Bottomley	Mr. William A. Hobbs
Mrs. Nathaniel W. Boyd	Mr. Robert S. Horowitz
Mr. Bruce Bredin	Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hudson
Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Brown	Mr. Arthur Hutchinson
Mrs. DeWitt Brown, Jr.	Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Jenkins, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Brush	Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd M. Johnson
Mrs. William R. Buster	Mr. William H. Jones
Mr. John C. Byrne	Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Keller, Jr.
Dr. Max C. Cahan	Dr. and Mrs. Charles Kinnard
Mrs. David C. Coleman	Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kneip
Mr. and Mrs. William Crawford	Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Kolb
Mrs. J. W. Damron	Mr. and Mrs. Harley D. Kysor
Mr. and Mrs. Corbin J. Davis	Mr. and Mrs. Landon B. Lane
Mr. and Mrs. John B. Dempsey, II	Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lawson
Mr. and Mrs. Nathan T. Denemark	Mr. Donald W. Layton
Mrs. James Deshler, III	Dr. William D. Lewis
Dr. and Mrs. Howard A. Donald	Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Li
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Dore	Mr. and Mrs. Max Liebowitz
Dr. and Mrs. William H. L. Dornette	Mr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Lindabury
Dr. and Mrs. Forrest E. Dunaway	Mr. and Mrs. Lamar Little
Mr. and Mrs. C. Pharr Duson	Mrs. Marion C. Lymon
Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Edinger, II	Mrs. Labatt Lyons
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. English	Mr. and Mrs. Richard Louis Lyons
Dr. and Mrs. Ned C. Fahs	Mr. and Mrs. John F. Maloney
Mr. and Mrs. William G. Faulkner	Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mancusi, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar R. Faura	Mr. and Mrs. Emmett G. McKenzie, Jr.
Mr. M. H. Feldman	Mrs. Clare G. Miller

Col. and Mrs. Crosby P. Miller
 Mrs. Gertrude Minnema
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Turner Moore, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Moore
 Mr. Justin S. Morrill
 Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Mullen
 Mr. and Mrs. Hero Murphey
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nelson
 Mr. Walter R. Nexsen
 Dr. and Mrs. Orland S. Olsen
 Prof. James B. Patrick
 Mr. and Mrs. Emil J. Pattberg
 Capt. and Mrs. H. S. Pearson
 Mr. and Mrs. Donald L. Penny
 Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Peterson
 Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Petree
 Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Pond, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. William Quesenberry, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Ranney
 Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Robbins
 Dr. and Mrs. Douglas R. Rucker
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Rushin
 Dr. and Mrs. John R. Russo
 Dr. and Mrs. Charles Savage
 R. Adm. Walter F. Schlech, Jr. USN
 Mr. and Mrs. Phillip M. Shapira
 Mr. Vernon Sharp
 Mrs. R. C. Shaw

Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Shipper
 Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Shropshire
 Mrs. Lynell Skarda
 Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirven Slade
 Mr. and Mrs. John H. Synder
 Mr. and Mrs. Murray M. Sommer
 Mrs. Lauralee T. Stevenson
 Mr. and Mrs. Raymond G. Sweeney
 Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Thomas
 Mr. John C. Tuttle
 Mr. Beverly F. Van Zandt
 Mrs. Samuel B. Walton, Jr.
 Mr. Robert C. Watts
 Dr. and Mrs. Robert N. Webster
 Mr. Clifford T. Weihman
 Mrs. Richard Carlisle Weiss
 Mr. Halstead W. Weyant
 Mr. and Mrs. John D. Wheeler
 Mr. and Mrs. H. Gilman Williams
 Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Wilson
 Mrs. E. A. Winn, Jr.
 Mr. C. A. Winton
 Mr. Hugh D. Wise, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. Oliver J. Wolfe
 Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wright, Jr.
 Mrs. Julia M. Yapple
 Mr. Grady A. Yeargin
 Mr. Albert E. Zotack

Wednesday, February 14

Robert Bly and James Wright

Reading their own poems

Babcock Auditorium, 3 p.m.



The Barbizon

THE BARBIZON—NEW YORK'S BEST FOR YOUNG WOMEN

In the Barbizon itself there is every convenience—shops, beauty parlor, restaurants, recital rooms, swimming pool, a lobby of sparkling decor. Step outside and world-famous sources of education, fashion, culture, and entertainment are within range of your footsteps. What girl wouldn't love this marvelous location to work and study for her future?

Ambitious, discriminating young women have for years preferred the Barbizon. Many of the world's most successful women were Barbizon girls and credit the uniqueness of the Barbizon as a solid factor in their careers.

New York's leading residential hotel for young women offers perfect security and privacy. Rates from \$7.00 daily. Weekly on application. Send for free brochure.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10021

VILLAGE PHARMACY, Inc.

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Phone 946-5526

**Free Delivery to
SWEET BRIAR**

Compliments of

AMHERST PHARMACY

**BURCH-OGDEN &
SCHRADER, Inc.**

Stereo, Radio, T.V. Repair

Pick-up and Deliver

946-3381 AMHERST

AMHERST MOTORS, Inc.

FORD SALES & SERVICE

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Phone 946-2781

CROSSROADS ESSO SERVICE

ESSO Products

Phone 946-3311

Routes 29 & 60

Amherst, Va.

W. L. MASSIE, Proprietor

Amherst Gulf Service

U. S. 29 and 60

Phone 946-4831

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Pick-up and Deliver

PARTY ICE

R. T. BURKS — D. H. PRICE

It's less than 3 miles from Sweet Briar to

FIDELITY NATIONAL BANK

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

We don't expect you to go out of your way for service

MEMBER F.D.I.C.

Wm. S. Knight, Ltd.

BOONSBORO SHOPPING CENTER

LYNCHBURG

Wants the Opportunity to Satisfy Your Fashion Whims

— Serious or Otherwise . . .

Fashions and accessories to suggest your mood, to spotlight
you everytime he looks your way.

Free Stationwagon Service from downtown Lynchburg
when you need it. Call 384-3222

See our . . .

LADIES' SPORTSWEAR

DRESSES

ACCESSORIES AND SHOES

WAILES STOP-IN SHOP

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Compliments

of

**HOWELL'S
SUPERMARKET**

Compliments of

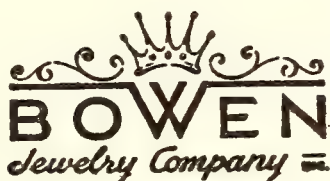
Farmers and Merchants Bank

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Compliments of
Town & Country Restaurant



Town & Country Shopping Center



Member American Gem Society

NINTH AND MAIN STREETS — PITTMAN PLAZA

- JEWELERS
- GUILD OPTICIANS
- GIFT DEPARTMENT



*Buckingham
and
Flippin*

919 Main Street

BE SURE TO VISIT

STORK'S, Inc.

The Next Time You Are In Town For

DRESSES — SUITS — COATS — RAINCOATS
JEWELRY — GLOVES — HOSIERY — PERFUME
LINGERIE AND SPORTSWEAR

STORK'S, Inc.

The Avenue Shop

2484 Rivermont Avenue

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA 24503



brambler

Prampier

May 1968

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA



VIRGINIA INTERSCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editor-in-Chief

NANCY CRAWFORD

Assistant Editors

JAN HAAGENSEN, poetry editor

JOSIE WINN, art editor

MARY CANTY

JO FOX

CAROLYN GUILFORD

GINGER TAYLOR

ADDIE RUSSO

JANE DEDMAN

BELLE QUESENBERRY

KRISTIN HERZOG

KIM MULLER-THYM

Editorial Staff

SUZY PERRY

CARROLL BRYAN

JANIE RICHLEY

MARY ROSE GRIFFIN

Business Staff

COURTNEY RUCKER

JEAN RUSHIN

ANN ARNSPIGER, Circulation Manager

RODGELY FULLER, Chatauqua Chairman

JEANNIE PRESTON, Publicity Manager

SUSAN HOLBROOK, Exchange

MARY MAHAN, Advertising Manager

MR. WILLIAM SMART, Faculty Advisor

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

VOL. 45, No. 2

MAY, 1968

CONTENTS

PROSE

Bal de Versailles	Adelaide Russo....	Page 3
The Moral Imperative	Mary Pollingue....	Page 12
Story	Josié Winn....	Page 24
Story	Nancy Crawford....	Page 31

POETRY

Milkweed	Judith Campbell....	Page 10
Lake I	Kim Muller-Thym....	Page 11
Silence Sometimes	Kim Muller-Thym....	Page 11
Thoughts of War	Adelaide Russo....	Page 21
How the Greeks Washed Up at Whiskey Sands ..	Jan Haagensen....	Page 22
Bullfight	Adelaide Russo....	Page 22
Spring Rain	Emmy Savage....	Page 30
At the Bird Museum in Baton Rouge, Ohio....	Jan Haagensen....	Page 30

ART.....	Kristin Herzog
----------	----------------

Bal de Versailles

It was only the seeing that was good. Smell being musty, as if dust and dirt were gauze underfoot, as if everything was just drying up from an ammonia rain. Ears enduring the garbling of three languages over the loud speakers, and the attack and counterattack of another six from the mouths of stuffed travelers around me. But the seeing; that compensated for the confusion, the unpleasant anxiousness. If I could have turned off the sound, glued a rose to my nose, this place would have been like a fairy's ice palace, slightly dingy, the way snow gets on streets thanks to rock salt, soot, and the passage of two rush-hours' worth of automobiles. I accounted for the shabbiness as the work of age. I had been born too late to see the great hall, its roof arched-in-glass, ribbed-in-steel, like industry's own leviathan, when it resembled those lithographs of the exposition of 1889. It really was like some Jonah in this whale's belly, but homey little things let me disregard the fact. The trains themselves were small and boxey, like an HO set rather than the overpowering Lionel sets they used on American railroads; but it was the puckered, shriveled little men selling lemonade and renting pillows that made me more secure. If these frail, often lame fellows could make out well in this moving confusion of confetti coloured coats and parcels, so could I. The fruit on buffet between the time you put the dime in and the time the coke comes down. It was ruddy and well-rested seemed to tell me that there was health here in the grime-covered *Gare St. Lazare*.

The name itself had made my imagination shake and shudder like a machine carts too, raising still on the bunch filled with sweet Moroccan sun, and the soldiers all anticipation, waiting for the Victorian sophistication of distinguished top-hatted men, and coquettish button-mouthed, and busted women; of an entire family of sailor-suited children, trying to keep Rufus, Edwin, the youngest's dog, from jumping all over the porter; of their nurse, who could not imagine how she would ever manage to get them all to Deauville, especially with that young man who seemed to be following Dorothy. The young man was going to the Newmarket sales but would probably never get across the Channel, since he coincidentally had the one empty seat in Dorothy's family's compartment. I am certain that he ended up spending the season in Deauville, enamoured of Dorothy, whose family would, in turn, be enamoured of his name and connections. I suppose it was that thought, any reflection about names and connections, that brought me back to my own reality and time. Even Shakespeare had doubts about names, and as for connections, the only effective ones these days seem to be electrical.

The truth was that I was going to London for the first time, then to Oxford to visit my cousin. All my feelings of being little-lost came directly from the circumstances of my trip. I had been away from home for a long time. Not that England was my home, though its rolling hills in winter would have reminded me of home, had they not been sprinkled with houses that looked like delabeled Cracker-Jack boxes crowned with steep chicken coops, or with factories that resembled the houses except that they had no chicken-coop hats but, rather, stacks

that were as pleasant as empty toilet tissue rolls. England was probably the closest I would get to home on this side of the Atlantic. I could speak their language and my cousin was there.

It was holiday time too, and I suppose those twinges I attributed to arthritic heart disease were actually the pains of home-sickness; though I would never own up to it, even if that young man I talked to several years before had convinced me that homesickness was not all that cowardly. The young man, like my cousin, had studied at Oxford. His second set of holidays there so incapacitated him with remembering heart that he took to bed. Numbed to everything around him, his fevered imagination struck out images of his holidays-at-home. The towel-robed Christmas pageant players produced processed through his mind, into words on paper, into *Harper's Magazine*, picking up the Faulkner award as a standard on their way to monumentalizing themselves in the eyes of the American public as celluloid heroes.

I was too intent on having a "long and (especially) happy life" for myself at that moment to think that his uncomfortable time, should it be allowed to master my mind, would turn sadness into future profit. So, of course, I denied being home-sick and plugged on, in regular do-or-die Boy Scout fashion.

To prepare myself for meeting this Britishness I dressed so as to assimilate with the natives. It wasn't so much that old adage about "in Rome do as the Romans" that compelled me to dress in the most inconspicuous way imaginable, as the horrible memory of a plump man, returning from the tropics on a Swedish airliner, who was dressed for his afternoon siesta in a sort of male bikini with a flimsy cotton shirt over it. I'm sure he didn't get out of Kennedy Airport without getting mugged, or arrested or something worse. I was going to protect myself. My gear included a black-watch kilt, authentic Scottish wool (and styling too — all the way down to the middle of my shins), sturdy shoes, and a camel-hair coat whose bulk was increased by two million calories' worth of Cadbury short-cakes expanding its pockets. It was all too terribly *anglais*. Carrying a minimum of luggage — I didn't want to intice any would-be good samaritan who on the pretext of helping me with my bags would either make off with them, or lure me into some dark alley, or one of those "hotels" from whence maidens never return, only to be traced ten years later as left-overs from the white slave sales in Algiers. (Too bad I learned this lesson the hard way. I'm sure there is some sensational crook in New York who makes his get-aways by skiing down coal chutes — dirty dealer; and I could have carried everything anyway — and with my skis no less.)

I really was content with the way I was dressed, and happier when I heard my train called for the first time. It's such a secure thing to be in an unlighted railway car before your fellow travelers arrive. You can sit there in the dark watching the air filled with coloured flecks and dream. When I was a child I thought the world was really black and white, and it was those specks which made things yellow, and purple, and chartreuse, when you turned the lights on. When I was older and could no longer believe that theory; I thought the flecks were just slow light that had to take a longer time to travel back to the sun or the light bulb. On snowy nights, especially, sitting in a window seat, I would watch the flecks traveling back to the snow shrouded street lights. I could almost swear that I could see the outline of a reindeer sleigh in the street globes on those softest and quietest of winter nights. It was quiet in the empty railway car, too, except

for the steam hissing up into the heaters, saying "warm-sleep" and making me wish I was a squirrel, or some other little nut-stuffed animal put away for my winter's sleep. Such a nice sense of well-being, alone in that compartment, as if somehow I'd found a cottage, with a cozy fireside, hidden behind one of those steel ribs. It's something the way feeling secure, in control, makes you feel so benevolent toward the whole world. Being enveloped by the dark, the warmth, the steam hiss, was so different from the station itself.

The clamor, the strange smells, and frightening noises seemed to have some sort of attraction for me, though. Like a stray dog that I had given a left-over ice cream cone to, they came bounding after me with even greater zeal. Unsettling, clanging, buzzing, burring, the outside chaos seemed to be packed into a suitcase which seemed to belong to one of the prospective occupants of my compartment. The porter who was carrying it, surely was more than dismayed. He couldn't even communicate with the owner of the awesome object. So I tried my language, though I got no response from the stout, swarthy, little man who was now the center of my attention. He just continued to smile a silly smile that matched the rather ridiculous way he had on his beret, straight on his head, pulled down to his ears like some sort of skull cap. By this time I was convinced that that clanging, that working of gears was a prelude to a requiem hymn, and, that in just a few seconds the bomb that it triggered would sound my trip to eternity. The little man kept smiling, as he struggled to take his case down from the luggage rack where the porter had very hastily left it. He managed to bounce the valise off his stout stomach and lay it to rest on the bench. He methodically unstrapped, unlocked, unsnapped, unfolded through the layers of shirts and pajamas to get to the source of all that strange sound. My adrenalin level sank back to normal when I saw that the terrorizer was none other than a musical locomotive, that had been ringing, and choo-chooing to let itself be freed, and could you blame it with all that empty track from Paris to Calais? I don't think that porter had been at all to gentle with it either, despite his seeming efficiency.

In relief I continued this opening with the sweet little gentleman, who had evidently been so thoughtful as to remember to bring something back from his travels for his grandchildren. I suppose I shouldn't have, but I was still under the spell of that deceptive feeling of benevolence toward the whole world, and hadn't I just been given back my life, so to speak? I admired the little man's choo-choo, and with that same mid-eastern extravagance that made him travel with six over-stuffed, over-sized suitcases, he offered to give me the little train. In response to his offer, which I refused, I did, however, ask if he needed any help putting his bags up. Ah, here lies my most grievous error.

"You think I'm an old man, can't even put my case up."

"No, I just thought I could be of some help."

I won't say that I wasn't hurt, put down, so to speak, after one of my more magnanimous gestures. Well, forget about my Victorian illusions of meeting sympathetic fellow travelers who would invite me to their homes amongst dromedaries and draped women in Cairo; about the 1001 Egyptian Nights that would be staged for me, as footman fanned with palm fronds. Perhaps, it was all for the better, I could conjure up more ideas about Britishness.

My smiling sheika had other ideas. He was all for furthering this relationship. First gesture, right out of magazine advertisements: offer the young lady a cigarette.

I don't smoke. This is a child, not a woman — who but a child would try to tell me I am to put up a case — Train — your's —

"No thank you, sir. I know you bought that for some child." He told me about his children — two daughters, "one married, other, your age."

"About sixteen years old."

"No sir, I am almost twenty."

That knowledge produced all sorts of gear movements in his own engine box. The result of this work was the presentation of a small square box, wrapped in black and white checkered paper, the kind that Dior puts his perfume in. The little man insisted so that I take his gift, that you might have thought he was doing some sort of penance, that entailed divesting himself of material goods. He became even more determined as I constantly refused, politely but firmly. It was almost as if my refusal of his ritual offering was interfering with his salvation. The will of the predestined is hard to stymie, as was my own acquisitive instinct when bottles of Dior perfume were put before me, and so in a way I accepted his gift, letting it lie where he placed it on the seat next to me.

We started to talk about the things travelers talk about — where we were going — where we had been. I found out that he was a brick merchant who had been traveling on the continent for six weeks selling his bricks. He had only his two-week visit to England to finish his business, before he could return to Cairo. I suppose he had been very lonely away so long. At about ten, he started fishing in his pockets again, and I almost feared he had found some other gift to give me. Fortunately, it was only his bottle of three-coloured diabetes pills. He was going out to the corridor to get some water to take his pills with. I knew he would not be able to find a fountain. The French just don't believe in such things, especially in second class cars. But I knew where there was a soda vendor, in one of the cars in front of ours; and offered to show him to it.

The little man followed, being very polite about opening doors when we came to them, and making out very well on his train-legs, easily bouncing from side to side, the bumps padded by each of his soft hips. There was really something very endearing about this little man. He managed to make me feel rather special with appropriately placed "Ah's" about things I said, and remarks about the way I appeared to him. If I was ever in Cairo, I would surely contact him — he'd given me his address, hadn't he.

Victim again — this time I had succumbed to flattery. His pills swallowed, his health assured until the time for his next dose came, we walked back to our compartment, stopping momentarily to look at the stars. I really did see stars, the shock kind, the kind that they replace swear words with in comic strips. The little man started telling me in earnest how nice he thought I was, then softly taking my hand in his sweaty palm, he tried to anchor it under his mouth like a sea anemone. Meanwhile he kept on saying, "Don't resist," while I resisted violently, or as violently as taking one's hand back, and moving one's body back to one's seat can be.

The little man didn't seem to understand at all why a twenty-year-old girl would refuse his advances. As I was extracting my hand from his lamprey's hold, he tried to get out something about this being some continental expression of esteem that my puritan heritage was too unsophisticated to include. How naive did this fellow think I was? Being an American in Europe is almost as big a joke

as trying to cross a freeway on foot during six o'clock traffic. You walk through the streets of Paris reading the "*U.S. hors de Vietnam*," or "*Ecrasez L'IMPERIAL-ISME Yankee*" posters. No place is sacred to the Anti-Americanists. Even the most beautiful view in Paris, the one you get from the *Pont des Arts*, entails a compromise of national dignity. You can savour the view of Paris of Louis XI, and Henri VI, *L'lls de la Cité*, or the Paris of "*la belle époque*," a wide-screen sweep along the *Cour-de-la-Reine* as far up the river as the *Tour Eiffel*, that is if you don't mind standing on pavement painted, "*U.S., Assassin*". The whole patriotism-perking experience is beneficial. In what aspect, exactly I don't quite know. It does make one more eager to be judged as an individual, so when the smiling sheika sat back down across from me and started pointing to his swarthy face and telling me he was not a Negro:

"My skin very dark — Arab — not Negro. American don't like dark skin."

I had had enough. I didn't even bother to answer him. I expressed my disgust with a grunt, and growled at myself for being so foolish as to start conversing with a dirty little old man in a second class train.

When you buy a first class ticket from Paris to London, you get on in the *Gare St. Lazare*, and get off in Victoria Station. When you buy a second class ticket, you end up walking part of the way across the Channel. You have to disembark at Calais and board a Channel Steamer. The first class cars are rolled directly into the boat, and since the compartments are made up into sleepers, the affluent passengers miss the bracing night air, the knock-down wind, the scurrying for a porter, and the fumbling through customs in their sleep.

I didn't have a bad time of it at all, with my single suitcase, and my British-Islized gear. The sheika's story was a different one though. He had such a time dealing with the French porters, so I . . . (I know I shouldn't) . . . but . . .

Shaking off the cold, and Channel gale, we all got settled in a small room on board the steamer which must have served as a restaurant during the day, since it smelled like old French-fried potatoes, and was lined with booths, and benches. Everyone was most uncomfortable, trying to find a sleepable position on those hard benches. There was a group of Australian girls advertising the wares of their country, sheepskin coats, and sheep-lined buntings; how they reminded me of how tired I was with their sleep-opened mouths, and their bodies, cozy and cuddled in their fleecy sleeping bags. There was an Indian family, probably immigrating, colicky children, and moaning sea-sick aunt reminded me how weary, and soul-sore I was. To add to the magnitude of my discomfort, the sheika was now trying to buy my attention, talking about English money, and asking to see mine. When I told him I hadn't had time to change any, he tried to give me several threepences, thinking they were more valuable than the other coins because of their unusual shape.

"Oh little man, I'm so tired. I just can't be bothered with humoring you any more." So I moved myself to another place; and was followed. I suppose he wasn't as stupid as I thought he was. I saw in his face that he realized I was tired, and didn't want to be bothered any more with his ploys. He realized that I was about to lock my lips infinitely. He was tired too — little, stout diabetic man, traveling alone with too many suitcases. He told me he was going to get a berth — no use sitting up in silence. He suggested I get one too. I wasn't about to spend twelve francs on the last act of a night, and anyway I would have to refuse him on

principle. He offered me a cup of coffee, and the last of the apples that he'd been trying to get me to eat all night. I wonder if there was one that was half poison, but then he'd been cutting them up and eating them vigorously himself. He said goodnight and I was left alone in the hot, cramped room with the sleepers. My only stirring company was the howling sea-sick aunt, and the yaw, and pitch of the little steamer itself.

I didn't even have enough energy to go out and peer into the sea's night blackness, to look deep into the mirror sea to reflect the day's thoughts.

I had another reflector of sorts to which I turned. It was a red and pink blank book that I had bought at a "Design Research" store. Very, very gay. It wasn't a diary, however, just a think-book, into which every literary form had at one time or another tried to imprint itself. I started to write a letter to someone I was always writing unsendable letters, but what else can you do when one has no right to write, DEAR

Monsieur Dedeyan, en essayant d'éviter les clichés du XXe siècle a dit, Elle est mort de la poitrine," to describe the fate of a consumptive lady, though I believe he was trying to describe another sort of dead chest to which the lady was victim, a dead chest that the Frenchman would consider a more catastrophic affliction than T.B. This is most significant. We all want to avoid clichés. Nobody wants to be a cliché, even the flabby lips licking wounded fruit.

I will commence in my best style to describe my most recent quest for liberty — today's — which was an utter failure because I was subdued by middle class morality, mores, and manners. (story above comes here) Perhaps if I had let the little man have his way with me. It wasn't a question of sacrifice. I wasn't to be offered up to his heathen gods, not even seduced. I could have been pleasant to this lonely little man, a memory of charity for him, and hadn't he given me that bottle of perfume bought for a lady in his family, earned from the labors of a sun-burned-back, stooping, raking mud and straw together in a brick yard. All he wanted to do was talk, and if worse came to worse I could have always run away from him in Victoria Station, for an old man with too many bags was no match for a girl bred on field hockey, and long-distance swimming. Why did I maintain this facade of decorum? Why hadn't I been spritely, like that little girl namer Esmé, in the story, who gave her blessing to a soldier going off to war, who protected him like the muse protects her poet, by writing him letters filled with her youth and spontaneity. I suppose though, the sheika was neither a soldier nor a poet.

The letter made me feel sad and guilty for being so closed within myself, so selfish when I could have eased another human's life. The episode, recorded in my book would serve as a permanent reminder of my smallness — stingy spirit.

Of course there was the bottle of perfume which I had taken on the train, which would remind me too. When I got back to Paris, I opened it. It was Christian Dior's, but its label read:

SAMPLE: NOT TO BE RESOLD
Bal de Versailles

KATHY ROBBINS

Utopia

UTOPIA, having been founded,
slowly rots
while Caesars close their eyes
and Huns attack, attack.
These, Centurions hack
and smother, hoping to dispel
the thoughts of greater minds who recognize
Utopia as hell.

Progress, flowing, clots,
stands still, uncomprehending that
which halts its forward run.
Tradition, whatever that may be,
marches in time with ungrowing mind
on forever paths to nowhere.
While those who see and do not care
retreat to lesser civilization.
And few in knowledge who remain
bend to break barriers blocking
light of realization.

Utopia is a trap and (pardontheexpression) full of crap
expelled by mouths which have refused to taste
new meat; and now are forced to starve
trying yet to carve a world from sawdust—
product of a brain's degeneration.

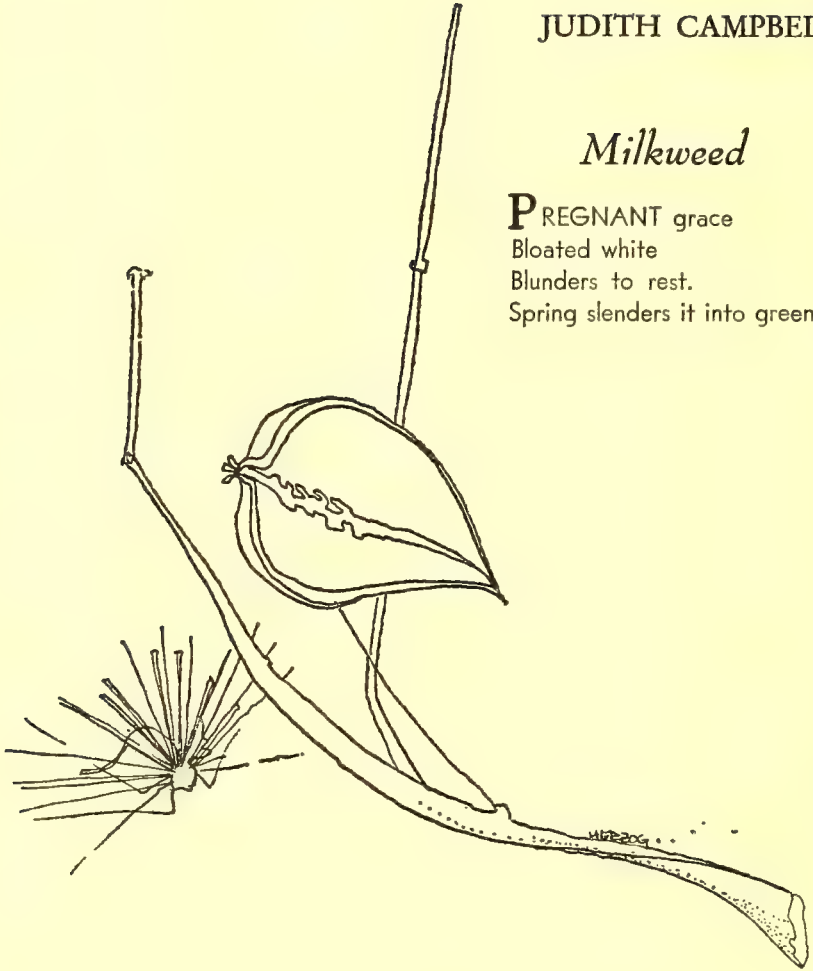
Utopia is but a shell, a crust
of a once-world that cannot, will not last.
Come, Huns, and rout this waste,
this crumbling concept living on its past.

Sentence proclaimed, Utopia's inhabitants must strive
to carry through the law in order to show all,
though not yet dead, how once again to be alive.

JUDITH CAMPBELL

Milkweed

PREGNANT grace
Bloated white
Blunders to rest.
Spring slenders it into green.



KIM MULLER-THYM

Lake I

I RUSHED the well-washed oars through the water
Carefully with surging bridled force
So wooded reflections would not blur;
Pulling back my muscles against the oars,
That went deep and dared not babble out
That glided the boat surely about.

I had to move with steady speed
But could not disturb the divinity
Shared and freed in unity: the reed
That bugled silently its serenity,
Quacking duck-head-knots of conifers,
Whispering weeds' sweet winded flowers.

I tightened, leaned, pulled, again and again
Keeping rhythm with the passing things.
I left greetings to every denizen,
I sent out growing, echoing rings
That circled the entire surface and more,
That woke the bottom's leaves and knocked ashore.

KIM MULLER-THYM

Silence Sometimes

SILENCE is the unbearable recognition of nothing.
Gazes and lowered stares penetrate sober chills,
That incite a fidget or a need to itch.
It grows on the unsaid feelings and fears.
A quiet church of praying people sometimes kills.

The Moral Imperative

When Adolf Eichmann, the head of Jewish Affairs for the Third Reich, was interrogated by Israeli police, he mentioned that throughout his life he had tried to live by the precepts of the 18th Century philosopher Immanuel Kant. He was, Eichmann stated, attracted to Kant's "categorical" or "moral" imperative. In *The Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysics of Morals*, Kant stated:

There is only one categorical imperative, namely this: Act only on a maxim by which you can will that it, at the same time, should become a general law.

Kant explained that when a person transgresses what conceives to be his duty, he does not will that such becomes a general law, but that it remain an exception which favors one's inclination rather than one's reason. Kant further stated: "Man is subject *only to his own general laws* and . . . he is only bound to act in conformity with his own will." He also wrote, "The will of every rational being is a will giving general laws." Thus, according to the moral imperative, man has a responsibility to act always and only according to his own laws which he deduces through his reason. From this it follows that an individual is solely responsible for every act he freely performs.

The case presented by Eichmann at the 1961 trial in Israel, however, was based on the fact that Eichmann was innocent because he followed the orders of a superior. From the moment of his capture to that of his hanging, he contended that he was nothing more than a soldier acting under orders. When he was questioned by the police, he claimed, "I had to click my heels and say 'ja' ". Before he mounted the scaffold, he proudly muttered, "I had to obey the rules of war and my flag." He fully stated his position after the judges pronounced him guilty.

My guilt lies in my obedience, my respect for discipline and my military obligations in time of war . . . the whole persecution was carried out by the government, never by me . . . Obedience is praised as a virtue. Therefore permit me to request that the fact of my obedience be taken into consideration.

Eichmann's case, therefore, denies Kant's moral imperative. One of the three presiding judges asked Eichmann if he considered the extermination of the Jews a general law derived from his own will. He answered:

I could not follow the Kantian precepts when my life was under a regime of constraint and compulsion. What I meant was the situation where I could be my own master . . . not when I had to live under superior orders.

"My guiding principle in life," he stated, was "the realization of ethical values." The "intervention of the state" prevented his living up to these principles.

One might ask what law of ethics allowed such flagrant exceptions. The "moral imperative" of Kant did not. The illogic of Eichmann's thought, however, does not necessarily imply insincerity. Evidence presented by the State led the judges to believe that one who had, in the words of the Prosecutor, gone "beyond the barrier that separates man from beast" was incapable of speaking truth. However, if one assumes the basic sincerity of Eichmann, one is presented with the age-old moral problem: when does the individual have a right and when does the right become a duty to disobey a positive law of the state (or the command of a military superior) under the moral imperative of what private conscience ascertains to be a higher natural or moral law?

Most will acknowledge that such a conflict between the strictly legal and the morally right may and often does exist. The nature of law, according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, is such that it is "in the long run affected by changes in the moral outlook," but "never simply a record of clearly thought out moral principles." Therefore there may be a distinction between a just and an unjust law. The question of one's right and duty to disobey an unjust law is raised today not only by captured Nazis but also in the context of the civil rights movement. Martin Luther King, Jr., for example, urged Negroes to refuse to obey those laws of the state which, in their opinion, foster injustice. He wrote:

There are two types of laws: just and unjust. I would be the first to advocate obeying just laws. One has not only a legal but a moral responsibility to obey just laws. Conversely, one has a moral responsibility to disobey unjust laws . . . A just law is a man-made code that squares with the moral law or the law of God . . . An unjust law is a code that is not rooted in eternal and natural law.

There are Southerners, on the other hand, who are determined to break the recent civil rights laws because their consciences tell them that racial integration is morally wrong. Henry David Thoreau also believed that the individual conscience should be obeyed if a positive law conflicted with it. "Must the citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator?" Thoreau asked. "I think that we should be men first and subjects afterward. It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law as much as for the right."

It is obvious that a society of individuals all flouting the law in obedience to a private moral imperative would constitute a "government of men" rather than a "government of laws" and lead to anarchy. Abraham Lincoln had great respect for the law. "Let every American," he cautioned, never "violate in the least particular, the laws of the country." Concerning unjust laws, Lincoln disagreed with Dr. King:

While I so pressinglly urge a strict observance of all the laws, let me not be understood as saying there are no bad laws . . . Although bad laws, if they exist, should be repealed as soon as possible, still while they continue in force, for the sake of example, they should be religiously observed.

Lincoln, however, presupposes a situation in which laws may be repealed through the legal process. He is speaking of the American democracy.

The rule of law, nevertheless, must prevail in all societies. One is reminded of the trial in *The Merchant of Venice* in which Shylock demands a pound of

Antonio's flesh which Antonio forfeited in a legal contract. "I stand here for law," claims Shylock. Antonio's friend pleads with the judge:

Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia, the judge, however, must uphold the rule of law in Venice:

It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state.

The Merchant of Venice is a comedy and, by a means of legal technicality, Portia is able to administer natural justice to Antonio at the same time she upholds the law of Venice. This is not the case, however, in the tragedy *Billy Budd*. Billy has committed an innocent murder. Captain Vere, who acts as judge, is torn between the same two alternatives, the rule of law and private conscience, or "the clash of military duty with moral scruple." Vere questions:

In natural justice, is nothing but the prisoner's overt act to be considered? . . . Yet as the King's officers flies our duty in a sphere correspondingly natural? Our avowed responsibility is in this: that however pitilessly that law may operate, we nevertheless adhere to it and administer it . . . Occupying the position we do, private conscience should not yield to that imperial one formulated in that code under which alone we officially proceed.

A too strict adherence, however, to the letter of the law might obscure justice, the object of the law. This was Israel's contention when she brought Eichmann to trial. The war criminal was living in Argentina under an assumed name when a group of Jews, some of whom were Israeli citizens, kidnapped him and brought him to Israel. Argentina then charged that Israel had violated her territorial sovereignty and had therefore violated international law. Ben-Gurion wrote a personal letter to Argentine President Frondizi to explain the special nature of the case. Ben-Gurion wrote:

I do not underestimate the seriousness of the formal violation of Argentine law committed by those who found Eichmann, but I am convinced that very few people anywhere can fail to understand their feelings and appreciate the supreme moral validity of their act . . . I am convinced that Your Excellency will give full weight to the transcendental moral force of these motivations . . . for the violation of your country's laws was the result of an inner moral imperative.

The kidnappers were justified in breaking Argentina's positive law, according to Ben-Gurion, because of "moral considerations higher than formal law".

Argentina was not satisfied with Ben-Gurion's excuses, and the incident was brought before the Security Council of the United Nations. The debates there further revealed the conflict between legal duty and moral right. Mrs. Golden Meir, the Israeli representative, extended the "moral" argument advanced in Ben-

Gurion's letter. If Argentina's sovereignty was violated, something of more importance would be violated if a "monster as Adolf Eichmann" remained free. Mrs. Meir stated: "Is it not inconceivable that Eichmann has enjoyed freedom all these years? . . . Is not this a violation of the spirit of man and of humanity's conception of justice?" Dr. Amadeo, the Argentine ambassador, implied the existence of a moral duty of all to uphold the rule of law necessary to the peaceful existence of the world society. The ambassador made it clear that he was not defending Eichmann. He stated before the Council:

The principal threat against international peace arises out of the great importance of the principle which is compromised because of this violation . . . If each state feels authorized everytime it feels fit to do so, to supplant or replace the authority of another state and to take justice into his own hand, international law would rapidly become the law of the jungle.

Argentina's position thus denied that any moral consideration, however exceptional, was admissible against positive law's validity. "One single breach," said Dr. Amadeo, "will cause the whole structure to fall." Captain Vere condemns a man to die for a murder of which he was morally innocent for the sake of the survival of the ship, the symbol of the State. For the same reason, Dr. Amadeo proposes that a man morally guilty of six million murders be released from those who will condemn him to die.

The problem would seem unanswerable. Naturally the Security Council did not attempt to solve it. Lincoln advocated obeying a bad law until it had been repealed. As long as a legal means of retaliation was conceivable, the use of illegal ones was without exception intolerable. In the debates at the Security Council meeting, Italian representative Egidio Ortonas, while sympathetic to Israel's position, upheld Argentina's resolution. Ortonas stated in his condemnation of the kidnappers that "Any exploration of the normal ways and methods through which justice could have been normally attained was precluded." Jose A. Correa of Ecuador praised the struggle to bring war criminal to justice. He stated, however, that "there exist clear rules of positive international law assisting to this end."

From Israel's point of view, however, it was doubtful that extradition proceedings would be successful or that an international tribunal could be practically appointed for the task of trying Eichmann. Nevertheless, as long as a legal means to the end which Israeli citizens had used illegal means to achieve was conceivable, the question of positive versus natural law did not arise in entirety. Perhaps the question would have been different had legal means of bringing Eichmann to justice been beyond doubt unavailable. Nevertheless, a legally-constituted body would avoid the issue. Such a body owes its existence to the rule of law, and, while its conscience might justify a breach of the law, that body could never officially endorse one. In reference to the case before the Council, a New York Times editorial predicted the outcome of the debates because

No immoral or illegal act justifies another. The rule of law must protect the most depraved of criminals if it is also to stand as a bulwark against the victimization of the innocent.

Once the decision had been made, another editorial in the same newspaper blamed the Council for ambiguity. Ambiguity, however, may have best served

the interests of international peace at the time. The decree condemned Israel's action and affirmed that, if repeated, such acts would be a threat to international security. The decree demanded that Israel make "appropriate reparations." However, as determined by the ambassadors of Israel and Argentina, reparations consisted of an apology on the part of Israel and not the return of Eichmann that Argentina had originally demanded. The Council's decree may be considered a compromise between two sacredly-held principles. The *U. N. Review* describes the major temper of the debates: "Sympathy was voiced for Israel's position on moral grounds but the majority of the representatives expressed the belief that Argentina's case was a legitimate one." Just as Portia judged Antonio, and Vere did Billy Budd, the authority who was asked to judge could officially recognize no exception to the rule of law. At the same time there was a need for compromise because of a certain validity in Israel's moral reasons.

The moral-legal conflict appears in several other contexts throughout the trial. Doubt was raised by many critics concerning Israel's jurisdiction in the case, apart from the legality of the kidnapping incident. The question also arose concerning the nature of the law under which Eichmann was convicted — a 1950 retroactive law of the state of Israel. This law was clearly contrary to the "*ex post facto*" principle.

The basic principle of jurisdiction, according to Yosal Rogat in his pamphlet, *The Eichmann Trial and the Rule of Law*, is the "territoriality principle." This principle states that a nation's laws operate only within that nation's boundaries. The Israeli law, however, applies to events in Germany and in occupied countries. The "passive nationality" principle (if a national is the victim of a crime, the jurisdiction falls within the country of that national regardless of the country in which the crime is committed) is used as an argument for Israel's legal jurisdiction by Jacob Robinson. However, Rogat points out that such a principle would subject an individual "to the rules of different legal systems whenever he dealt with citizens of different states" and lead to anarchy. There is also the argument that the passive nationality principle could not apply because the victims of the crimes were not members of the state of Israel since the state did not exist at the time the crimes were committed. Robinson, however, refers to the "legal continuity" of the state of Israel despite its physical non-existence. Furthermore, Robinson argues that Eichmann's crimes are against international law (in the Nuremburg Charter) as well as the national law of Israel. Since they are against international law, the crimes are subject to universal suppression. Israel, therefore, according to Robinson, can claim jurisdiction by virtue of her being a member of the international community. The Israeli judges held this same opinion. They stated that "the jurisdiction of such crimes (against international law) is universal." On the other hand, Telford Taylor, American prosecutor at Nuremburg, argued that for this very reason the trial should be held by an international tribunal. He wrote:

To proscribe the murder of Jews as a "crime against Jews" carries the dangerous implication that it is not a crime against non-Jews. . . . The essence of law is that a crime is not committed only against the victim but primarily against the community whose law is violated.

Such arguments for and against the legality and the wisdom of Israel's jurisdiction in the Eichmann case are inconclusive. Neither Ben-Gurion nor the Israeli judges, however, argued that Israel has a legal right to jurisdiction as did

Robinson. They emphasized that Israel had a moral right and duty to hold the trial. Ben-Gurion stated: "Some who think that Eichmann should not be tried here liken this trial to the Nuremburg trial. I am not interested in such comparisons." Ben-Gurion's primary concern was not for legal matters. "It is historic justice," he claimed, "that he (Eichmann) be tried by a Jewish state. Only a Jewish state could try him from a moral point of view." Eichmann's lawyer objected to Israel's right of jurisdiction, but the judges answered his objections.

It is the moral duty of every sovereign state to enforce the natural right to punish, possessed by victims of the crime, whoever they may be, against criminals whose acts have violated in extreme form the laws of nature or the laws of nations.

The question of the legality of the retroactive nature of the Israeli law is likewise treated inconclusively by opponents and defenders, and brushed aside by Israel in favor of moral considerations. This question applies to the laws of the Nuremburg Charter as well as the Israeli law. Robinson, defending Israel, argued that the "*ex post facto*" objection is irrelevant since it applies only to statutory law. International penal law (and therefore the Israeli law which was based on the International law) is by its nature customary, based on precedent rather than legislation.

Another argument justifying retroactivity is that, even if there were no international laws at the time of the crimes, the acts were so wrong morally that no specific laws were necessary for their subsequent punishment. This was the position of the judges who held that the retroactive application of the law did not conflict "with the rules of natural justice." When the judges stated that Eichmann's acts "constituted crimes under the laws of all civilized nations including the German people, before and after the Nazi regime," they are referring to higher unwritten laws of civility and of decency.

Lord Russell admitted that there was no precedent for the character of the 1950 Israeli law, but believed that Israel was morally justifiable in making an exception to the established custom in the rule of law:

By enacting these laws, Israel was fulfilling a natural and elementary duty . . . It may be a new principle of law that a nation by means of retroactive legislation can try offenses committed against its peoples before they became a State, but without it Israel would have no means of retribution whatsoever and this, in all circumstances, would seem inequitable.

An Israeli court also noted the exceptional character of the 1950 law in a 1953 decision.

The circumstances in which the crimes were committed were extraordinary, and therefore it was only right and proper that this law, its application, employment, and the purpose which the State had in mind in enacting it — that these too should be extraordinary.

The State of Israel thus appeals to higher laws to justify the kidnapping, its right to try Eichmann, and the nature of the law under which he was tried. Likewise the purpose of the trial was to establish the moral guilt of the accused, as well as his legal guilt. Because of his moral guilt the State of Israel could morally justify her legal punishment of Eichmann. The judges stated that "In civilized

countries, the rejection of the defense of superior orders as exempting completely from criminal responsibility, has now become general." It does not seem to be enough, however, for the judges to find Eichmann guilty of obeying orders and therefore guilty of being an accomplice in the deaths of the Jews. The prosecutor refers to Eichmann's dual responsibility — "his responsibility in the eyes of the law" and "his responsibility according to every standard of conscience and morality." Throughout the judges' statements there is a dual emphasis on both "the legal and moral responsibility." For example, the judges stated, "The facts which have been demonstrated showed not only that the accused knew of the intent to destroy the Jewish people . . . but he personally was also permeated with this intent." The Court found, as the prosecutor had asked it to find, that Eichmann had murdered with "fervor and insatiable lust."

The prosecutor stated that "Here (in Israel rather than in Nazi Germany) law and justice prevail. The trial was for the blood of the innocent children of Judah." This reference to law and justice is to a natural law which forbids the slaughter of the innocent. This law was negated by German totalitarianism which itself imposed a law and order of another kind so strict that it compelled men to deny the existence of their own consciences. The Israeli judges, dedicated to a concept of higher law, stated that, as the world rejects the idea of duty to the state as an exemption from criminal acts, "the rule of law and order will be strengthened." Criminal acts, in the view of the judges, are acts contrary to a higher natural law common to all. It is upon such a law that international law was originally based. Only through a recognition of this law can the world have a semblance of universal law and order. Recognizing this law, Israel brought Eichmann to trial and then condemned him for not also recognizing and obeying this natural law of right and wrong.

Appeals to a higher natural law over the tenets of a positive law of a State, however, are not always justifiable. Antigone, for example, defies a decree of the king, Creon, and buries her dead brother's body because she would not dishonor "laws which the gods have established." Concerning the decree of the State which she disobeyed, she states:

It was not Zeus that had published me that edict; not such are the laws set among men by the Justice who dwells with the gods below; nor deemed I that thy (Creon's) decrees were of such force, a mortal could override the unwritten and unfailing laws of heaven. For their life is not for today or yesterday, but for all time.

Antigone is justified in her disobedience. The motives of Sophocles' tragic heroine, however, are not those of Israel when she defies international procedure in trying Eichmann. Antigone acted on a sacred duty to her brother and to the law of the gods which she felt she must uphold and, in doing so, unselfishly and willingly sacrificed her life. Likewise, Thoreau defied a state law and went to jail for refusing to pay a tax. Although he admitted the tax law to be a just one, he refused to pay as a symbol of defiance because of other policies of the state that were not just. Like Antigone, he acted because he felt a duty to uphold the higher law and willingly suffered the consequences — a night in jail and the derision of his neighbors. Thoreau is justified in his act, yet the judge who sentenced him is equally justified, as in the case of the judges—Captain Vere, Portia, and the Security Council — who had a duty to uphold the rule of law for the sake

of order and the continuance of a law-abiding society. Thus wrote Dr. King, "One who breaks an unjust law must do so openly, lovingly, and with a willingness to accept the penalty." The Negro must go to jail, and Creon must sentence Antigone to die, for, as Creon stated, "disobedience is the worst of evils," and "our country is the ship that bears us safe." Antigone's sister Ismene would not follow her in defying Creon because it was wrong "to defy the state." "One world approved thy wisdom; another mine," Antigone tells her sister.

In analyzing the motives of Israel, one is able to conclude that neither of these worlds could approve of her actions against Eichmann. Those who are primarily concerned with the preservation of the rule of law consider Israel's procedure disastrous. Yogat stated, "if the legality of Israel's actions *within* international law is ambiguous, the over-all impact of the trial *on* international law is clearly undesirable." A decision on the part of Israel to give Eichmann to an international tribunal would "have required some subordination of immediate national desires."

These immediate national desires were stated by Ben-Gurion:

We want to establish before the nations of the world how millions of people, because they happened to be Jews . . . were murdered by the Nazis. We ask the nations not to forget it. We want the nations of the world to know that . . . anti-Semitism is dangerous and they should be ashamed of it. It may be that Eichmann's trial will ferret out other Nazis . . . for example, (it might reveal) the connection between Nazis and some Arab rulers. Finally one of our motives . . . is to make the details of his case known to the generation of Israelis who have grown up since the holocaust. It is necessary that our youth remember.

Are these motives which the world which approved Antigone's act, might also approve? It is to this world which Israel seems to appeal for justification, as does Antigone and all who break a positive law (or international precedent) under the direction of a moral imperative. Other than the self-satisfaction of doing as Thoreau stated "at any time what I think is right," those who justly appeal to a moral imperative gain nothing themselves by their actions. The rule of law is so strong in their eyes that they sacrifice themselves in breaking it. Thus Antigone states:

Die I must . . . But if I am to die before my time, I count that a gain; for when anyone lives, as I do, compassed about with evils, can such an one find ought but gain in death?

For the same reason, the Merchant of Venice does *not* appeal to a higher law that would deny the Jew the legal justice for which he clamors. Such an appeal by Antonio would not be to preserve the higher law but to use it as a justification for his own motives. He would save himself by such an appeal rather than sacrifice himself, as in the case of Antigone, and to a lesser extent Thoreau. Antonio therefore is ready to accept death for the sake of the rule of law. He says:

Since . . . no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer . . .
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Israel appealed to higher law. Rather than sacrifice any of her own national desires in such an appeal, Israel sought to achieve certain goals of her own, as stated by Ben-Gurion. She sought compassion in world opinion. Politically, she sought to discredit the Arab states. She sought to strengthen the unity of the Israeli nation by emphasizing the uniqueness of the Jews and the suffering that binds them together. Israel wanted to use natural law; she did not want to uphold it or to vindicate its principles which were denied by Nazi Germany. Ben-Gurion states, "We are not out to punish Eichmann." No, Ben-Gurion wanted to demonstrate that "one million babies, because they happened to be Jewish babies were murdered." As Shylock stated,

He (Antonio) hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million . . . scorned my nation . . . and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? . . . If you prick us do we not bleed? . . . If you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?

On the other hand, there can be little doubt about the guilt of Eichmann. Assuming that he was truthful when he declared that he merely obeyed the orders of a superior, one can only find that he not only had a moral right to disobey but a moral duty as well due to the gravity of the evil in which he was ordered to participate. If one believes that Eichmann may not be punished because there was no obvious positive law against his actions at the time they were performed, one is justifying the position of the mass murders. The death sentence was just, for, if any crime deserves the death penalty, it is the one of which Eichmann was found guilty. But it is not fitting that a country, which so strongly recognizes the higher if any crime deserves the death penalty, it is the one of which Eichmann was found binding force of natural law over positive law, should recognize a higher quality than mere justice? Could a "moral imperative" beg one to give a man not simply "his due," but more than his due? As Portia cautioned Shylock:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath . . .
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown . . .
But mercy is above this sceptred sway . . .
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power then shows likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

Is not there a higher justice inherent in the quality of mercy? Defense Attorney Dr. Servatius closed his statement to the Court:

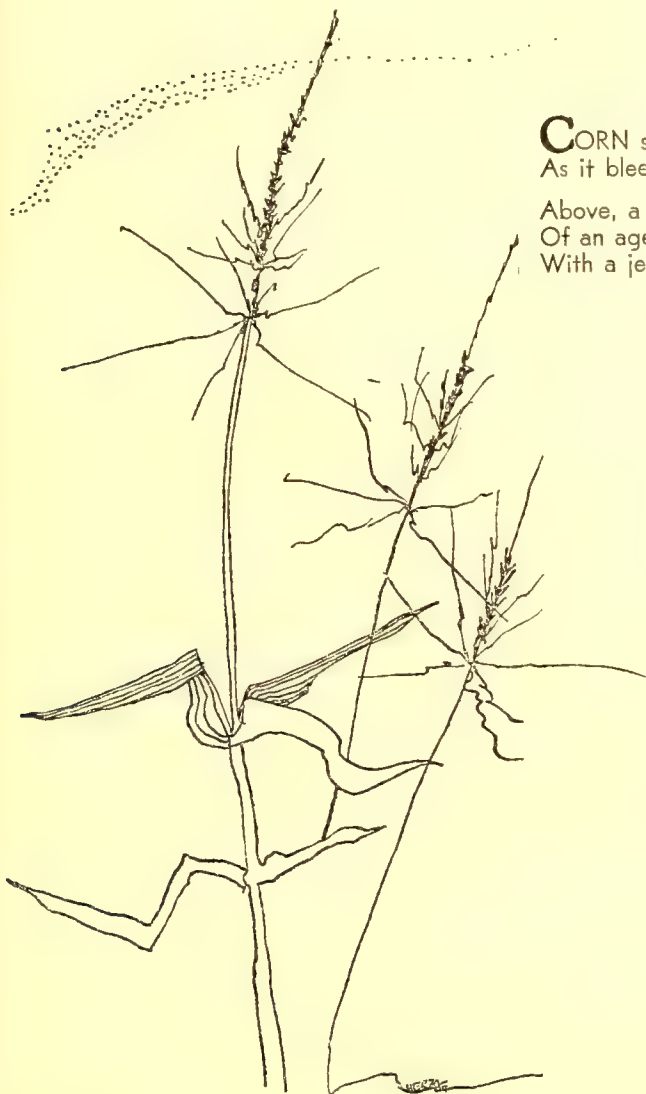
The passing of time must bring peace and an end to suffering. A distance must be created between the individual human being and the boundless collective; a return must be made to self-restraint and humanity. Let there be a judgment given here which will transcend the Eichmann case . . . I submit that the proceedings against the accused should not be continued . . . and that he be judged no more.

ADELAIDE RUSSO

Thought of War: Down to Earth at Dusk

CORN stalk bayonets wound the sky
As it bleeds down to morning.

Above, a young man feels the power
Of an age, bandaging the world
With a jet stream.



JAN HAAGENSEN

How the Greeks Washed Up at Whiskey Sands

BOTTLES

and the grecian wrists in seaweed,
backbones shining drowned
in a lucid, kneeling trawler
frail on the Boston shore. Arctic blue hands
of the Greeks thickened face-up
waken calm sea and fat bathers
greasing on flowered towels. Fluent
unscaling of fingers and thighs
drying in the public sand congeals,
broken on a coast
where seagulls lengthen,
gather, sway then heal.

ADELAIDE RUSSO

Bullfight

CORDOBES, Cor-do-bes, we chant in mystic union.
Up between the horns, torero's lips put to that
Animal brain that keeps him living.
Close, between your eyes so you can't see.
Toro—is it a fly? this man's mouth.



STORY

The sun glinted along the rim of an empty jar on the window sill and poured white onto the sheets. Charlotte lay face up, spreading her hair about on the pillow for a sort of French effect, she thought, then turned her head from side to side in the uncomfortable heat.

"I should do something about that jar . . . The pillow's damp," she said hoarsely, feeling beneath her head and rearranging her hair. "You can't beat the wet out . . . It's so uncomfortable to spend the morning this way, with a damp pillow, I mean. You get so hot in the morning — the heat's crazy and I've got three eastern windows with no shades or screens, but maybe screens don't make any difference. I don't know; I've never really thought about it." She lay there running her index finger along the hem of her blanket. "Zackroff, you know Mother said that she would make some arrangement about screens, but who knows Mother said she'd fix the chess board last year. It's all warped in the middle. You know that nineteenth century papier-maché thing in one of the closets. Everything works too much or not at all around here. But at least the clutter is pleasant."

Charlotte forgot her hair and swung her legs around and touched her feet to the floor, then looked for a long time at a Lautrec propped against the false mantelpiece.

"Wretched. That's why Mother keeps Gainsborough over my bed. It's fun to be fat. . . . All hail obesity! Hypertension's workshop!"

She rose like a Nazi officer, poked her stomach, blew out her cheeks, then dropped spread-eagled onto the bed, flinging her arms up.

"What a life, my friend. What a life. Last week I was Jack LeLane and this week Judy Garland and next week . . ." she said with a grotesque wink, "Mata Hari, Mae West, Mortimer Snurd and the Rolling Stones. And this is my poem for this lovely day." With a great dramatic pause and flourish, she recited,

The dogs in the city that
cry in the night and bring
red eyes under the house, to naked young
and that is all.
Roaches and webs is nothing to eat . . .

"Which brings us back to. Eat, nothing to eat, nothing to eat," she murmured. "How about some pound cake and coffee or some . . . uh . . . festive mushrooms?"

Charlotte padded to the dresser for a comb.

"A little hydrochloric acid, maybe?"

"What?" came a voice muffled under the sheet of another bed. "Char, I'm not hungry. You know I don't like breakfast or anything before noon. Ever. It's too early to talk."

Charlotte stiffened. "It's ten o'clock and it's too early to talk . . . What a bum. Well, you're going to have to earn your keep some way, Sweetie Pie. It's an established fact that your intellect won't. I haven't been busted. You're lucky." She smoothed her hair from her forehead and cursed under her breath. "Anyway, morning's never a good time to discuss anything. It's too bright or something. Mama's coming tomorrow, Zack. And out you go. O-U-T."

A long arm waved. "Yeah, sure. Go away so I can sleep. All right?"

Charlotte ran a comb through her hair and pulled a poncho over her shoulders. "I don't want any mushrooms," she said as she stamped rather too vigorously through the living room into the kitchen. The refrigerator was knocking. She kicked it hard. It didn't stop. Charlotte sat down to think.

"This girl's got spunk. Spunk in a quiet house. It used to be quiet around here with the beating of my heart, to coin a phrase, and indigestion and books I finished and couldn't start. Then there was Zack and a lover. And *that* is all. The very first something with no hang-ups, no regrets, no losses, no nothing. . . . I'll have a beer on that. What a joke. What a proverbial joke. Me. Fats Buffoon with a lover. Boonfooon. Boonfooon. . . . good word — boonfooon. I should dream more often."

She opened the refrigerator, took out a six-pack, uncapped one and after shutting the door, sat down again at the old white table. Raising a can to the noisy machine she said softly, "Here's to you, Happiness. Keeper of Mirth. Down the old hatch. Ring-a-ding-ding."

She held her chin to her chest while swallowing, then flung her head back until her neck snapped.

"Boonfooon. You old libertine. Oh, child from the Low Country, sweet and Deltan. I could dance to that. Sweet and Deltan. Yes Ma'am, No Ma'am. Ma'am, Ma'am, Ma'am. Miss Charlotte Hays accepts with pleasure the kind invitation of a kind couple of British Isles descent for a kind dinner dance, much much champagne and flirtatious talk and more than much empty humor. Blah, blah blah. . . . Zack's Polish, not even an elegant Pole, a P-o-l-a-c-k. Better than the Irish, my father would say, but still Catholic. Ah me, the evils of lonely apartment living. . . . There's no clean linen in the bathroom. Got to do something about that before tomorrow. Mama really picks the times to visit. Clean up — fix up. Let Zack sleep a little longer and then work him. The jerk. He's been in that damned bed for a solid week. But why reminisce? All that is finis tomorrow. I think I'll go for a walk down to Handy's park in a while. What are Fridays for, anyway . . . if I can find my way out of this dump."

She looked into the living room. It wasn't very big but seemed friendly enough as her gaze passed over a huge sofa and fixed itself on six or seven primitive oils on the entrance wall. They were cheap but antique and sort of complimented her own paintings and sketches up and down everywhere. Perhaps she had made order from chaos on the walls, but the floor was bedlam. It looked like Webster's International and the Readers' Guide torn, thrown, kicked, crumpled, abandoned for infinity. Sheathed and unsheathed records, books, cigarette butts and lamps whose bases she had sculpted for full decorative effect. Yet there was something always still and inactive about the room she didn't understand. But, at first glance, it was nice in a spontaneous way. She didn't really look at it much.

Charlotte squinted and gave the room a quick appraising nod.

"Yes, ma'am. You've done just fine. You paint well, write well. Nobody buys, but that's the breaks. It's all a hack. . . . Zack the Hack . . . Zack the Hack! Out of the sack, Hack! How about . . . DEATH!"

She fumbled the lid off the ice bucket.

"Ice! The most pleasantest death of all!" She was running and running past the dresser, the easel, the paint stand.

"Stop! Halt! Snow, Zack!" she screamed, dropping one cube at a time onto his uncovered forehead.

He looked up, drowsy-eyed. "That feels good. Do it some more. You know you're really crazy, Char," and dropped a piece into his mouth.

Charlotte stood shaking her head, looking down at him. "You're supposed to be frightened, Stupid, like the man in that Theda Bara movie. All she was dropping on him was rose petals and he was going berserk there lying beside the fireplace. Of course she had ruined his life and all that. But. . . . Why don't you react correctly to these things? You have ruined my day which wasn't a very good day to begin with.

Zack reached for her hands and squeezed them affectionately. "Sorry, Char. How about a beer. . . . Round one?"

She broke away from him.

Zack turned over and put his face into the pillow, then looked toward the living room door. "Hey Char. Do you really want me out by tonight? Hey drunk, come here."

She stood in the doorway. "Sure do. Sure do. Checking out time is . . . let's say, six p.m.?"

"Hey, come here. Hey Charlotte, that thing about the ice . . . I'm sorry. Do you really mean that? May I come again sometime? You're really serious, aren't you?"

She sat down on the opposite bed. "Yeah. Sure. I told you how it was going to be with me. Now it's over. I'm satisfied. You too, I guess. I wanted you to be the first and By God . . ." she laughed nervously, "you were. You know that. It was good. So that's that."

Zack sat up facing her. "That's that. What do you want, a damned three piece Harris tweed automaton with nothing but some kind of office chart and contract for insides? I don't understand you. Like it was practically six months before I could take off your raincoat and now you sit there and give me this Checking Out Time routine. You want me back in grad school? I didn't bust out, as you so decorously put it. I wanted out . . ."

Drawing her knees to her chin, she said quietly, "It's not that. It's just not that at all, Zack. Don't get so upset."

He was up now and pulling on his jeans. "Who's upset? Not me, Baby. Save it. Where's the beer?"

"There's some on the table and another sixpack in the happy box. Could we start the clean-up campaign soon? Mother's . . ."

". . . Not going to savor the scene?" He struck a pose, made a face, and raised his voice a few octaves. "Mother would be disappointed in her artsy progeny. I should meet her, you know. I am the only normal friend you've got. Been

doing normal things — writing, making good love, making good music on the Martin. Or should I exclude that unfortunate word love and replace it with something a bit more — how should I say it? — lowbrow? Yes, lowbrow.”

Charlotte was out of the door. “Cut it out, Zack. I told you. It’s funny about me. I don’t know what it is. Could you help me get this place cleaned up a little?”

“Could we go to the park first?” he yelled after her.

“Yeah. I guess. It’s time you got some fresh air and I got some exercise.

She turned and motioned for him to leave the bedroom. She went in. He went out, closing the door. Charlotte thought while squeezing on the boots, “I really feel funny about this. That’s what everyone said I’d feel. But it’s only the first time. Maybe it doesn’t bother you after that.” She checked herself. “How many affairs are you planning to have? I’d probably flush the Hope Diamond down the john.” There was only one she could think of. She looked for a long time at the Lautrec. “I feel wretched. I hope Zack feels like entertaining today.”

He was tapping his foot on the door stop. “Hey Char. Let’s go if we’re going. All right? Button up your overcoat and let’s go.”

Charlotte was out soon enough and the two were down the walkup blowing warmth into their hands and off to the park. Memphis is dirty and wet in March. Not even a bud yet on the laurels. The River isn’t far from Beale and it’s as bleak as steel and sluggish and waiting as everything is for life and for the ice to break. It almost looks like a coal town up East or in Wales. Especially Beale. Pretty bustling though, for a coal town.

They couldn’t say much, just like traveling. Some people don’t say much when they ride. Zack and Charlotte didn’t say anything when they walked. Both just kept a brisk pace and looked around for something. Artists never know what, you know, but they keep their eyes open. And they never tell until it’s up there and their hands do.

Nobody was at the park but Handy and his horn, looking pretty cold in bronze, and Benny Lee and his dog looking pretty drunk. Zack drew Charlotte over to one of the vacant benches. He looked intense and poetic, Charlotte thought, and she waited patiently for some little profundity to come spilling in pearls and precious stones from his lips, blue with the cold.

“Char,” he said looking at her, “Why do blacks look so different when they’ve been drunk twenty years? Funny and pathetic and whimsical all at once. God, Benny Lee and Jehovah must have done well for themselves yesterday. He looks more whimsical today, don’t you think?”

“I don’t know,” Charlotte said, all the while thinking of the pearls and emeralds and rubies falling from his blue lips. A much more colorful image than a black man’s whimsy. She rubbed her hands. “Got a cigarette? God it’s cold!”

“It’s the humidity,” he said, lighting one for her and for himself. He placed a cigarette between her lips and said, “You want to just sit here and watch? I feel quiet today or like telling secrets under an army blanket the way little boys do when they spend the night in a tree house and talk about girls and sneaky battle tactics for the next day’s Cowboys and Indians.”

“Yeah, we did that too, but it was always under a great blue satin comforter of my grandmother’s. I don’t have any little secrets to tell anymore. It’s very sad.”

Zack nodded and they were silent for a while. He looked at the statue and hummed something.

"What is that?" Charlotte said.

"Oh, something of Robert Johnson's. Can you believe that Handy and his band used to play here? Right here on that bandstand over there. And Robert Johnson and Blind Lemon Jefferson and all the old greats were here at one time or another. . . . Incredible. That's what Memphis is all about. Delta blues met here. The real stuff."

Charlotte wasn't impressed. "Yeah, yeah. Handy used to play in Rosedale at dances my grandmother went to. I've gotten it from her for years."

"She's got good taste," he said, raising a defensive eyebrow.

"Maybe. Let's go in a while. I don't like it much anymore."

"You always used to."

"I know, but Blind Lemon Jefferson and Robert Johnson are getting old — conversationally. You know what I mean? So is Benny Lee. Does he ever go anywhere else? He really annoys me. Not annoys, but just makes me uncomfortable and sad. Been too long in one place. . . . You know?"

"What?"

"What?" she mocked in a high voice, the way he had done earlier. "Nothing. Mutes shall inherit the earth. Let's go. This is making me nervous."

"All right, Sweetheart." He squeezed her hand and looked at her tenderly. It was an embarrassing tenderness—too private, Charlotte thought, as if she was eavesdropping on someone after he had made love or something. And this Sweetheart thing. Sweetheart! He had never called her Sweetheart. Oh, this was really terrible.

She looked at Handy for some assistance. "He has never called me that. Ever. What do you think? How should I know? You can't say anything. What a jerk!"

She felt something in the pit of her stomach — maybe it was the beer — then realized that Zack was still holding her hand. She managed a confused squeeze. He registered some sort of pleasure—like he was in the sixth grade and a girl had never touched him before that.

"Race you home!" he said laughing. He was really happy. Maybe it was the beer.

They ran through some peddlers and beggars and small children, knocked down a citrus stand and jumped over three fire hydrants, and an empty wooden cart, took the steps three at a time on the walkup and fell spent and silent on the sofa in the living room. When he had caught his breath, Zack had that look again and leaned over Charlotte to kiss her. Charlotte submitted, still quite breathless from all that exercise and other business.

"I want you, Char. You know that," he said with the look still there.

Charlotte thought, "This is really too much." She felt like grabbing a mop from the kitchen and swinging it around and around to hit him, or kissing him back or something excessive. That damned heavy-lidded look.

"Don't say it, Zack," she burst out. "What do you want me to do? I might cry or something. We had our little intellectual — in quotes please — flirtation.

Just the way you wanted it. Now *you're* getting so damned overwrought and theatrical about the whole thing." Her face was hot. Maybe I'm blushing, she thought. There's nothing so appealing to a man as a full innocent blush. Dammit. She looked at him again, wanting to kiss him and to make love once more. At least there was security in it. Her voice was sticking in her throat. Charlotte cleared it and spoke slowly. "Zack . . ." All this was too difficult. "Clean, scientific, unemotional," she blurted out.

"What?" Zack said. He looked exhausted.

"You heard what I said. That's all. That's how we wanted it. I'm going to the kitchen. I can't think in here."

Charlotte stood up and walked into the kitchen, heavily shutting the door behind her. Her head was throbbing and felt peculiar as if there were some huge furry animal inside it puffing itself up to burst out. She shook her head to joggle the feeling away. Really, Lady, you get yourself into some big fat tights. What's all this thrashing around? Jesus, girl. She leaned on the counter by the sink and propped her head against her fist for a few minutes.

"Zack, hey Zack! Want a sandwich? Zack? Hey!" She was alarmed by no response and rushed into the living room where he was gathering some manuscripts and packing altogether. "Zack, what's all this?" She stood still, looking at him and nervously fingered the fringe on her poncho.

"Moving before check-out time. Letting you down easy, baby, in the words of the vernacular. I think you'll find everything left in reasonable and working order. Why don't you help me kid? Yeah. Right. Give me those. O.K. Thanks. I love you, It's been real." He winked sardonically.

"Zack, get out. " She took a pile of papers and threw them onto the landing.

"See you around?"

"No. I've got to clean this dump up for Mama."

ELMA LOUISE SAVAGE

Spring Rain

THE spring you listened to my silent yes,
And touched the love that rose beneath my dress,
The flowers asked no questions of the rain;
So heavy, they bobbed against the pane,
And swelled their color to the sun.

JAN HAAGENSEN

At the Bird Museum in Baton Rouge, Ohio

IN A room with no heat
her ankles lived alone, lovely
in ruptured wallpaper,
ice, and the unfrozen marmalade.

Come to the skin file. Feel of the dust.
Here I ripen drying bones
in clay. Often the visiting lovers
hear clavicle shell in the trees
branching in the covered flesh
of fat wax paper. Snow
in the slow feathered wing of a broom
can shine glass. Tangent strangers pay.
Balanced, here I gather
hummingbirds
in trays.

STORY

Julie swished the cold water around the breakfast dishes in the sink and carelessly piled them on the drainboard. She wiped out the sink with a sponge, filled it with hot water, and then propped herself stiff-armed on the edge of the counter and shook her head.

"Where's the soap? The soap. The soap. Oh, little soap, where are you?" She went into the pantry and, standing on tip toe, reached up to the top shelf for the large box of detergent. Just as her finger tips grazed the edge of the box she heard a little pop and felt her jeans loosen around her waist. She dropped her arms and stood back, clutching at the waistband and trying to snap them up again. She finally got them fastened, but as she went out of the pantry they popped again.

"All right, you. Stay open then." She sat down at the kitchen table and started to cry. It didn't last long because, as usual, she became too interested in how she was crying to keep it up. It bothered her that she cried in such a repulsive, horsey way. She tried soft, feminine weeps; deep, grief-stricken sobs; and silent crying, her major achievement. When she couldn't manage to squeeze out any more tears, she got up, poured herself a cup of coffee, and went out on the porch.

It was cool under the shade of the vines, in spite of the late afternoon warmth. The vines had started out on a small trellis, but several years of neglect had allowed them to grow all over the uprights that supported the roof and even spread a few tendrils on the greenish shingles.

Julie sat in the one straight-backed chair with her feet braced on the trellis and looked at the woods through a space in the leaves. She could manage it best if she closed one eye, but it made her face tired, so she put down the cup, closed both eyes, and fell asleep with her head flopped over the back of the chair.

It was quite late when George got home. The sun was still on the tops of the mountains but the house was in shadow. As a result, he didn't see Julie sitting by the trellis. He went into the kitchen and called to her.

After a pause she said, "I'm out here." George went back out onto the porch.

"Where?"

"Right here, Dum-Dum."

George came up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. She leaned her head back against him.

"Hello, Baby. Did you get much done today?" she asked him.

"Yup. The manuscript is almost ready for the typist."

"That's nice. The typist has nothing to do this weekend except type two other papers. How long is it?"

"About nine pages. Do you think you can get it done by Monday?"

"Mmm. Sure. I can get one of them done tonight if I don't have a date."

George grabbed Julie's ears and began to twist them slowly. "Who are you planning on going out with?" he asked.

"Well, actually," she said. George twisted her ears a little harder and she winced. "Actually, I was sort of hoping you would ask me out, unless you already have something else to do." She put her hands over his and tried to pull them away. "Don't be so rough," she said. George dropped his hands and walked over to the edge of the porch as if he were offended. This was the signal for Julie to go through the motions of coaxing him back into a good mood, but she didn't feel up to it. Instead she got up to go into the house.

"Can we go explore caves tomorrow if I'm good?" she asked.

"If you're very good I'll consider it," George said. He reached out and pulled her against him.

"You smell good," he said.

"You always say that."

"All right, you smell bad then." He let go of her and pushed her towards the door. "Go work. You're boring me."

Julie stuck her tongue out at him and went into the house. She sat down in front of the typewriter in the living room and shuffled through the student's paper that was lying there. She knew that it was a lousy paper and it almost made her wish she were back in school using her obviously superior brain. She could see the comments in the margin of the paper already. Awk, Oh really?, Do you mean this?, vague, unimportant. She picked up a pencil and began to write them lightly on the sheet that was in the typewriter.

"George," she yelled. "Come read this. It'll make you feel better." She listened, but there was no answer. She leaned way over and looked out of the window. He wasn't on the porch.

"The bum must have gone for a walk," she said. She propped her head up in her hands and looked cross-eyed at her nose. Then she looked at her reflection in the glass that covered the picture on the wall in front of her. She decided that her mood for the day was Pixie and tried out several pixie-like expressions. Abruptly she grimaced and put her head on the desk. "I won't look like a pixie much longer," she said. She looked at her reflection again and pulled her hair back at the nape of her neck so that it covered her ears. A nice motherly effect. But definitely a young mother.

There was a noise in the kitchen which made Julie jump involuntarily and look around. A large, hairy mongrel stood in the doorway to the living room. "God, Susan. I thought you were George." Julie laughed. She leaned forward and snapped her fingers at Susan. "Come here, baby doggie. Come talk to Mommy." Susan stared at her for a moment and then walked in and lay down under the coffee table. Julie was embarrassed and then irritated that the dog could make her feel foolish. She got up and went into the bedroom.

The bed was still unmade and her side of the room was strewn with clothes, books, and papers. Julie put all the clothes into a huge laundry bag that was hanging on the door and pulled the bedspread up over the mound of blankets and pillows. It was so stupid that George insisted on having all those blankets on the bed when the weather was still warm. Julie yanked everything off the bed and threw it on the closet floor. Then she put the bedspread on again over the bare mattress and pulled it smooth.

She looked at herself in the mirror on her way out of the room and decided to put on some lipstick. She had futilely searched through two drawers when she

heard George stomp across the porch and come into the kitchen. She shut the drawer she was pawing through and went into the kitchen where George was already sitting at the table with a book open in front of him.

"George, before you really get into that, why don't you go into the living room? I have to get dinner ready."

"Okay." He read a few more lines and then shut the book and looked up at her. "Hey, fatty. Your snap's unsnapped."

Julie looked down and quickly snapped it. She was furious with herself for forgetting. "I'm getting matronly already," she said.

"You always were, Julie. If I recall, you outweighed me by ten pounds when we were married." He had a huge smile on his face and Julie couldn't decide whether he knew or not.

"Thanks for the reminder. I'm so proud of it." Julie turned her back on him and started to stack the dishes. She could feel the snap straining.

"I hope you aren't too hungry, George. It will be at least forty-five minutes until this thing is ready."

"Until what's ready?" George tried to see around her from where he sat. "Oh, how nice. We're having breakfast dishes?"

Julie laughed. "Yes. Garnished with dried egg yolk á la cigarette butts. Doesn't that sound nummy?"

"Yup." George picked up his books and went into the living room. Julie blew out her cheeks and wiped her hand across her forehead. Old eagle eye had not yet divined her secret. Divined? Devised? "George?"

"Huh?"

"George, is the word divined or devised?"

"What's the sentence?"

Julie thought of the sentence. "Never mind. I just remembered."

She got the casserole that she had made that morning out of the refrigerator and put it in the oven. She had read in *Woman's Day* that wives should make the dinner in the morning sometimes so that they could spend the evening with their husbands. It helped to give their relationship depth or something. Julie turned on the oven and went into the living room.

"Our relationship is going to take on new depth tonight, my sweet," she said.

"What?"

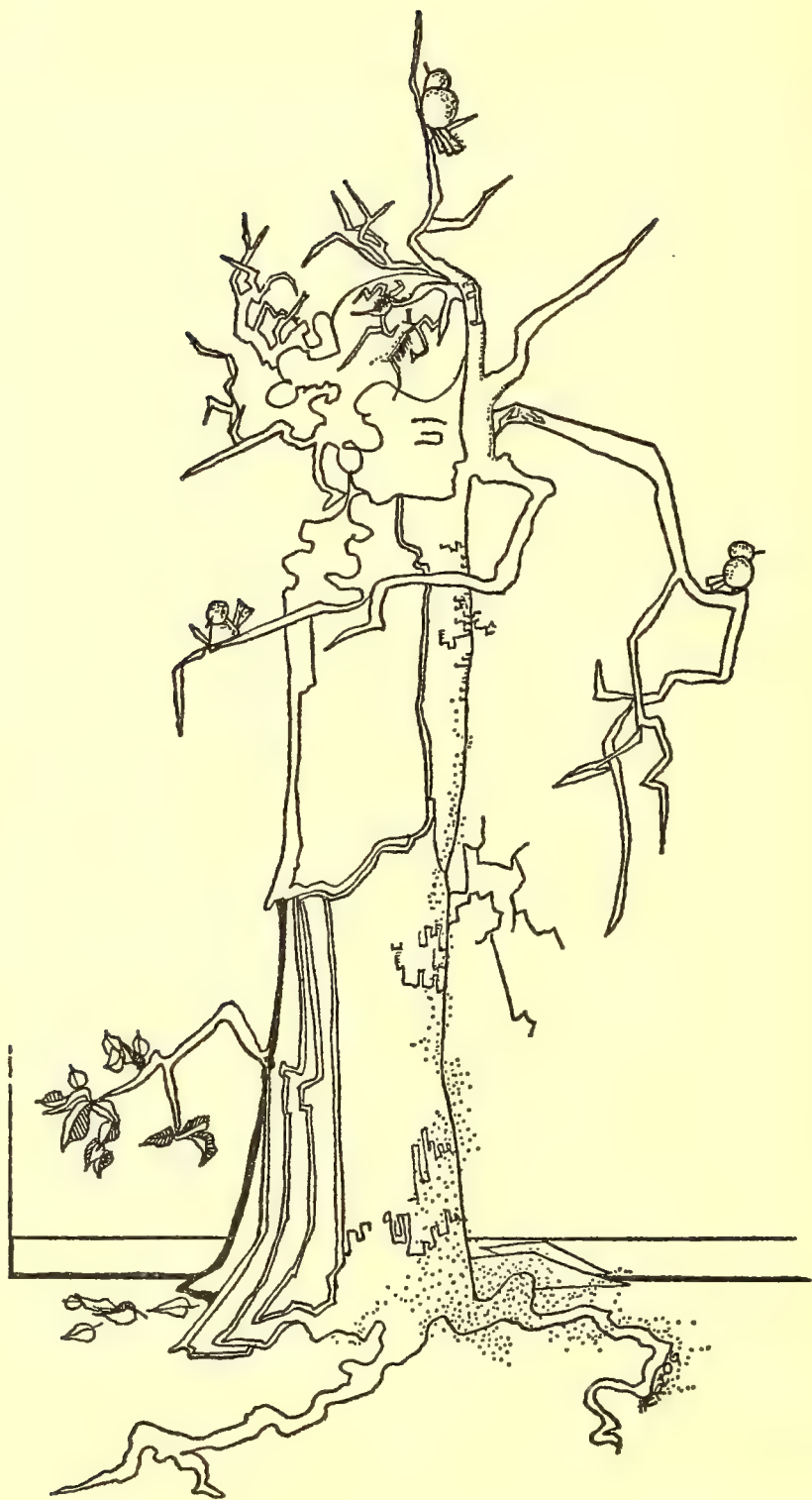
"New depth. *Woman's Day* said If I gave you a day-old casserole for dinner tonight it would do wonderful things for our relationship."

"That's nice. We could use it." George casually flipped back and forth through his book.

"What do you mean?" Julie asked. "*What* do you mean? *What do* you mean? What do *you* mean? What do . . ."

"I mean sometimes I don't feel like we're married."

"Well, that's good, isn't it? *Ladies' Home Journal* and Jack Jones say that wives should be lovers. I always assumed that meant that men would rather pretend they weren't married. Sort of spicens up their lives." Julie tugged hard on her earring.



"No, seriously, Julie. Try to forget all your psych courses for a minute." George looked at her over the tops of his glasses.

"I only took two." Julie said. Then she laughed. "Abnormal psych and child psych. Both have come in very handy in the past year."

George closed his book. "All right. So it's a big joke. Why don't you move out?"

"It's Daddy's house. Remember? If anyone goes, it's you." Julie felt she was about to cry.

"Would you quit shoving that down my throat? I know where this house came from." George started to get up but Julie pushed him down again.

"Let's don't fight, George. You're supposed to cherish me. Remember?"

"Oh, for God's sake, Julie."

"Why are you being so nasty all of a sudden?" Julie asked. She was getting the familiar nervous feeling in her stomach. It was awful when he got in a bad mood.

George looked at her for a minute, and then smiled and put his arm around her knees. "I'm sorry."

"Well, why are you so grouchy? I didn't do anything." She lowered her head and pouted.

"I guess I should have told you before, but I didn't think it was worth getting you upset. Not that it's really anything serious."

Julie looked up. "What is it?" It occurred to her that he might be flunking out.

"Well, the last time we were up there, Dad told me that he was going to have to stop paying my tuition. He just can't squeeze it out anymore." George waited for a reaction from Julie, but there was none. "We'll manage, of course. I used some of the money we saved last year and I've applied for a scholarship for second semester. I'm bound to get it because of my grades last year, and add that to what you're earning and I'll at least be able to finish this year."

"Are you really telling me the truth?" she asked him.

"Of course I am. Do you think I would make something like that up just to be funny?"

"I didn't know. Why did you wait so long to tell me, then? We went up to see them almost three weeks ago." Julie thought she might get sick.

"Because I didn't want to worry you until I had proved that it would all work out. There's no point in you getting upset about it. It's my father."

"You don't understand, George. There's more to it than that. I mean, I'm sorry for your father and all, but we have our own problem too."

"What are you talking about?"

"You don't know?" Julie asked.

"No, I don't."

Julie suddenly giggled. The whole thing was so ridiculous. It really was. "George, you're going to kill me when I tell you."

"Quit fooling around. What is it?"

"Okay. I'm going to have a baby." She said it as matter-of-factly as she could to hide her disappointment at the way it was all turning out.

George slapped his knees with the palms of his hands and looked the other way. "Well, that's just great. Just great. How could you? You know we can't afford it."

Julie tried to stop herself, but she couldn't. She burst out laughing. "George, I couldn't help it."

"There's no use making excuses for it now. I'll just have to leave school, that's all. Why the hell didn't you tell me?"

"I thought you knew. How could you be so stupid?" Julie started to cry. She was used to him getting mad at her, but she had expected this to be so great. George would have been really excited if all this business with his father hadn't happened. It wasn't fair.

"I don't know what we are going to do," George said. "I'll probably never be able to finish college now." He looked miserable. Julie sat down, put her arms around him and kissed him but he didn't respond.

"Look, George, there's bound to be something. I know Daddy would be glad to lend us the money."

George stiffened and turned quickly. "No. He gave us the house and that's all he's going to give us. I don't want to give him the satisfaction of saying I told you so."

"He wouldn't do that and you know it."

"Sure he would. I can hear it now. 'Look at the lousy Harp my daughter married.'"

"That's not fair. It's just not. He doesn't think that." The expression on his face was so hurt that she felt she couldn't stand it. She got up and knelt on the couch beside him. Putting her arms around him, she pulled his head against her shoulder and hugged him as hard as she could. Unfortunately, the drama of the moment was too much for her jeans and the snap popped open.

"Oh, God," she said, clutching at her middle.

"That's another thing," George said. "You're going to have to get maternity clothes."

Julie sat back on her heels and folded her hands. It was getting all out of perspective. She hadn't planned things this far. She had not even anticipated them. It came as such a surprise that she was unable to react to it.

"I can't believe this has happened." George said. He put his head back and closed his eyes. "We could have worked everything out so well. I was so sure we were going to make it."

"Yes," Julie said. She thought that she wished that he would do something to comfort her, but she was too numb to get any farther than thinking about it. She could always do washing and ironing for the neighbors. If they had any neighbors. But when her father had bought the house for a summer home, he hadn't done it with an eye toward socializing.

She had always thought that having a baby would be a terribly romantic thing. Her roommate at college had knit a bootie and put it under her husband's plate when she was pregnant. But he was rich and George was poor. That was a drag if there ever was one.

"There's always the money from my stocks. We can spend it instead of investing it. And in five years you'll be thirty and you'll get the money your grandfather left for you."

"And with a dope like you for a wife, I'll probably also have five more kids."

"Let's not get personal," Julie said. She stood up. "Do you want any dinner?" George shook his head. "There's no point in just sitting there," she said. "You might as well eat."

"I don't want any," he said. Julie shrugged and went into the kitchen and turned off the oven. Then she went back into the living room and sat down at the typewriter. She typed a few lines and stopped. Three dollars wasn't going to do them any good.

She looked again at her reflection in the glass. She could see George sitting on the couch staring at her. She pulled her hair back again and then turned around. "Do you like my hair like this?" she asked.

"No," George said.

Julie let her hair fall. "This is better?"

"Bring me some paper, will you, Julie?" George reached into his pocket and pulled out a pen.

"Why?"

"I am going to write to your father myself."

Julie opened the desk drawer and took out a sheet of stationery. She held it for a minute, savoring the sensation that she was watching history being made. Then she took it over to him and sat down beside him.

"Don't try to dictate it to me," he said.

"I wasn't going to." Julie knelt down and felt around under the coffee table for Susan's collar. She found it and dragged the immobile animal out. "Come on, doggie. I'll give you your supper. Daddy is busy working on his first executive ulcer."

She looked sideways at George to see if she had gotten a rise out of him, but he was bent over his letter with the pen clenched in his teeth. He looked very sad with his shoulders all hunched up.

Julie let go of the dog and stood up. This wasn't any fun at all. She went back to the desk and started to type.

A Committee of Writers Against Writers Against Writers Against Vietnam

Jane Dedman

Jo Fox

MARY CANTEY

Adelaide Russo

Jan Haagenzen

Kristin Herzog

Belle Quesenberry

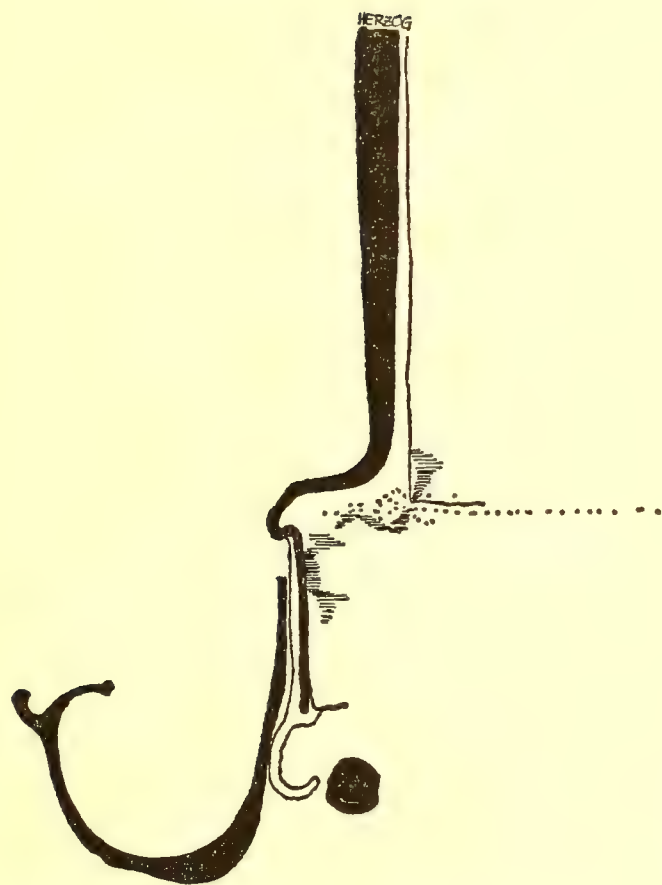
Ginger Taylor

JOSIE WINN

NANCY CRAWFORD

Present

A POEM OF PROTEST
PROTESTING A POEM PROTESTING
POETRY OF PROTEST



We Wish to Thank . . .

The Contributors

MRS. JUDITH CAMPBELL is a teacher.

NANCY CRAWFORD is a junior from Setauket, New York, majoring in English and minoring in how to make a big production out of THE BRAMBLER. She went to the Shipley School where she made sporadic contributions to a few things. She is taking creative writing and is editor of THE BRAMBLER.

JAN HAAGENSEN, a senior, was graduated from Franklin High School in Murrysville, Pa. She has taken creative writing and is the poetry editor of THE BRAMBLER. She is an English major.

KRISTIN HERZOG, a sophomore, lives near Boston and attended Thayer Academy where she was art editor on several publications and was awarded the senior art prize. She expects to spend her junior year abroad but is now living happily on THE BRAMBLER staff where she is known as the "Mushroom Girl."

KIM MULLER-THYM quotes Thoreau: "True art is but the expression of our love of nature." And she's trying.

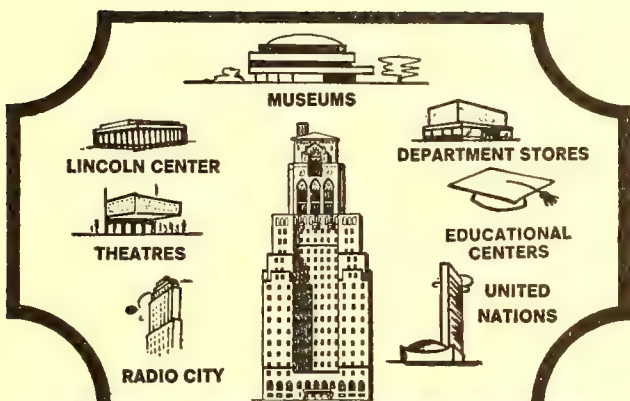
MARY POLLINGUE is now studying at Newcomb College of Tulane University where she is majoring in Political Science. She will be graduated in August, 1968, and is making plans to do graduate work. She is intending to specialize in the field of American Government.

KATHY ROBBINS is saying bood-bye.

ADDIE RUSSO is from Bridgeport, Connecticut. A senior French major, she spent her junior year in France. She attended the MacDuffie School in Massachusetts where she received the poetry prize from the newspaper.

EMMY SAVAGE is from Annapolis, Maryland. She is a senior English major and has studied creative writing for a year. She attended the Woodside High School.

JOSIE WINN is a junior from Greenville, Mississippi. As of right now, she is art editor of THE BRAMBLER, but hopes someday to be art editor of *Humpty Dumpty*. She is majoring in history of art and minoring in writing.



The Barbizon

THE BARBIZON—NEW YORK'S

BEST FOR YOUNG WOMEN

In the Barbizon itself there is every convenience—shops, beauty parlor, restaurants, recital rooms, swimming pool, a lobby of sparkling decor. Step outside and world-famous sources of education, fashion, culture, and entertainment are within range of your footsteps. What girl wouldn't love this marvelous location to work and study for her future?

Ambitious, discriminating young women have for years preferred the Barbizon. Many of the world's most successful women were Barbizon girls and credit the uniqueness of the Barbizon as a solid factor in their careers.

New York's leading residential hotel for young women offers perfect security and privacy. Rates from \$8.25 daily. Weekly on application. Send for free brochure.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10021

VILLAGE PHARMACY, Inc.

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Phone 946-5526

**Free Delivery to
SWEET BRIAR**

Compliments of

AMHERST PHARMACY

**BURCH-OGDEN &
SCHRADER, Inc.**

Stereo, Radio, T.V. Repair

Pick-up and Deliver

946-3381 AMHERST

AMHERST MOTORS, Inc.

FORD SALES & SERVICE

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Phone 946-2781

CROSSROADS ESSO SERVICE

ESSO Products

Phone 946-3311

Routes 29 & 60

Amherst, Va.

W. L. MASSIE, Proprietor

Amherst Gulf Service

U. S. 29 and 60

Phone 946-4831

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Pick-up and Deliver

PARTY ICE

R. T. BURKS — D. H. PRICE

It's less than 3 miles from Sweet Briar to

FIDELITY NATIONAL BANK

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

We don't expect you to go out of your way for service

MEMBER F.D.I.C.

Wm. S. Knight, Ltd.

BOONSBORO SHOPPING CENTER

LYNCHBURG

Wants the Opportunity to Satisfy Your Fashion Whims

— Serious or Otherwise . . .

Fashions and accessories to suggest your mood, to spotlight
you everytime he looks your way.

Free Stationwagon Service from downtown Lynchburg
when you need it. Call 384-3222

See our . . .

LADIES' SPORTSWEAR

DRESSES

ACCESSORIES AND SHOES

WAILES STOP-IN SHOP

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Compliments

of

**HOWELL'S
SUPERMARKET**

Compliments of

Farmers and Merchants Bank

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Compliments of
Town & Country Restaurant



Town & Country Shopping Center



Member American Gem Society

NINTH AND MAIN STREETS — PITTMAN PLAZA

BRAMBLER PATRONS

Dr. J. F. Alsop
Mr. and Mrs. Carleton W. Bacon
Mr. A. Emmett Barnes
Dr. J. M. Barnes
Dr. O. J. Bateman
Dr. and Mrs. Walter H. Bennett
Mr. V. F. Bergquist
Mr. and Mrs. George P. Bissel
Mrs. Henry A. Black
Mr. Joseph A. Blair
Mrs. Schuyler Blankley
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon F. Bottomley
Mrs. Nathaniel W. Boyd
Mr. Bruce Bredin
Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Brown
Mrs. DeWitt Brown, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Brush
Mrs. William R. Buster
Mr. John C. Byrne
Dr. Max C. Cahan
Mrs. David C. Coleman
Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Cooley
Mr. and Mrs. William Crawford
Mrs. J. W. Damron
Mr. and Mrs. Corbin J. Davis
Mr. and Mrs. John B. Dempsey, II
Mr. and Mrs. Nathan T. Denemark
Mrs. James Deshler, III
Dr. and Mrs. Howard A. Donald
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Dore
Dr. and Mrs. William H. L. Dornette
Dr. and Mrs. Forrest E. Dunaway
Mr. and Mrs. C. Pharr Duson
Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Edinger, II
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. English
Dr. and Mrs. Ned C. Fahs
Mr. and Mrs. William G. Faulkner
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar R. Faura

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Feldman
Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Garcia
Mr. and Mrs. A. Mason Gibbes
Lt. Col. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Hampton
Mr. and Mrs. Kyle Hand
Dr. and Mrs. Olin F. Helm
Mrs. Samuel M. Hemphill
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew H. Henery
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney P. Herbert
Mrs. Ernest A. Herzog
Mr. and Mrs. Seavy Highsmith, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer F. Hinner
Mr. William A. Hobbs
Mr. Robert S. Horowitz
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hudson
Mr. Arthur Hutchinson
Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Jenkins, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd M. Johnson
Mr. William H. Jones
Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Keller, Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. Charles Kinnard
Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kneip
Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Kolb
Mr. and Mrs. Harley D. Kysor
Mr. and Mrs. Landon B. Lane
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lawson
Mr. Donald W. Layton
Dr. William D. Lewis
Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Li
Mr. and Mrs. Max Liebowitz
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Lindabury
Mr. and Mrs. Lamar Little
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Luby
Mrs. Marion C. Lymon
Mrs. Labatt Lyons
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Louis Lyons
Mr. and Mrs. John F. Maloney
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mancusi, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett G. McKenzie, Jr.
Mrs. Clare G. Miller
Col. and Mrs. Crosby P. Miller
Mrs. Gertrude Minnema
Mr. and Mrs. J. Turner Moore, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Moore
Mr. Justin S. Morrill
Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Mullen
Mr. and Mrs. Hero Murphey
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nelson
Mr. Walter R. Nexsen
Dr. and Mrs. Orland S. Olsen
Prof. James B. Patrick
Mr. and Mrs. Emil J. Pattberg
Capt. and Mrs. H. S. Pearson
Mr. and Mrs. Donald L. Penny
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Peterson
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Petree
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Pond, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. William Quesenberry, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John Ranney
Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Robbins
Dr. and Mrs. Douglas R. Rucker
Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Rushin
Dr. and Mrs. John R. Russo
Dr. and Mrs. Charles Savage
R. Adm. Walter F. Schlech, Jr. USN
Mr. and Mrs. Phillip M. Shapira
Mr. Vernon Sharp

Mrs. R. C. Shaw
Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Shipper
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Shropshire
Mrs. Lynell Skarda
Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirven Slade
Mr. and Mrs. John H. Synder
Mr. and Mrs. Murray M. Sommer
Mrs. Lauralee T. Stevenson
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond G. Sweeney
Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Thomas
Mr. John C. Tuttle
Mr. Beverly F. Van Zandt
Mrs. Samuel B. Walton, Jr.
Mr. Robert C. Watts
Dr. and Mrs. Robert N. Webster
Mr. Clifford T. Weihman
Mrs. Richard Carlisle Weiss
Mr. Halstead W. Weyant
Mr. and Mrs. John D. Wheeler
Mr. and Mrs. H. Gilman Williams
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Wilson
Mrs. E. A. Winn, Jr.
Mr. C. A. Winton
Mr. Hugh D. Wise, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Oliver J. Wolfe
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wright, Jr.
Mrs. Julia M. Yaple
Mr. Grady A. Yeargin
Mr. Albert E. Zotack





THE BRAMBLER

Vol. 45, No. 3

May, 1968

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA



VIRGINIA INTERSCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editor in Chief

GREGGIE TAYLOR

Assistant Editors

NANCY CRAWFORD, prose editor

MARY LEE BELL

SUSAN BLOOMER

EDITH MURCHISON

LYN PEARSON

BETTY QUENDLER

ALEXANDRA ROTH

CAROL TAYLOR

JOSE WINN

Editorial Staff

BETTY GLASS

MARY ROSE GRIFFIN

BEA KATZINA

KATHY KIBBLE

ELIZABETH LEWIS

JANE RICHLY

GINNY STANTFORD

MARION SWEENEY

Business Staff

ANNE AENSBURG, Circulation Manager

CAROLYN CUFFORD, Production Manager

SUSAN HOLBROOK, Treasurer

JANE MERRIAM, Correspondence Editor

SANDY MILLER, Exchange

JEAN RICHIN

MR. WILLIAM SMART, Faculty Advisor

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

VOL. 45, No. 3

MAY, 1968

CONTENTS

PROSE

Requiem Aeternum	Carol Taylor....	Page 5
Feeling Ruffled—or How I Lost The Romantic Revolution Without Even Trying	Melinda Brown....	Page 21

POETRY

To Three Unhappy Members of the Establishment	Nancy Crawford....	Page 9
A Libation	Elizabeth Sanford....	Page 11
Haiku	Jo Fox....	Page 12
Green Poem	Ann Webster....	Page 18
On the Train I Think of War	Kim-Muller-Thym....	Page 23
Extinct	Margie Alsop....	Page 25
Summer	Emmy Savage....	Page 26
Here I Sit	Margie Alsop....	Page 28

ART

Melinda Brown	Page 20
Kristin Herzog	All Other

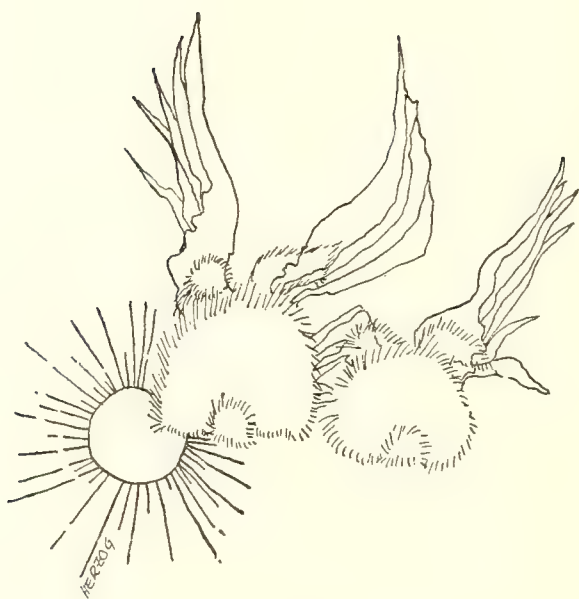
MUSIC

Diliges Dominum	Jane Illingworth....	Page 14
-----------------------	----------------------	---------

Contributors	Page 30
---------------------------	---------

Patrons	Page 32
----------------------	---------

Advertisers	Page 34
--------------------------	---------



Requiem Aeternum

"Debby, Debby! Wake up! Your rabbits are dead! Wake up!"

Debby groaned and rolled over. The face of her little sister peered at her anxiously.

"My God, it's hot in here!"

Debby lifted a corner of her window shade and surveyed the back yard and the adjoining houses. There was a heavy stillness over everything, the sure give-away to another scorching New Orleans day. Debby let the shade fall back in place. She laid back and closed her eyes briefly. She opened them again and turned to her sister.

"Now, what's this about the rabbits?"

"Mamma says they're dead. She says you have to take care of them. She won't let me see them. Are they really dead? Deb? Are they?"

"I don't know. Mamma seems to think so. Where are they?"

"They're in the cage in the back yard." Debby lifted the shade again. Yep. There they were.

"Mamma says they don't move. Do you think they're really dead?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen them. Maybe they're just asleep. Now, how 'bout leaving so I can get dressed and go see them?"

"Where do they go, Deb — when they're dead, I mean?"

"Who. Oh, the rabbits. I don't know. Maybe they go to heaven. Ask Pop."

"He's not here. Is it the same heaven we go to? Do they become angels and have wings?"

"Yea, that's right. Now, do you mind if I get dressed?"

"What does a rabbit with wings look like?"

"What do you think?"

"Like a rabbit that can fly?"

"You got it kid! Now out!"

Melissa left.

Debby threw back the sheet and stood up. She pulled off the top of her shorties and glanced at her alarm clock. Ten-thirty. God, it was going to be hot today.

Wonder what's the matter with those fool rabbits, she thought, reaching for the clothes she'd tossed in a chair the night before. She could hear her mother in the kitchen below. A chair scraped against the linoleum; a coffee cup rattled.

Debby finished dressing and pulled a comb through her short, light brown hair and glanced briefly in the mirror. Natural beauty strikes again, she thought, and headed for the kitchen.

Her mother was seated at the table reading the paper, a cup of coffee in front of her. A cigarette burned in an ashtray. She looked up as Debby came in.

"I'm sorry about the rabbits, honey," she said with a concerned look.

"They're really dead?"

"I'm afraid they are."

Debby shrugged, pouring herself a cup of coffee. "Then fear not! They've gone to a better world. They've joined that great rabbit hutch in the sky.

Her mother raised an eyebrow. "I don't think I like your attitude, Deborah."

Debby added sugar to her coffee and tasted it.

"Where's Pop?"

Her mother frowned. "He had another meeting at the Church with the Elders this morning."

"Does that mean we're going to move again?"

"Not necessarily. Why?"

"I don't know. It has come to my attention, though, that every time Pop has a series of these great old hush-hush meetings in the middle of the week with the Elders, we get moved shortly thereafter."

"Well, dear, you know we have to go wherever the Church sends us."

"Yea, but how come it's always us? I never thought Pop was that bad a preacher."

"Deborah, it has nothing to do with your father's abilities as a Minister. If the Church feels we can better serve elsewhere, then we'll go there. Now, I know it's hard on you and Melissa, but perhaps it's better this way. The Lord moves in mysterious ways, you know."

"Yea, so I've heard."

"That's enough, Deborah! I think you'd better take care of those rabbits now."

Debby finished her coffee. "Sure thing," she said and wandered out the back door.

She was struck by the heat as the screen door closed behind her. It was an almost tangible thing, this heat. She could feel the sun beating down and see it rising again in little waves from the driveway. The leaves in the garden drooped. The roses were fully opened, their petals edged with brown. They were faded and cheerless in the oppressive heat, like the smiles on dead men's faces.

Debby sauntered across the grass to where she'd left the rabbit hutch the night before. She peered through the screen on the top of the cage. Yep. They certainly were dead all right. Rigor mortis had set in. Peter's feet stuck straight up in the air. A fly sucked at the corner of Cotton's eye. Debby inspected the cage. No water, she noticed, and winced slightly.

"Are they dead?" Melissa's voice from behind startled her.

"What are you doing out here? I thought Mamma told you to stay away!"

Melissa stared down at her bare toes as she kneaded them in the grass. She squinted up at Debby.

"Are they dead?"

"Yes!" she snapped, thinking of the fly on Cotton's face. "Now get out of here!"

Melissa's face fell. She blinked two or three times.

"Wait a minute now. Come on, don't cry. It's all right. They're *happier* where they are now."

"Didn't they like it with us?"

"Of course they did. But, well, I don't know . . . they're just happier where they are now."

"Why did they leave us?" Melissa ask gravely.

"Maybe it was the Lord working in His mysterious ways. Ask Mamma about that. Now go on, get out of here, before she sees you."

"Can't I stay and help you?"

"No."

"Please? I *want* to."

Debby changed tactics. "Honey, there's nothing for you to *do* out here. But I'll tell you what you can do," she said, putting her hands on her knees and coming down to Melissa's level.

"What," Melissa asked dubiously.

"Go inside and make me a big pitcher of lemonade with lots of ice and put a glass for me in the refrigerator. Could you do that for me? As a big favor? Please?"

Melissa stared at her toes again.

"You know," Debby said slowly, "I'd especially like it if you could put a maraschino cherry in it for me, too. They're on the top shelf of the refrigerator."

Melissa's face lit up. "OK!" she said, and ran back to the house.

Debby turned back to the cage. Ugh.

She found a shovel and spade and began digging a hole in back of the garage. The sun grew hotter as she worked. Her shirt stuck to her in wet patches that spread down her back and under her arms.

She began to paraphrase as she worked. Alas poor rabbits, we knew you well. Creatures of infinite stupidity; of most excellent appetite; you have bored me to no end and a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination you are, for I am wont to bury you. There lie stiffened those ears that have flapped I know not how oft. Where be your ears now? Your graceless unthinking hops that were wont to set me laughing . . .

She stopped. Enough! Have you no compassion?

She inspected the hole and dug a little deeper. That ought to be enough, she decided.

She returned to the hutch, and rebelled against the thought of touching them.

She squatted in front of the cage and opened the door. Come out, little stupid, she thought. She stared again at their lifeless forms. Finally she reached in and took Peter gently by the scruff of the neck. Come on, she coaxed quietly, and dragged him slowly out.

She stood carefully and kept her back to the house in case Melissa was watching as she walked the rabbit over to the hole. She knelt and laid him carefully down. She realized she had been holding her breath and let it out slowly.

Poor thing, she thought. Well, one down, one to go.

She returned to the cage and stared at the other rabbit. The fly was still

busily at work on Cotton's eye. She shuddered and waved her hand over the rabbit's head. The fly didn't move.

Debby frowned. She found a piece of shredded paper on the bottom of the cage and slid the corner under the fly. She flicked it up quickly. The fly buzzed off.

A drop of sweat itched its way down her front. She wiped the moisture off the top of her lip. She rested a moment and then reached in for Cotton. Come on, she thought. Let's not give Mamma a hard time now.

She carried the rabbit gingerly over to the grave and set it on top of Peter. Little pieces of white rabbit fur stuck to her sweaty finger tips.

She wiped her hands on her shorts and looked at the pair. Silly rabbits. That's no way to get your kicks. Why didn't you *tell* me you didn't have any water?

She picked up the spade and began filling up the hole, watching as the rabbits slowly disappeared under the earth. When they were covered she went more quickly, filling in and patting down the dirt as she worked.

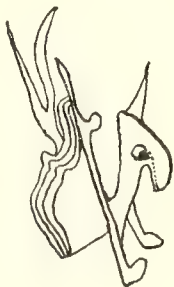
Debby heard her father's car pull in the drive. Ah! Return the mighty preacher of The Word, she thought. And what *is* The Word for today?

She peeked around the corner of the garage. Her father walked slowly toward the back door. His head was bent and his shoulders drooped.

Time to switch churches again, she thought as she heaped on the last shovel-full of dirt and smoothed the mound over.

Debby squatted on her haunches and stared at the grave. Perhaps a few remarks would be appropriate at this time. Beloved and bereaved, we are gathered here today to pay our last respects to our dear departed friends and companions Peter and Cotton, who were unfairly struck down in their prime by sunstroke. They led good, God-fearing lives and their faith was a comfort to us all. Now they have gone to their reward in that great carrot patch in the sky, but their memory will live with us always . . . I'm not a very good paraphraser, she decided.

Debby put away the shovel and spade and walked slowly into the house to see where the Lord would send them next.



To Three Unhappy Members of the Establishment

NANCY CRAWFORD

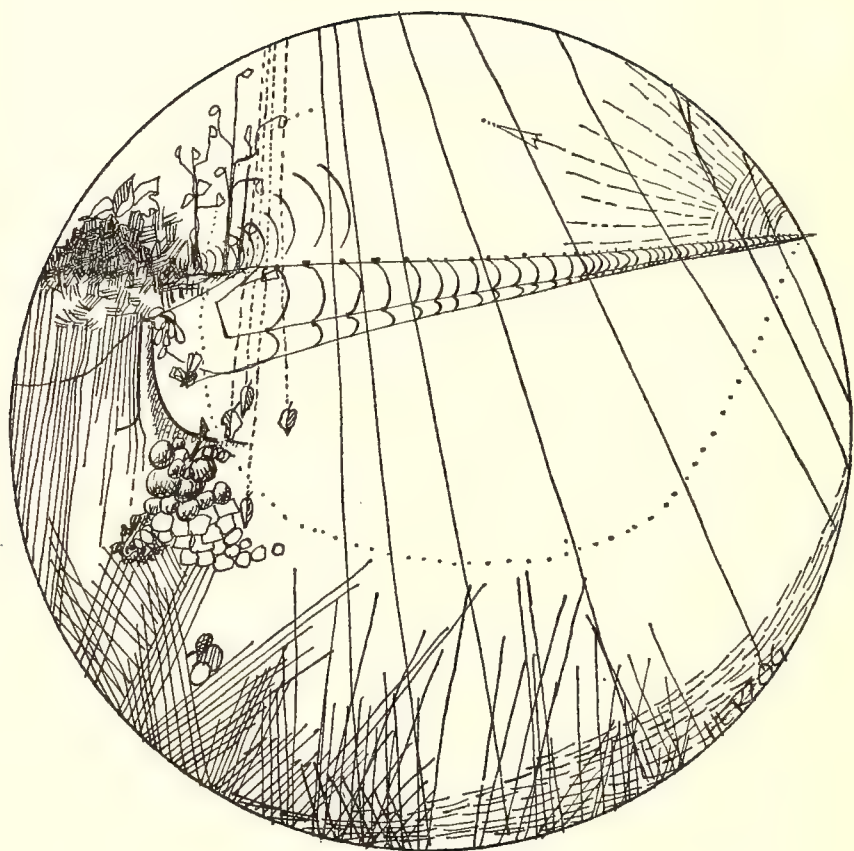
Coffin, Lynd and Leary
Heroes to the intellectual teen.
My candidates for May King.
One of the guys, you rupture
Your ivy campuses
Your hallowed halls.
It's never too far for you to walk.
With the desires of college sophomores
And the freedom of the erudite.
You lead your several-paced dances
Down the paths of nonconformity.

Swear at Yalies from the altar.
Make LSD in the Harvard labs.
Cut Uncle Sam in Saigon
Or wherever.
We are all behind you.
We love you
Timmy, Bill, and Staunton.

You're so cute and brilliant,
VASPy and mature.
Oh, we love you boys.
We at Sweet Briar —
On McCall's best-dressed list —
Turn to you for genteel rebellion.

Salvio and Ginsberg have dirty feet.
But you — Timmy, Bill, and Staunton —
We'll defend you from
Connecticut and Harvard
And the New York Police.

Because you are one of us.
You all look just like Daddy.



ELIZABETH SANFORD

A Libation

A CTHONIC kind of incantation
Issuing from island rock,
Received in groves where olive silver
Turning green becoming gray,
To beckon me in fluttering play
Down to my salty kiss; there
Where love-bees' stinging prophecy
Wove colored nets across the sea
Wine-dark; the morning struck
Her handsome spear on ancient earth,
And a year of days began
In another, fountained land.
Yesterday is today is tomorrow
Fated, caught in the course of an arrow;
A volcanic shadow counted for me
The breathless beauty of transiency,
The gift of grapes, and a garden scented
With pagan roses in a hundred places.
Love's lesson on an afternoon day,
Blazing in scarlet and easy to play;
Laughing freshness and perilous pain,
Each tear becoming a leaf in the rain,
Sandaled steps bore me through the mist;
Remembering, I pour her this.

Haiku

Hello little squirrel,
Backstroke on the grass
Is not your style.

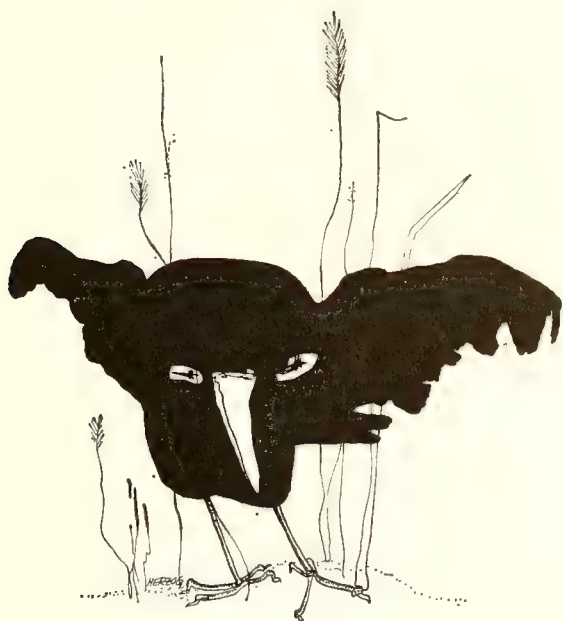
By JO FOX

A spider filament
Cuzziling your arm,
Something undone.

By JO FOX

Bizarre Rhinoceros,
Quick tempered, horny monster,
Were you once a unicorn?

By JO FOX



By JO FOX

Sometimes I wonder:
If you run me backwards through your mind,
Will I disappear?

JANE ILLINGWORTH

Diliges Dominum

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind.

Polyphonic Style of the 16th century

Handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) in polyphonic style. The lyrics are: Di-li-ges Do-mi-num tu-
Di-li-ges Do-mi-num tu-
Di-li-ges Do-mi-num tu-

Handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) in polyphonic style. The lyrics are: um, Di-li-ges Do-mi-num tu-
um, Di-li-ges Do-mi-num tu-
um, Di-li-ges Do-mi-num tu-

Handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "tu- um, Ex to- to". The piano part is written in the bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The vocal parts are written in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "tu- um, Ex to- to".

Handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "cor- de tu- o, In to-ta a- ni- ma". The piano part is written in the bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The vocal parts are written in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "cor- de tu- o, In to-ta a- ni- ma".

ma tu a, In to ta men- te tu a, In to-
 ma tu- a, In to- ta men- te tu- a,
 tu- a, In to-ta men- te tu- a,

ta men- te tu- a.
 In to- ta men- te tu- a
 In to-ta men- te tu- a.



Green Poem

THE alarm buzzes.
I lift my head from a dream
And stare at the yellow room,
Hurt.

The alarm moves my body
From softness
Into tight blue air.

I walk, feeling parallel ridges of the bare floor
Under my feet.
I move in parallel lines with the rest.

We sit, forty, waiting for you.
My fingers feel out the ridges
On the hard brown desk,
Waiting.

You come, open a manila folder, and they see you
Take out your mind.
Their pencils are poised, ready to outline it briefly
On blue-ruled pages.

They fill blue lines
With neat, round script while
Your eyes look for me,
And we draw quietly out to sea.

In the green cold waters
We float calmly, exploring
The currents, the undertow.

Ready, you turn and move toward shore.
I follow.

We rush and heap ourselves.
You pause. I sigh.

We are gathered on the edge,
The riotous white crest.
We hesitate for that instant,
Staring at the hard ocean floor.

Then plunge
Again and again
Into our dream

50206

and in 1764 they took to the mntg of an age where
to work and again they saw a new age which
it was very good in
which we all began
which we all began



Feeling Ruffled—or How I Lost the Romantic Revolution Without Even Trying

Being an English major ever since freshman year when I failed chemistry, I was positively entranced when the Neo-Romantic Look began rustling its way to the fashion foreground. I was at a crisis in my life, anyway, since I had finally admitted to myself after four years of continuous struggle that no power on earth was going to make me look like either Jacqueline Kennedy or Harlow. Even worse, the "Sporty Look" currently in vogue, instead of making me look like Sterling Moss' girl friend, made me look more like his pit mechanic. As a result, I was more than ready to try the Elizabeth Barrett bit, even if it was over my pay check's dead body. It was.

Confronted by a vast array of beguiling midi-dresses featuring ruffled bodices attached to voluminous skirts, I hopefully purchased several, feeling like a cross between a three-tiered wedding cake and the broad-side of a barn. "You know," the saleswoman whispered, "these shouldn't be worn until after five o'clock." I doubted that I'd wear them until after midnight when it was sufficiently dark.

"Have you *seen* our Trilby hats?" the saleswoman cooed. She obviously knew a sucker when she saw one. Not only did I get to *see* the Trilby hats — I got to buy three of them: huge picture hats with plenty of ribbons to anchor them to your sweating brow. It was like wearing an inverted bath tub. I left the store, staggering under the combined weight of the hats and the dress boxes.

Wondering what kind of shoes someone like Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley would wear, I stopped nervously at a shoe store. I know *now* what kind she wore: little pastel slippers with dangerously clunky heels, slimy inner-soles, and dozens of frustrating buttons. This little venture in neo-orthopedics cost me \$36 and considerable discomfort. My wallet and I limped out of the store.

The man I chose to go "Romantic" with was an old friend. Ron may not have had Lord Byron's dash, but he did have Keats' cool and Shelley's wife's money. We were going to a dance at a college that now demands to remain nameless.

At Ron's ring, I threw open the door and stood there, resplendent in my 19th century brand of gracious living. It was most interesting watching Ron go from his usual healthy Scottish pink to a fish-belly white in about three seconds.

After straightening out this erroneous impression — which somehow didn't seem to cheer him up a great deal — I floated out the door. It is damn hard, incidentally, to float *anywhere* enveloped in 200 pounds of dotted Swiss. After considerable backing and filling, I seated myself and my dress in Ron's Porsche—half of my ensemble billowing out the windows. The Trilby hat was relegated to the Porche's trunk — which it just about filled.

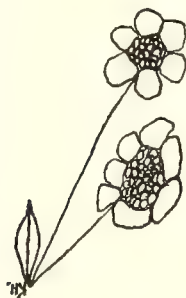
The evening was warm and I was beginning to feel a little like Lawrence of Arabia. The only air conditioning in the car was Ron's icy expression. That was enough.

The dance was *not* a success. "But it's not a costume party"—this from the first thirty people who saw me. "Heh-heh," this from the butler. "*What's* her name again?" — this from the college president. Several wits-in-residence, obviously inspired by my Eustacia Vye attire, humorously challenged Ron to a mock duel. "Aw, come on, your Lordship, where's your sporting blood?" Ron's sporting blood unfortunately, was at a low boil. He probably would have throttled me — *if* he could have gotten past all the ruffles around my neck.

Dancing was equally impossible. I could hardly propel myself around the floor and Ron, who kept getting his feet tangled in my sashes, was in no mood to push me.

We fled from the dance about 10:30 — amid numerous cracks about having to get Elizabeth home early. Ron was turning a dangerously strange shade of mottled purple. We rode home in silence, except for the sound of the wind whipping through my hair ribbons and some periodic sputtering noises from Ron. He took me to the door, jammed the Trilby hat on my head, looked longingly at my ruffle-encased neck, hissed "I thought we were *friends*," and roared off into the night.

I now have one dotted Swiss bikini, six sets of dotted Swiss sheets, four pairs of dotted Swiss curtains, three genuine Trilby flower baskets, \$237.29 worth of bills, and a violent aversion to Shelley. Almost as violent an aversion, I'm afraid, as Ron has to *me*.



KIM MULLER-THYM

On the Train I Think of War

I STAND where the two cars meet,
The halfway place of noisy tension;
With the door, top half opened wide
To the blurriness of wind and watery eyes;
I like the uncomfortable feeling.
The cold 'crossed-up' floor of iron
Feels the ties and golden bullet spikes.
The onward rugged drummed out speed
Of this innervated quaking power,
That flattens peoples, pennies unaware,
Blurs by farms towns things to be past.
And where it has been, dust,
The cold and gray aftermath,
Falls out of the smoke over the empty rail.



Extinct

DINOSAURS are forever gone
All gone
Totally, irretrievably gone.
The Ice Age refrigerated them,
Cool, cool, too cool
Then slowly, finally cold as death;
And so they no longer
Cause the earth to quake,
Shake beneath their massive stomp.

Mammoths didn't shed
Their shaggy coats
Their heavy, heavy, heavy coats
Their warm, sweaty, smothering coats . . .
When the ice melted, so did they;
And so they no longer
Bellow, trumpet hollowly
In the still, frozen night's air.

Saber tooth tigers
Roamed the jungles of old
In search of their smaller prey
But, their prey had already
Packed its bags
And gone to rest
Among the lilies of the valley
So the tooth found nothing to tear
And now they no longer
Snarl, roar over fallen prey
For they went the same way.

Puff-the-magic-dragon
Slowly sank into his cave
Gone . . . all are gone . . .

Under the spreading mushroom tree
The village smithy stood . . .

EMMY. SAVAGE

Summer

MY PONY'S legs are winter-stiff and slow;
The crops the long green pasture grass that grows
So thick and wet against the pain
Her knees must feel now, growing old.
She's nudging up the butterflies to quake
Their wings across the brown reflections of the lake.

And I remember how we swam
All those pale hot days:
The honeysuckle coming in from the fence rows
And the black birds screaming
In the cat-tails near the dam.
We'd only come in for an electric storm
And maybe watch the elm tree on the hill
That caught our kite one March
And held it, rag-tailed and lonesome
'Till the lightning brought it down in summer.

Under the tree, she stops, considers the space
Just beneath her nose, and folds
Down into her knees and tired back,
Shucking the gray mats
Of winter thatch for bunting nests: she rolls
And kicks her feet into the shreds of sky
And grass — I wish that I
Could take my leave of loves so easy.



MARGIE ALSOP

Here I Sit

HERE I sit
And wish for lost-love's
Hollow shell despair

Just romantic nonsense
To clutter up my brain
I have not suffered
So what is there to say?

I wonder
How much longer must I sit here
And stare at the blankness of my own mind?

It's like trying to conjure up a dragon
Without the magic potent
Instead of coiling vapors, eerily luminescent
There's a faint fog on the window from all this hot air
The bell rang
I'm saved.



*Our
Thanks
Go
To . . .*

The Contributors

MARGIE ALSOP, a sophomore from Corpus Christi, Texas, graduated from W. B. Ray High School. An English major, she is currently taking creative writing and plans to write children's book and free-lance poetry in the future. She won several awards in High School for poetry.

MELINDA BROWN, this year's editor of the *Sweet Briar News*, is a senior majoring in English. She graduated from Newburyport High School in Newbury, Mass. and has previously taken creative writing. This past summer she studied at Oxford.

NANCY CRAWFORD is a junior, majoring in English. She attended Shipley School and hails from Setonket, N. Y. She has had two years of creative writing; has contributed to the BRAMBLER often; and has served as editor.

JO FOX, a sociology major, studied in Sweden last year. She graduated from Princeton High School in Princeton, N. J. and is a senior.

KRISTIN HERZOG, a German major, is from North Scituate, Mass. and graduated from Thayer Academy. A sophomore, she plans to spend next year studying in Germany. Kristin has contributed many times before to the BRAMBLER and won several art awards.

JANE ILLINGWORTH is from North Montpelier, Vermont. She attended Montpelier High School and is presently a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Jane is a junior and is majoring in music.

KIM MULLER-THYM is a sophomore.

ELIZABETH SANFORD is a senior and a wanderer as her years in the Orient and Latin America, her summers in Turkey and Macedonia, and her junior year in Italy will prove. With this background it is no wonder that she is an art major and is interested in archeological excavation.

EMMY SAVAGE, a Senior, is from Annapolis, Maryland. She graduated from Woodside High School. An English major, Emmy has taken creative writing before. CAROL TAYLOR, an English major from Cleveland, Ohio, attended Cleveland Heights High School. She won several awards in high school for journalism and is currently taking creative writing. Carol is a freshman.

ANN WEBSTER, a graduate of Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School, hails from Chevy Chase, Maryland. A senior, she spent her junior year in France and is a government major. Ann is presently taking creative writing.

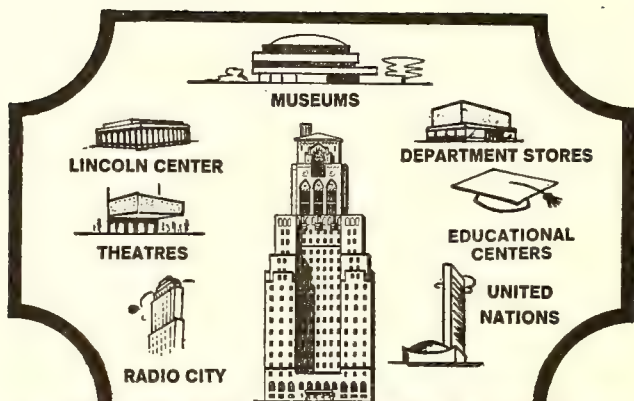
BRAMBLER PATRONS

Dr. J. F. Alsop
Mr. and Mrs. Carleton W. Bacon
Mr. A. Emmett Barnes
Dr. J. M. Barnes
Dr. O. J. Bateman
Dr. and Mrs. Walter H. Bennett
Mr. V. F. Bergguist
Mr. and Mrs. George P. Bissel
Mrs. Henry A. Black
Mr. Joseph A. Blair
Mrs. Schuyler Blankley
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon F. Bottomley
Mrs. Nathaniel W. Boyd
Mr. Bruce Bredin
Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Brown
Mrs. DeWitt Brown, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Brush
Mrs. William R. Buster
Mr. John C. Byrne
Dr. Max C. Cahan
Mrs. David C. Coleman
Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Cooley
Mr. and Mrs. William Crawford
Mrs. J. W. Damron
Mr. and Mrs. Corbin J. Davis
Mr. and Mrs. John B. Dempsey, II
Mr. and Mrs. Nathan T. Denemark
Mrs. James Deshler, III
Dr. and Mrs. Howard A. Donald
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Dore
Dr. and Mrs. William H. L. Dornette
Dr. and Mrs. Forrest E. Dunaway
Mr. and Mrs. C. Pharr Duson
Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Edinger, II
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. English
Dr. and Mrs. Ned C. Fahs
Mr. and Mrs. William G. Faulkner
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar R. Faura

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Feldman
Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Garcia
Mr. and Mrs. A. Mason Gibbes
Lt. Col. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Hampton
Mr. and Mrs. Kyle Hand
Dr. and Mrs. Olin F. Helm
Mrs. Samuel M. Hemphill
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew H. Henery
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney P. Herbert
Mrs. Ernest A. Herzog
Mr. and Mrs. Seavy Highsmith, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer F. Hinner
Mr. William A. Hobbs
Mr. Robert S. Horowitz
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hudson
Mr. Arthur Hutchinson
Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Jenkins, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd M. Johnson
Mr. William H. Jones
Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Keller, Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. Charles Kinnard
Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kneip
Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Kolb
Mr. and Mrs. Harley D. Kysor
Mr. and Mrs. Landon B. Lane
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lawson
Mr. Donald W. Layton
Dr. William D. Lewis
Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Li
Mr. and Mrs. Max Liebowitz
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Lindabury
Mr. and Mrs. Lamar Little
Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Luby
Mrs. Marion C. Lymon
Mrs. Labatt Lyons
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Louis Lyons
Mr. and Mrs. John F. Maloney
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mancusi, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett G. McKenzie, Jr.
Mrs. Clare G. Miller
Col. and Mrs. Crosby P. Miller
Mrs. Gertrude Minnema
Mr. and Mrs. J. Turner Moore, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Moore
Mr. Justin S. Morrill
Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Mullen
Mr. and Mrs. Hero Murphy
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nelson
Mr. Walter R. Nexsen
Dr. and Mrs. Orland S. Olsen
Prof. James B. Patrick
Mr. and Mrs. Emil J. Pattberg
Capt. and Mrs. H. S. Pearson
Mr. and Mrs. Donald L. Penny
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Peterson
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Petree
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Pond, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. William Quesenberry, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John Ranney
Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Robbins
Dr. and Mrs. Douglas R. Rucker
Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Rushin
Dr. and Mrs. John R. Russo
Dr. and Mrs. Charles Savage
R. Adm. Walter F. Schlech, Jr. USN
Mr. and Mrs. Phillip M. Shapira
Mr. Vernon Sharp

Mrs. R. C. Shaw
Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Shipper
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Shropshire
Mrs. Lynell Skarda
Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirven Slade
Mr. and Mrs. John H. Synder
Mr. and Mrs. Murray M. Sommer
Mrs. Lauralee T. Stevenson
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond G. Sweeney
Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Thomas
Mr. John C. Tuttle
Mr. Beverly F. Van Zandt
Mrs. Samuel B. Walton, Jr.
Mr. Robert C. Watts
Dr. and Mrs. Robert N. Webster
Mr. Clifford T. Weihman
Mrs. Richard Carlisle Weiss
Mr. Halstead W. Weyant
Mr. and Mrs. John D. Wheeler
Mr. and Mrs. H. Gilman Williams
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Wilson
Mrs. E. A. Winn, Jr.
Mr. C. A. Winton
Mr. Hugh D. Wise, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Oliver J. Wolfe
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wright, Jr.
Mrs. Julia M. Yaple
Mr. Grady A. Yeargin
Mr. Albert E. Zotack



The Barbizon

THE BARBIZON—NEW YORK'S BEST FOR YOUNG WOMEN

In the Barbizon itself there is every convenience—shops, beauty parlor, restaurants, recital rooms, swimming pool, a lobby of sparkling decor. Step outside and world-famous sources of education, fashion, culture, and entertainment are within range of your footsteps. What girl wouldn't love this marvelous location to work and study for her future?

Ambitious, discriminating young women have for years preferred the Barbizon. Many of the world's most successful women were Barbizon girls and credit the uniqueness of the Barbizon as a solid factor in their careers.

New York's leading residential hotel for young women offers perfect security and privacy. Rates from \$8.25 daily. Weekly on application. Send for free brochure.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10021

VILLAGE PHARMACY, Inc.

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Phone 946-5526

**Free Delivery to
SWEET BRIAR**

Compliments of

AMHERST PHARMACY

**BURCH-OGDEN &
SCHRADER, Inc.**

Stereo, Radio, T.V. Repair

Pick-up and Deliver

946-3381 AMHERST

AMHERST MOTORS, Inc.

FORD SALES & SERVICE

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Phone 946-2781

CROSSROADS ESSO SERVICE

ESSO Products

Phone 946-3311

Routes 29 & 60 Amherst, Va.

W. L. MASSIE, Proprietor

Amherst Gulf Service

U. S. 29 and 60

Phone 946-4831

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Pick-up and Deliver

PARTY ICE

R. T. BURKS — D. H. PRICE

It's less than 3 miles from Sweet Briar to

FIDELITY NATIONAL BANK

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

We don't expect you to go out of your way for service

MEMBER F.D.I.C.

Wm. S. Knight, Ltd.

**BOONSBORO SHOPPING CENTER
LYNCHBURG**

**Wants the Opportunity to Satisfy Your Fashion Whims
— Serious or Otherwise . . .**

**Fashions and accessories to suggest your mood, to spotlight
you everytime he looks your way.**

**Free Stationwagon Service from downtown Lynchburg
when you need it. Call 384-3222**

See our . . .

LADIES' SPORTSWEAR

DRESSES

ACCESSORIES AND SHOES

WAILES STOP-IN SHOP

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Compliments

of

**HOWELL'S
SUPERMARKET**

Compliments of

Farmers and Merchants Bank

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Compliments of
Town & Country Restaurant



Town & Country Shopping Center



Member American Gem Society

NINTH AND MAIN STREETS — PITTMAN PLAZA





THE BRAMBLER

Vol. 46, No. 1

December, 1968

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA INTERSCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION



Editor

GINGER TAYLOR

Assistant Editors

MARGIE ALSOP

LYN PEARSON

MARY LEE BELL

BELLE QUESENBERRY

SUSAN BLOOMER

ALEXANDRA RICH

NANCY CRAWFORD

CAROL TAYLOR

FRERE MURCHISON

JOSIE WINN

Typists

BETTY GLASS

Business Staff

ANN ARNSPIGER, Circulation Manager

BEA KALLINA

CAROLYN GUILFORD, Publicity Manager

KATHY KIBBEE

SUSAN HOLBROOK, Treasurer

GINNY STANFORD

MARY MAHAN, Advertising Manager

JANE MERRIAM, Chatauqua Chairman

SANDY MILLER, Exchange Editor

JEAN RUSHIN

JOHANNA YAPLE

MR. WILLIAM SMART, Faculty Advisor



The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

VOL. 46 No. 1

December, 1968

CONTENTS

PROSE

Check	Carolyn Guilford	Page 5
Daphne and Michael	Alexandra H. Rich	Page 21
That an IBM is a Girl's Best Friend ..	Susan Scanlan	Page 29
May The Lord	Phillip Kannan	Page 32

POETRY

The Unconscious Crucifixion	Dayton Lawson	Page 15
Sonnet	Darlene B. Pierro	Page 16
Raspberries	Margie Alsop	Page 17
Youth never left Home	Susan Jensen	Page 18
Reflections At Dannery	Darlene B. Pierro	Page 18
Music	Erin Monroney	Page 25
A Dream	Margie Alsop	Page 26
Frustration	Darlene B. Pierro	Page 28
Transformation	Anne Holler	Page 31
A Look at the Wilson Fountain	Josie Winn	Page 34
Creative Writing 101	Dayton Lawson	Page 34

ART

Kristin Herzog	Pages 4, 13, 20, 30, 35
Deane DeLong	Pages 25, 28, 33, 37

PHOTOGRAPHY

Susan Jensen	Cover
Linda Modica	Pages 2, 14, 19
Barbara Lee	Page 16
Carolyn Guilford	Page 27

Contributors	Page 36
--------------------	---------

Patrons	Page 38
---------------	---------

Advertisers	Page 40
-------------------	---------



Check

Beth rested her chin on her fist and studied the chess board. Across the table, Kevin sat back in his chair, licked his ice cream cone, and crossed his legs. "For God sake. Are you ever gonna move?"

"Just hold on a minute." Beth picked up a knight, moved it to three different squares, and returned it to its original position.

"Brilliant," Kevin said.

"Will ya shut up. I'm trying to think."

"Well, I'm gonna get a glass of water. I can't stand all this excitement." He got up and returned a few minutes later with a coke.

"You move yet?"

"Nope."

"I didn't think so. Want a sip?" He offered her the glass.

"Can't. I'm on a diet."

"What for? You don't need to go on a diet."

"Very funny."

"No, I mean it."

"Really?" Beth tried to conceal a smile.

"Yeah. Just look how skinny you are." He grabbed hold of her pinky and held it up for her to observe. "Now, if only your legs were that skinny."

"Kevin, will you shut up."

"What's the matter? Scared you'll lose?"

"I never lose."

"That radio is gonna look great in my room."

"You mean your record player's gonna look great in mine."

"No, I don't, because I call that if anybody takes over fifteen minutes to make a move, they automatically lose. Let's see," he said looking at his watch, "Fourteen minutes and twenty-six seconds, twenty-seven, twenty-. . ."

"Okay, dope, I moved."

"Where?"

"Figure it out for yourself." She glanced at the board. "No, wait! I didn't mean that." She grabbed for the pawn she'd just moved while

Kevin swooped down with a bishop and knocked her castle off the board.

It landed in Beth's lap and she grabbed it.

"Okay, hand it over."

"Come on, Kev."

"No sir, you took your hand off."

"Well, you do it all the time and I don't mind."

"I can't help it if you're stupid."

"Please, Kevsy Wevsy. Let Beth keep her little castle waste," she said in a deep soft whisper, puckering her lips and batting her eyelashes.

"You trying to make me vomit?"

"Kevsy, I wouldn't do anything to make your little tummy feel bad."

"Then why do you get up in the morning?" He took a sip of his coke and laughed. " 'Why do you get up in the morning?' Hey, that's pretty good. I just made it up myself. Oh, put low, Beth, put low."

"I wish you'd stop with that 'put low' business. Where'd you pick that up, anyway?"

"I dunno. Louis, I guess."

"Well, I wish you'd stop saying that and I wish you'd move your bishop out of the way so we can get this stupid game over with."

"What'll you give me if I do?"

"Ten cents."

"A quarter."

"Forget it."

"Okay then, you just lost a castle."

"Okay then, I'm sleepy." Beth yawned, stretched her arms, and knocked all the pieces off the board. "My goodness, look what I've done."

"Yeah, you just lost yourself a radio."

"I did not. I did not lose."

"You quit, same thing."

"It was an accident."

"God, you cheat like crazy."

"Me cheat? I didn't learn that little trick from the milkman."

"Yeah, but I bet the milkman's learned a lot of little tricks from you," he said, winking at her.

"Wouldn't you like to know."

"Not especially. Well, you clean up. I'm gonna go wash the car."

"Hey, Kev, before you go, I just wanted to tell you that my roommate from school is stopping in today on her way to Boston so stick around and I'll introduce her to you."

"Is she rich?"

"How should I know."

"Haven't you asked her?"

"No, I haven't asked her."

"Well, why do you room with her if you don't even know if she's rich or not?"

"I like her, that's why."

"Yeah, well I only like rich people. Find out if she's rich or not and then I'll meet her."

"You're sick. I swear to God, you're sick!"

"Listen, you like the people you like, and I'll like the people I like."

"Well, I can't tell you if she's rich or not, but she's pretty."

"Does she have her own car?"

"Yeah, it's a Riviera."

"God," he said, getting that dreamy look he always got on his face when anyone mentioned a car out of the low price range. "You know what, Beth? You should get a car."

"Kevin, I have been trying to get Dad to buy me a Mustang now for the past two years."

"Not a Mussy, stupid. A CAR, like a Porsche or something. How bout a Firebird 400? Yeah, a Firebird 400, navy blue convertible with white leather seats inside, a white vinyl top, white walls . . . You'd be the most popular kid at college."

"I doubt if having a Firebird would make me the most popular kid at college."

"Are you crazy? You should see all the friends I have since I've been driving the Cadillac around. Everybody thinks it's mine."

"That's great. Just great. So if you didn't drive the Cadillac around all the time, you wouldn't have any friends, right?"

"But that's just it. That's just what I mean. If you have money, you automatically have friends."

"I'd rather not have that kind of friend."

"Then you're stupid."

"Me?"

"Yeah, you. If you don't let people know you have money, how are you ever gonna find a husband? You don't think anybody's actually gonna fall in love with *that* face, do you? Or do you think some guy is gonna flip over that bod?"

"Okay, just drop it."

"I'm only trying to help you. I'm not the one going around saying I'm gonna commit suicide all the time. I'm not the one who tried taking twenty-seven Ex-Lax. God, couldn't you have thought of a neater way to do it?"

"I said drop it. It's just that it's summer and I hate summer school and I'm bored and on top of that, you keep driving me nuts."

"Beth, do you know what your problem really is? You're lonely."

"What are you, Westchester County representative for the Lonely Hearts Club? Well, I'm not interested. Why don't you go wash the car?"

"What time's Kathy coming?"

"About six, and Kev, do try to be decent when you meet her, even if she isn't wallowing in diamonds and pearls."

"I'll try," he said, getting up from the table. "See ya later." He walked out of the dining room to the front door and yelled back to Beth, "I almost forgot, your mother and father said they wouldn't be back til about nine. They're gonna eat in the city and they said you're supposed to fix me dinner but I'd rather do it myself. It's not that I don't trust you, I just don't like to take unnecessary chances."

Beth went into the kitchen and began washing the lunch dishes. Kevin came running in through the back door. "Move," he said, pushing her away from the sink. "I forgot the soap." He bent down, took some soap out from the cabinet under the sink and stood up again. "Well, bye."

"Yeah," said Beth, returning to the dishes.

"Beth, what I said about your face . . . I didn't mean it. You've got a very, a very, . . . Forget it, I meant it." He gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. Beth threw down the dishrag and put her hand up to her face. "Help, help! Get the disinfectant, get the ammonia, get the peroxide!" Kevin laughed and went outside.

At five-thirty, Kevin was kneeling on a chair in front of the window that faces the driveway. He was wearing the same old blue jeans that he wore to wash the car even though Beth had asked him not to. Beth was busy cleaning up odds and ends so that the place would look good when Kathy arrived. It was important that everything look just right because Kathy was from the South (where everyone insisted on calling her Kathryn) and she was flawlessly neat. Beth heard the dull hum of a car motor and the crunching sound of tires rolling over the gravel driveway.

"She's here," Kevin said. Beth was now furiously dusting the coffee table. "Holy! Will you look at that car!" Beth went into the kitchen, her arms loaded with Johnson's Pledge, Ajax, dusting rags, wash rags, Lestoil and a mop.

"She's not so pretty." Kevin yelled.

"What?"

"I said she's not as pretty as you said she was."

"So what?"

"So, I don't think I like her. But that's some car she's got, ain't it." The doorbell rang and Beth went to answer it while Kevin went into the den and sat in the easy chair, and, picking up an old issue of Sports Illustrated, he suddenly became thoroughly absorbed.

Kathy and Beth chatted for a while in the hallway and then Kathy said that she'd just love a drink.

"Fine. Bourbon and Ginger, right?"

"What else?"

"Okay, but first come on in and meet Kevin and you can talk to him while I fix it."

"Who's Kevin?"

"You know, Kevin."

"I keep getting all those boys names mixed up. Is he one of your brothers or is he the one that's your step-mother's brother?"

"That's him. Uncle Kevin." They went into the den.

"Kev, this is Kathy. Kev? Hey Kevin!"

"Huh?" He looked up from the magazine.

"This is Kathy."

"Oh. Hi ya. Hi."

"Hello, Kevin. I'm real happy to meet you. I've heard so much about you." She extended him her hand but he didn't take it and instead went back to reading the magazine. Kathy gave Beth a "what's up" look.

"Kev, I'm gonna fix us some drinks and I thought you and Kath could talk for a while while I'm gone, okay?"

"Fine with me." He put the magazine aside and looked at Kathy. "You gonna stand all day?"

"No, no, I was just fixing to sit down."

"Fixing what?"

"I said I was just about to sit down."

"Oh. That's a really nice car you've got out there. Is it yours?"

"Yes."

"You buy it yourself?"

"No. Daddy gave it to me for my twenty-first birthday."

"What kind of car does he have?"

"I think it's a Continental or something. I really don't know very much about cars and I hardly ever ride in it."

"Wow, those are pretty expensive cars. What's your father do."

"He sells ice and packs fish."

"Oh. Then there's a lot of money in the ice and fish business these days?"

"Well, not really all that much." Kathy looked toward the kitchen to see if Beth was coming yet.

"Is that real?" said Kevin, looking at Kathy's hand.

"Is what real? Beth answered, once again looking toward the kitchen.

"That ring."

"Oh, the ring." She fumbled around in her purse for a cigarette. "Yes, as a matter of fact, it is. Only real ring I own. My brother got it for me when he was in Hong Kong."

"It's a really nice ring." Kevin leaned over to see it better and Kathy obliged him by extending her hand. "What is it, twenty-two karat?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Oh, I can just tell." He sat back in the chair, looked up at the ceiling, then looked at Kathy and said, "How much was it?"

Beth, who had been listening to the conversation from the kitchen, decided things were getting out of hand and she came to Kathy's rescue. "Hey, Kath, come on in the kitchen. Your drink's just about ready."

"Be right in." She smiled at Kevin and got up and went to join Beth. Kevin followed her into the kitchen. Beth handed a drink to Kathy and began to make one for herself, but when she saw that Kevin had come into the kitchen too, she put down the bottle, turned toward him and, clenching her teeth and lowering her eyebrows, gave him a look that could have made anybody want to crawl into a hole. Kevin looked at her, gave a great big smile and said to Kathy, "Mind if I go sit in your car?"

"No, not at all."

"Great!" He ran out the back door.

"Sorry about that," said Beth, opening a bottle of Ginger Ale.

"What a strange person."

"Well, you see, Kevin, well, he gets carried away with expensive things like cars and stuff. I guess I should have warned you, but I made him promise this afternoon that he wouldn't start asking all those questions. I guess he just can't help it." Kathy sat down at the kitchen table and Beth went to the freezer to get out some more ice. "Want another cube?"

"No thanks, I'm fine."

"Anyway, Kath, Kev comes from a really poor family. I mean, they have absolutely no money on my mother's side and that's how come he's living with us. Dad's putting him through school."

"That's pretty nice of your Daddy."

"Yeah, He's a pretty good guy. Let's go back into the den. It's boiling in here."

Kathy and Beth talked in the den for an hour or so, uninterrupted by Kevin who was still outside admiring Kathy's car. Finally, Kathy said she really had better be leaving since she wanted to get to Boston before ten. Beth walked her out to the car. Kevin was still sitting inside the car and as they stepped outside, Kathy said, "I really hate to have to tear him away." When Kevin noticed Kathy and Beth, he got out of the car, ran over to Beth, grabbed her by the arm and said, "You wouldn't believe this car! Come on. You just gotta see it. It's all wood panelled on the inside and it's got a tape recorder, air-conditioner, stereo radio, God, it's got everything!" Beth jerked her arm back, told Kevin she'd seen the car before, and turned to Kathy. "Bye, Kath." The girls hugged one another. "I'm sure glad you stopped in." Kathy got into the car, closed the door, and spoke out the window to Beth while she was turning the motor on. "Listen, I'll send you the material as soon as I get home. You sure you don't mind making the curtains?"

"Not a bit. But I'm not promising anything spectacular. I've never made anything before in my life."

"Oh, that's all right. Curtains are easy. Well, thanks for everything, Beth. See ya in September." She leaned farther out the window and yelled, "Goodbye, Kevin."

"So long." Kevin called back from inside the garage.

Beth backed the car out of the driveway and yelled goodbye to Beth before taking off up the road. "So long, Kath. Have a great time in Boston. Bye."

Beth went through the garage and in the back door. Kevin was in the kitchen, finishing up what Kathy had left of her drink. Beth came in, didn't say a word, didn't even look at him, went to the freezer, and took out a package of frozen hot dogs. Kevin lifted himself up on the counter while Beth filled a pot with water and put it on the stove. Beth spoke to him as she separated the hot dogs and put them in the water. "Kevin, I just want to thank you for the marvelous way you behaved today. You did a fantastic job of embarrassing both Kathy and me."

"What? What'd I do?"

"What did you DO? My God, Kevin!"

"Well, what?"

"How many times do I have to tell you that people just do not like being asked if their fathers make a lot of money and how much things cost and questions like that."

"Why should she care. Obviously she was pretty rich. I'd be proud of it if I were her. What's she got to be embarrassed about?"

"It's not that, Kevin. It's just that people just don't like to be asked those questions, no matter how rich they are, understand?"

"Nope."

"Kevin, you are so stupid, it's just impossible to talk to you."

"Okay, if I'm so stupid, I won't talk to you at all."

"Is that a promise?"

Kevin didn't answer. He went to the bread drawer, got out a hot dog roll and put it in the oven. Beth stood over the stove, watching the hot dogs boil. She went to the cupboard and took out a plate and a cup and saucer for herself. As she was placing them on the table, Kevin also took out a plate and put it on the table. Then Beth got some mustard out of the refrigerator and put it in front of her dish and Kevin got another jar of mustard out of the cabinet and put it in front of his. Beth got a can of beans, opened it on the electric can opener, and poured just enough into a pot to feed one person. She put the lid back on the can and put the can back into the refrigerator. With a sigh, Kevin got the can of beans back out of the refrigerator, took out a separate pot, and cooked some beans for himself.

They both ate dinner at the kitchen table which stands in front of a picture window overlooking the Hudson River and the Palisades. Though they had both previously taken the lovely view much for granted, they each ate in silence, staring out the window at the sun setting over the water. When Beth had finished, she took her plate to the sink, gathered the dirty pots and utensils she had used, and began washing them. Kevin went into the den and returned to the kitchen with a pack of cards. As Beth washed, Kevin played solitaire and hummed to himself. When she was through with the dishes, she put down the dish rag, turned and faced Kevin, and said, "Kev, this is so stupid." Kevin continued humming and playing cards. "I mean, Kev, we aren't going to not talk to each other forever, so we might as well start talking to each other now, don't you think?" Kevin put the three of clubs on the two. "Kevin, there's nobody else to talk to around here, so we might as well talk to each other, for God sake. Well?"

"Well, if that's the way you feel," he said, turning and facing her, "then say you're sorry."

"ME say I'M sorry?"

"Okay, forget it then. Go talk to the wall."

"All right, all right. I'm sorry. There."

"Say it nice."

"Oh for god sake."

"All right, forget it."

"No, I'm sorry Kev. I really am. I had no right to call you stupid." Kevin laughed and threw the cards up into the air. "I knew you'd say it. You always do. You're so dumb. Put low, Beth, Put low, low low."

"Damn you, Kevin." She pick up a wash rag and snapped it at him but he ran out the back door and, laughing, ran down the hill toward the river. Beth stood at the door and watched him. Before going back inside she yelled out to him, "Hey Kev, you wanna play chess tonight?"

"Maybe," he answered, and he ran on down to the river.





The Unconscious Crucifixion

Sunday morning.

the day after the night before,
a day of rest and reflection:

It was an interestingly rotten night:

Individuals gathered 'round
sounds of Iron Butterfly
and prayers for grass.

An interruption:

"We understand, lady—
no booze
no girls after 11
no loud parties."

But can we smoke pot?

Unsuspecting

God-fearing

elderly witch,

your mind is in the '20's.

How could you imagine a "high" being found in your basement?

Salvation!

My own copy of the Washington Post—
perfect, beautiful, alive.

SHE walks in,

sits on my bed—my retreat,
and unconsciously destroys.

Read section by section,

page by page,

it lies dead—

a filthied corpse of pulp and print.

I . . . can't speak.

It's such a trivial matter, but

It was my only Sunday savior.



DARLENE B. PIERRO

Sonnet

Un jour je suis venu; le ciel m'a envoyé
Avec un beau sourire. J'avais pleuré de joie.
J'ai quitté la maison, en sachant que cette fois
Je quittais pour un an. La Reine m'a présenté
A Tours, et pendant six semaines j'y suis resté.
J'ai vu de grands châteaux, goûté des vins—et moi,
Je sais: je ne vais jamais oublier tout ça,
Car on m'a bien reçu: et j'étais satisfait.

Un jour je suis venu; j'habite maintenant Paris.
Un Arc, une Tour devant, tous deux entourent ma vie.
Et moi, même si je meurs, je garde bonne mémoire:
Tantôt la temps s'arrête, tantôt il va trop vite,
Tantôt la vie est gaie, tantôt elle est toute noire.
Je rentrerai bientôt—à elle je laisse mes yeux.

Raspberries!

Life is just a bowl of berries,
Raspberries at that!
And although juicy tempting,
What a tart-taste-treat
It turns out to be.

It is red and full and **there**
A donkey's dangling carrot
Miniature grapes to drop
In tiny classically chiseled mouths
Open-wide and eager ready jaws

So, Who's seen a red grape?
Truth stares back beneath redness.
Deceptive Kaleidoscope

First, just sweet and sticky goo
Then the twang of hemlock's surprise package
And you wrinkle, shrivel, shrink away
From sudden sharp shock

If you chomp too hard
The seed within the pulp
Bites back.

And there you are—
With your face berry-stained
And your face quick-aged
A bitter taste on your lips
And, then, that surprised look
When the seed bites back . . .

DARLENE B. PIERRO

Reflections At Dannery

The morning of today came without sound
And hoarfrost burned the summer grass with cold;
Last night they razed these towers to the ground
But yet the one which rests is green with mold.
I walked through woods of vineyards; a crippled dog
Ran on three legs; a horse of cheese
Was melting in a field of black-white fog,
And I could sense the noise of human breeze.
I sat with fire rising in a mime
Consumed in flames of blue the centuries passed
In heat which melanged then and now and sometime
I could not tear the dreams from what would last.
The mist of eons came and covered me
With fear of yet to come. I could not see.

SUSAN JENSEN

Youth never left Home

Ravaged fenders, shattered glass
Shocked and holed into darkness.
Then came people
all but the one missed
all but the one they've come for.
In a whirl of confusion, the people soon dispersed
And time . . . time tread on
Some hold that time could heal all
But a hole was never filled.
Youth never left home
His picture's on the wall
Silence echoes longer than sound
For youth
Youth's end didn't finish
He never left home.





Daphne and Michael

My sister Daphne hasn't always lived with us. At least she hadn't until Daddy remarried eight years ago. Daphne was twelve then and it really didn't matter to me one way or the other if she moved in. It wasn't that I was too young to know the difference, because I noticed it all right. It was, rather, that I didn't have much to say in the matter. But we had a big house, and with separate rooms I retained my privacy while allowing her very little. Of course she wasn't aware of my acute observation because she was too well wrapped up in herself, and in adjusting to my father. And even at twelve Daphne was not very alert or suspicious, but then, she didn't have to worry because my invasion of her privacy was subtle and innocent. It suited me well, providing a little variety in my life, before I started school, and a little comic relief afterwards.

Daphne was certainly a likeable girl, with long stringy hair, and legs. She never whined or fussed when she didn't get her own way, she simply withdrew and sulked in her room. Daddy liked her fairly well and tried to make her feel at home, hugging her occasionally and praising her when she excelled in something, perhaps overdoing it a bit at times. But that was his way, a bit clumsy, and lacking sincerity at best, but certainly compassionate. Yet, Daphne wasn't exactly an appealing child, through no fault of her own I assure you. She was sweet and likeable, but lacked vitality, even in the most appropriate moments. I was rather fond of her from the start, partly because she offered little competition and partly because she presented me with some diversion, which I was sorely in need of.

Following true to form, Daphne grew up. In the process her hair, with a little help, turned heathery blond, her long legs stayed just as long, and makeup did wonders for her blue eyes. Of course she had the features to begin with, but what nature didn't endow her with her clothes and cosmetics supplied. By eighteen she was the new girl in town, and by twenty the boys were fairly lined up outside the door. It made Daddy very proud, in a paternal sort of way, and my step-

mother very worried. Daphne rather enjoyed it too, but lacked the self-confidence to really capitalize on it. And I was tremendously amused, because it afforded me more subjects to watch, with little or no effort on my part. At the time I was old enough to realize the potential of my position, and although I'd grown to like Daphne quite well, I hadn't abandoned all observation out of reverence. Besides, Daphne rather asked for it, with her brooding way and silent composure. At worst she could discover me, and at best be angry enough to really do something about it, and that in itself would have been well worth my while.

At any rate the flow of male bodies continued and increased until it produced Michael. Michael was the answer to any girl's dream. He had dark hair, small brown eyes, always appeared in three piece suits, and was the dashing "bon vivant" of the campus set. He was seriously engaged in gaining the esthetic of a polished gentleman. And was making a rather brave attempt at getting through 'til twenty-five, unscathed by parental supervision, scholastic obedience, and love. Thus Michael was the superb example of a young man finding himself. Actually he'd already found himself—in my front living room with Daphne. Michael had the finesse necessary to sweep the unsuspecting Daphne right off her feet, and my parents along with her. He enriched the household atmosphere with marvelous little episodes of skiing in the mountains of Chili and ROTCEE drill at the University, all of which were accompanied by bursts of teathy laughter and glowing approval from Daphne. She certainly struck home with Michael, and naturally charmed his parents with her gentle manner and subtle charm.

Daphne and Michael became quite involved. She symbolized the stability and responsibility he lacked, and he in turn brought to her life the glamor of the rich and exciting. The balance was perfect, they never quarreled, and they were ecstatically happy just to be together. They would lie on the couch with her head on his chest breathing very lightly and talking softly and smoothly:

"I know Michael, it would be wonderful having you up here for the summer, there's nothing I want more, but my parents are a little worried even now, about us, and I can't cause them any more trouble, I owe them too much. Besides we're too young to get so dependent upon each other—I need to meet people and to do things before I settle down and marry. Anyway, we can't do anything about it now I have two more years of college left and you have law school.—(Pause) What happens when you're away next year and I have no other contacts?"

"Listen Daphne, I understand how you feel—I don't mean to be so overly possessive, it's just that I want to share everything with you, you make it so beautiful. And when I think of someone else holding you . . ."

By the hour they talked, and when the summer came and Michael went away, they wrote. Long, wonderful letters, which made Daphne's eyes sparkle, and which she read every night alone in her room. Daphne liked to write Michael at night, she felt moody then and could say the many things she'd thought about all day. It was lonely without him, but he called every night, and she would sit upstairs in Daddy's room giggling and smiling, with love in her voice. And when he didn't call it was horrible. She never said a word, but she sat rigidly in front of the tube, scowling slightly. If someone asked if anything were wrong, her mouth would smile and she'd say oh, no, she was only tired, and then resume her position. But Michael would always call the next night, and the next . . .

Towards the end of the summer he came up to New York with his mother and sister, and they all stayed in a hotel by the sea. They were so happy then, running up and down the beach with hair and sand and water blowing. Daphne would smile demurely while Michael built sandcastles on her stomach. Truly she had blossomed forth in the warmth of his love. They burned by the hour in the August sun, and when they arrived at home, Daphne's face was rather blotchy with freckles and sunburn. Michael teased her about it, but he didn't really care, she was always beautiful to him, wet or dry, tanned or pale. I watched them together—with amusement in the beginning, and with something bordering on resignation later on. Certainly Daphne had changed, yet she so seldom exposed herself to public view that any appearance of her personality would have seemed a change. She never openly demanded anything of those around her because Daphne was too well bred to be so shallow and coarse. Yet, her denial of our presence and her reluctance to participate in familial wellbeing tended to be wearing in itself. Quite obviously I grossly overextended myself in almost all situations, but at least it provided occasion for some show of emotions. Daphne, surrounded by her aura of sweetness, simply never indicated that she cared about anything—at least until Michael appeared. With him she made a complete reversal, never in front of us, but certainly in private.

When they were alone together Daphne fairly fawned over Michael, catering to his every wish, hanging on every word. It was rather out of character to say the least, but its genuine simplicity and honesty did

my heart good, in a sense. After all, it at least proved Daphne was capable of emotion, even if it was self-centered. I made myself scarce at such times, since Michael's philosophical dissertations were above my head and Daphne's adoration really didn't do much for me. His capabilities were undeniable, but his presentation left me cold:

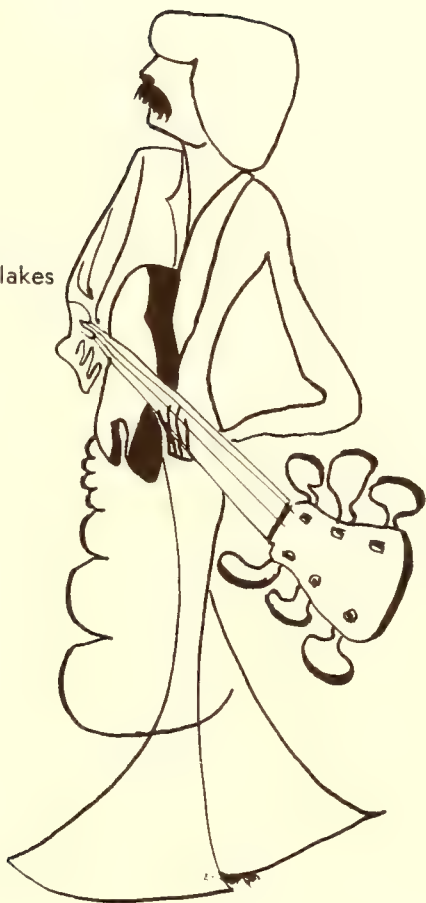
"Keats' poetical interpretations of the value of the esthetic qualities of man in his world might be contrasted with the position Plato took in the sixth chapter on the *Republic*."

"Really, How?" Daphne would poignantly reply, and Michael was gone for another hour. English 225, I thought. At least he attempted some sort of savoir faire, and even if it passed completely over her head, and out from under his teacher's nose, Daphne received every word with earnest approval.

Unfortunately for her, the sublimity of her position didn't last. Quite typically her admiration and dependence began to wear on Michael's free spirit. And although she was the finest person he'd ever met and his ideal in the woman to marry, marriage was an abstract thought, suspended far beyond his present mental state. Yet it wasn't good-bye, but rather, "until we meet again," and Daphne, with tears swelling in her eyes and an undeniably broken heart, bid him farewell with still greater love, and thanks for her beautiful memories. She shared her unhappiness with no one except her diary, and with the melodrama of decision, began her life anew, ending Daphne and Michael with less flurry and certainly less decor than it had begun.

Music

I am happy
only
when music from inside the room
can break itself up
into small stereo snowflakes
each instrument belonging to a million flakes
wild and whipped in the wind,
spinning top-like
then getting together on the ground
when the snow lies down
—an iron crystal music sheet
sitting quiet
till each flake melts
and loses beat.



A Dream

The rising sun
splashing the irridescent waves
With golden flecks, pink swirls, and purple deep with-in,
And the waves just roll, roll, rol!!!
In perfect sets.

The wind is low
The wind's gentle caress
Smooths out glassy perfection
A continuous wall of water
That breaks slowly, slowly
Long and low and curling over
Then crashing down, down—hard slap

As the mountain of water
Avalanches white foam,
I glide through the swirling white-water
Slide through the trough
Paddle, paddle, paddle
Feel the muscles in my shoulder start
To ache with the strain of trying to beat
The next collapsing wall of water

Now in the deep, calm swells
Slowly circling into position
Watch the slow-motion wall of glass
See the angle of each wave
Gauge the angle of each break, the shoulder
Wait as the sets come lazily in
Watch and wait for the wave of waves
All the time colored bronze
By the rising sun and deep tan
A bronze statue that sits motionless
Eyes moving, scanning the horizon

Here come the charging mounts, the diving dolphins!



Frustration

Painter, make your canvas landscaped:
Greenness laid on yellow fields walking
Through time; beyond the mountains raped
Of winter snows, colored naked, talking
To the sculptor. Cotton clouds, pierced by a spire
Chisel the sunset. Ruby marble hewn
From amethyst reflects the fierce desire
Of rivers, trudging seaward through the moon.

You, as writer, have murdered form and light.
Easel and pedestal, broken, destroyed, have tumbled
Pageward, all transformed to black and white.
Your now, your then, your yet-to-come have tumbled.
The strokes, the chips, the words, will never be;
They form the apex of an art too high to see.



That an IBM is a Girl's Best Friend

"He's gone and it's over," she repeated firmly, her face as pale and blank as the paper rolling into her machine. And her hands lowered slowly to press the letters in a lingering caress which grew rhythmic as pulsating fingers brushed from key to key.

DEAR SIR: IN OUR LAST LETTER

"Of course, there's more to living than efficiency reports and time cards—no matter what He said! But one must establish margins and maintain them—I mean, People have to operate on some steady, defined pace if they're going to function properly or accomplish anything.

She climbed slowly, luxuriously, to her regular 75 words a minute, shoulders hunched over the keyboard, face flushed as paragraph blurred into paragraph and the carriage glided noiselessly, hypnotically, back and forth, back and forth, the page in front of her, the entire secretarial pool whirling into a never-ceasing climax of mechanized fingers and responding instruments.

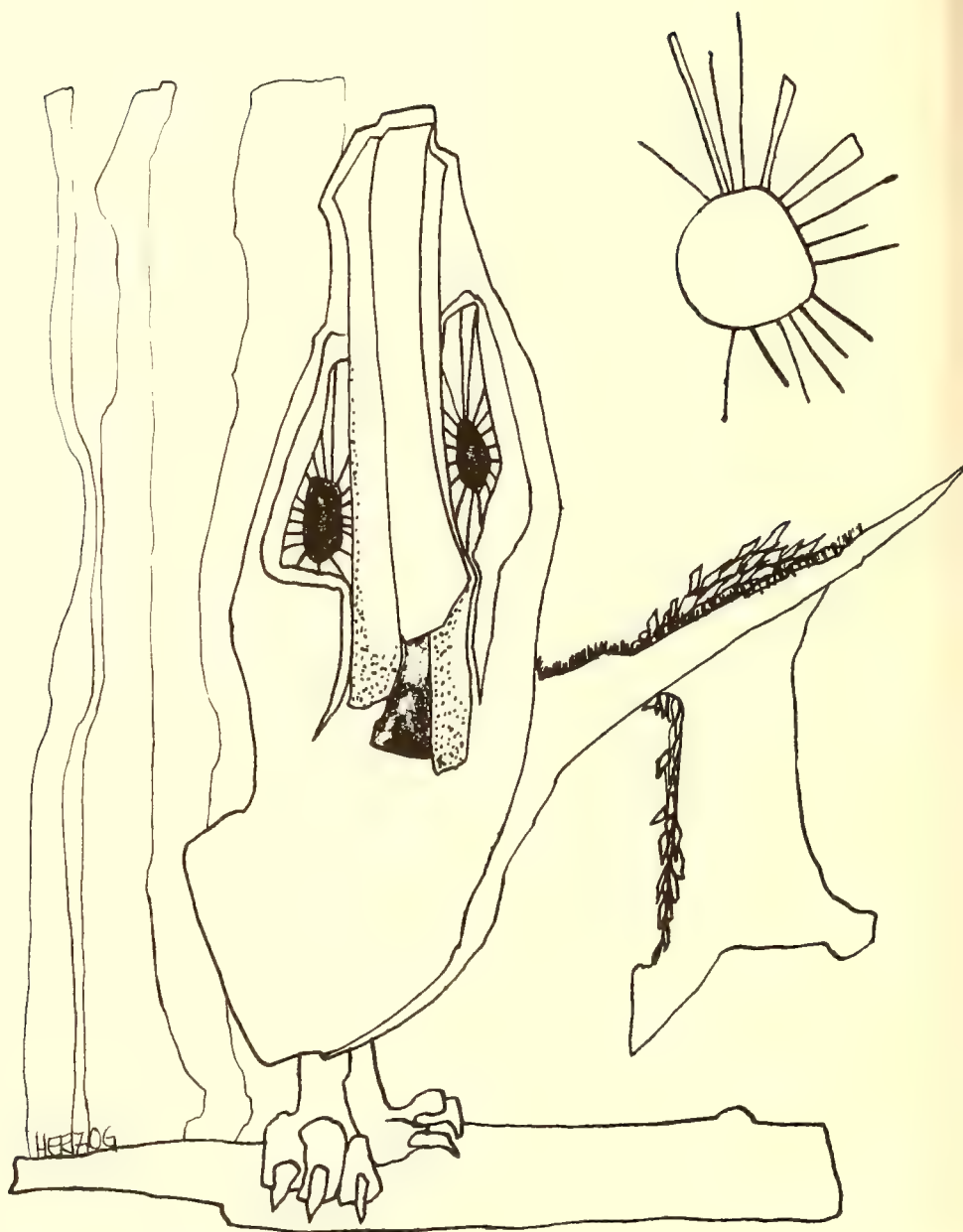
"Oh, it *had* been tempting—but somehow too dramatic—too essential . . . And this was—*is*—a respectable position, an enviable position.

It all seemed rather unreal and very far away (the bell sounded hollowly as she neared the right margin) as she tried to sort her emotions into a more secure format. "If you follow the lines prescribed, eight hours a day five days a week, surely

—she stared vacantly at the copy on her desk, at the pages which regulate the beginnings and endings of important assignments and coffee breaks, of lunches and lives.

"That's a crackerjack secretary," the boss gestured proudly to an associate, "one hundred percent accurate and never minds taking work home from the office."

"He's gone," she repeated, mistyping LAST as LOST.



Transformation

"No, my Beast, you will not die.
I could not live without seeing you."
His cragged face quivered.
His bloody eyes boiled.
He pierced her arm with his claw
In one last embrace.
The mist dropped
And, in a flash,
Lifted from
Ermine boots, feather-blue robe, lace-tiered vest,
Laughing eyes.
Snowy, jewel-crystalled fingers threw a rose to her.
"Beauty, are you happy now?"
"Beast . . . "
She closed her eyes. Then,
"Prince," she whispered,
"I shall have to get used to it."

... May The Lord ...

When I heard the speaker say, "It's really up to you", I knew what was coming. Football has two minute warnings and convocation speakers have "it's really up to you" to tell you to prepare yourself for five minutes of commercials and desperate action.

I started adding up the time before the one event that made convocation bearable: speaker, five minutes more; awards, ten minutes; introduction of new faculty, five minutes; singing, three minutes. In short, twenty-three more minutes. Then the chaplain would rise, extend his arms, close his eyes, lift up his head and hands and start the benediction, and I would start transmitting my one message to him, hoping that this time he would receive it. I had sent this same message to chaplains, preachers, or anyone giving benediction to a group that included me since I was in the eighth grade—fifteen years.

While the high ceremony was taking place on stage I reconstructed the first time I tried to transmit my message. I was one of five hundred grade school pupils in a public school auditorium. We had been told a Bible story which had been illustrated with cut-outs on a flannel-board by a preacher who (not unlike the God he was telling us about) had performed the magic of producing the right cut-out at the right time. After telling his story he extended his arms, closed his eyes, lifted his head and hands and started "May the Lord . . ." When he said "Lord" it occurred to me to try to make him make a mistake, make him say " . . . and may the Lord grant you *a* peace" instead of "peace." Of course, my motive was purely selfish. I was naive enough to believe that God granted what this holy man prayed for. If he slipped and asked for "a peace" for each of us five hundred grade-school children, that was it!

Once I had made the decision, I assumed the sin had been committed so I might as well carry the thought through. I formed the words in my mind over and over. My head fell rhythmically with the words: "a" down went my head; "peace" down it went again. I had never heard of ESP, but I instinctively believed in thought infusion (as I'm sure most twelve-year-olds do).

I almost fell out of my seat when the preacher said without hesitation “. . . and may the Lord grant you peace.”

Well, that was the first time and since then there have been only twenty-seven others, all without success. My motives now of course are different from my original one. Now it is merely a scientific experiment: can messages be transmitted to a person who is not actively trying to receive them? The value of this experiment is questionable; for all I know, there is a course in seminaries that teaches preachers to cut off their receivers when they are praying.

Applause, applause. All stand, sing.

Experiment twenty-nine begins. Chaplain rises, extends arms. *A peace, a peace.*” Closes eyes, lifts head and hands. “*A peace, a peace.*” “May the Lord . . . and give you peace.”



A Look at the Wilson Fountain

Now we are the four Titans of the
 Wilson Fountain
Locked into an eternity of bronze and splashing
 Angle on level on angle.
To walk with umbrellas and without
Past the pearls and cobalts of change
As effortless as a moth
Lifting itself from an overcoat in a forgotten closet.

I did a Titan dance along the wall
 As we watched.
You caught me as I lost footing
And the smell of chlorine stung my nose.

DAYTON LAWSON

Creative Writing 101

Filled with maternal pride,
My head held high in the misty morning fog,
Ready to reveal my sins to the world,
I march with courage to introduce my child to Babcock's copy machine—
that midwife who will announce the birth to my laboring companions.

But . . .
Locked out!

Oh the pains of creation!



We Wish To Thank . . .

The Contributors

MARGIE ALSOP, a junior, is from Corpus Cristi, Texas. She is an English major and has taken creative writing. She won several awards in high school for poetry.

DIANE DELONG is a senior who hails from Washington, D. C. She is editor of the *Sweet Briar News* and is majoring in Art History.

CAROLYN GUILFORD is a senior Biology major from Scarborough, New York. She has had two years of creative writing and has contributed several times before to THE BRAMBLER.

KRISTIN HERZOG is spending her junior year in Germany. She is a German major from North Scituate, Massachusetts. Kristin has won several awards for her art work.

ANNE HOLLER is a sophomore from Catham, New Jersey. She plans to major in French.

SUSAN JENSEN, a freshman, is from Bloomington, Minnesota.

PHILLIP KANNAN is an Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Sweet Briar. This is his second year on campus. Mr. Kannan received both his B.S. and M.A. degrees from The University of North Carolina.

DAYTON LAWSON, a sophomore, is from Jackson, Mississippi. She is presently taking creative writing and plans to major in either American Studies or English.

LINDA MODICA, a freshman, is from Manhasset, New York. She is interested in majoring in Physics. Linda was photographer for her newspaper and yearbook in high school.

ERIN MONRONEY, from Bethesda, Maryland, is a freshman.

DARLENE B. PIERRO spent last year studying in Paris. She is a senior and is majoring in French.

ALEXANDRA RICH is a junior English major from St. James, New York. This is her second year on our staff and she has contributed before to THE BRAMBLER.

SUE SCANLAN is a senior from Alexandria, Virginia. She is majoring in Modern Languages and plans graduate study in either French or Comparative Literature. Sue is well known for her many witty articles in the *Sweet Briar News*.

JOSIE WINN, a senior Art History major, comes to us from Greenville, Mississippi. She has contributed often to THE BRAMBLER in art, prose and poetry.

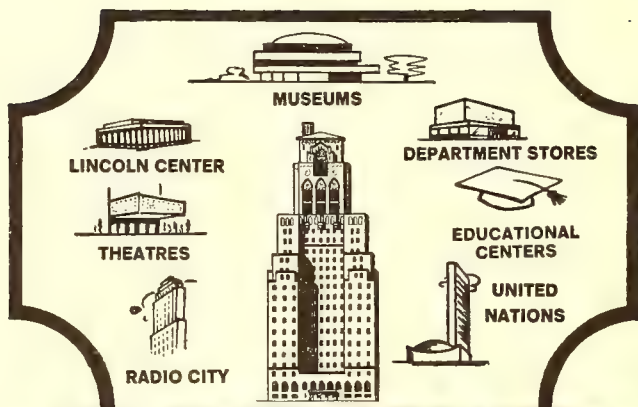


Brambler Patrons

Col. and Mrs. J. G. Albert	Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Long
Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Alsop	Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lyle
Mr. and Mrs. David Anderson	Mrs. M. C. Lyman
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Armstrong	Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mancusi, Jr.
Mr. A. E. Barnes, III	Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Mankin
Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Barnes	Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Martin
Mr. S. G. Barnes	Dr. T. J. McGee, Jr.
Mr. M. B. Bassett	Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McKee
Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Bergquist	Mrs. J. H. McLure
Mr. and Mrs. Vernan Berry	Mr. and Mrs. James McNally
Mrs. Florence Bettendorf	Mrs. Clare G. Miller
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Black, Jr.	Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Mitchell
Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Bottomley	Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Mitchell
Mrs. N. W. Boyd, III	Mr. and Mrs. K. I. Moe
Mrs. Emma D. Brantly	Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Moore
Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Brewer, Jr.	Mrs. Robert Moore
Dr. and Mrs. Carlton Brinsfield	Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Mullen
Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Brooks, Jr.	Mrs. D. R. Murchison, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Broome	Mrs. Robert Murphy
Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Burns	Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Nellis
Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Bush	Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Odum
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Cale, Jr.	Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ohler
Col. and Mrs. J. R. Castle	Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Packer
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chesnutt	Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Pauley
Dr. and Mrs. N. H. Chiles	Capt. and Mrs. H. S. Pearson
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Chrisman	Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Peterson
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Clark	Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Petree
Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Colvin	Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pond, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Conklin	Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Quesenberry
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cooper	Mr. and Mrs. John Ranney
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Crawford	Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Reardon
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Creaser	Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Reeder
Mrs. L. W. Crispin	Mrs. M. L. Roark
Mr. and Mrs. R. Daniels	Mr. S. H. Rogers, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Davis	Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Rushin
Mrs. J. V. DeLong	Mrs. Roselle Scales
Mr. and Mrs. Philip DePaul	Rear Adm. and Mrs. W. F. Schlech
Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Donald	Mrs. Anthony Schubert
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Drennon	Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Shapira

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Drury
Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Dunaway
Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Duncan
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dunklin
Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Emerson
Mrs. James Emmett, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. English
Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Ewan
Dr. and Mrs. N. C. Fahs
Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Feldman
Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Flynn
Mr. E. R. Haas
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hagar
Mrs. D. H. Hall
Mr. and Mrs. Kyle Hand
Dr. E. E. Harmon
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hobbs
Col. and Mrs. J. C. Holbrook
Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Holding, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Horowitz
Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Howell
Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Hudson
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hull
Mr. Arthur Hutchison
Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Kaufman
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lawrence
Mr. and Mrs. James Lawson
Mr. D. W. Layton
Mr. and Mrs. Max Liebowitz
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Linsley

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Shaw
Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Sherfy
Dr. A. H. Shields
Mrs. P. B. Shipper
Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Siclman
Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Slave
Maj. Gen. and Mrs. J. D. Stevenson
Mr. H. T. Stith
Mr. S. K. Taylor
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Taylor, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Thomas
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Thrasher
Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Thurmond
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Tippin
Mrs. J. C. Tuttle
Mrs. B. F. Van Zandt
Mrs. A. M. Walker, Jr.
Mr. M. L. Walkley
Mr. L. A. Waterman
Mr. K. C. Watkinson
Mrs. C. A. Weaver
Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Webb
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Weiss
Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Wilson
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilson
Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Wise, Jr.
Dr. J. M. Wittenbrook
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wright, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Zotack



The Barbizon

THE BARBIZON—NEW YORK'S BEST FOR YOUNG WOMEN

In the Barbizon itself there is every convenience—shops, beauty parlor, restaurants, recital rooms, swimming pool, a lobby of sparkling decor. Step outside and world-famous sources of education, fashion, culture, and entertainment are within range of your footsteps. What girl wouldn't love this marvelous location to work and study for her future?

Ambitious, discriminating young women have for years preferred the Barbizon. Many of the world's most successful women were Barbizon girls and credit the uniqueness of the Barbizon as a solid factor in their careers.

New York's leading residential hotel for young women offers perfect security and privacy. Rates from \$8.25 daily. Weekly on application. Send for free brochure.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10021

- JEWELERS
- GUILD OPTICIANS
- GIFT DEPARTMENT



*Buckingham
AND
Flippin*

919 Main Street

Compliments

FIDELITY NATIONAL BANK

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

LESS THAN 3 MILES FROM SWEET BRIAR CAMPUS

AMHERST MOTORS, Inc.

FORD SALE & SERVICE

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

WH 6-2781

Amherst Gulf Service

U. S. 29 and 60

Phone WH 6-4831

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Pick-up and Deliver

PARTY ICE

R. T. BURKS — D. H. PRICE

See our . . .

LADIES' SPORTSWEAR

DRESSES

ACCESSORIES AND SHOES

WAILES STOP-IN SHOP

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

CROSSROADS ESSO SERVICE

ESSO Products

Phone WHitehall 6-3311

Routes 29 & 60

Amherst, Va.

W. L. MASSIE, *Proprietor*

Compliments of

AMHERST PHARMACY

VILLAGE PHARMACY Inc.

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Free Delivery to

SWEET BRIAR

Compliments of

Farmers and Merchants Bank

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Wm. S. Knight, Ltd.

BOONSBORO SHOPPING CENTER

LYNCHBURG

Wants the Opportunity to Satisfy Your Fashion Whims

— Serious or Otherwise . . .

Fashions and accessories to suggest your mood, to spotlight
you everytime he looks your way.

Free Stationwagon Service from downtown Lynchburg
when you need it. Call 384-3222

Compliments of

Town & Country Restaurant

**BURCH-OGDEN &
SCHRADER, Inc.**

Stereo, Radio, T.V. Repair

Pick-up and Deliver

946-3381 AMHERST

Compliments

of

**HOWELL'S
SUPERMARKET**


BOWEN
Jewelry Company INC.

Member American Gem Society

NINTH AND MAIN STREETS — PITTMAN PLAZA

DAVE HILLY GORDON LORAN
CHRYST BRICK COLLEGE

THE BRAMBLER

Vol. 46, No. 2 April, 1969

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA INTERSCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editor

GINGER TAYLOR

Assistant Editors

MARY LEE BELL

BELLE QUESENBERRY

SUSAN BLOOMER

ALEXANDRA RICH

NANCY CRAWFORD

CAROL TAYLOR

FRERE MURCHISON

JOSIE WINN

LYN PEARSON

Typists

BETTY GLASS

BEA KALLINA

KATHY KIBBEE

GINNY STANFORD

Business Staff

ANN ARNSPIGER, Circulation Manager

CAROLYN GUILFORD, Publicity Manager

SUSAN HOLBROOK, Treasurer

MARY MAHAN, Advertising Manager

JANE MERRIAM, Chatauqua Chairman

SANDY MILLER, Exchange Editor

JEAN RUSHIN

JOHANNA YAPLE

MR. WILLIAM SMART, Faculty Advisor



The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

VOL. 46 No. 2

April, 1969

CONTENTS

PROSE

The Principle of the Thing	Carolyn Guilford	Page 5
In Search of Denise	Maureen Robertson	Page 23
The Lady on the Bus	Debbie Chasen	Page 33

INTERVIEW

With William Stafford	Carolyn Guilford	Page 14
-----------------------------	------------------------	---------

POETRY

Poem	Ellen Greenhouse	Page 8
Sweet Briar Birds	Mike Richards	Page 9
We Do Not Talk	Debbie Chasen	Page 9
The Search for Trojan Fans	Midge Montgomery	Page 10
In Fog	William Stafford	Page 11
The Rescued Year	William Stafford	Page 12
To The Apollos	Anne Holler	Page 19
Prologue for Lesbians	Jill Dunbar	Page 21
Lost and Found	Anne Holler	Page 22
Fence and Field	Midge Montgomery	Page 31
Dupont Circle	Erin Monroney	Page 31
It Snowed	Debbie Chasen	Page 37
Scarves	Debbie Chasen	Page 37
I Wish'd You Weren't Squished	Anne Holler	Page 38

ART	
Kristin Herzog	Page 9, 30
Diane Delong	Page 19, 22, 29, 41

PHOTOGRAPHY

Linda Donald	Cover, Page 20, 36, 39
Lin Modica	Page 2, 32
George Rand	Page 11

CONTRIBUTORS	Page 40
--------------------	---------

PATRONS	Page 42
---------------	---------

ADVERTISERS	Page 44
-------------------	---------

The staff of *The Brambler* is proud to announce the results of its annual contest. The winners were chosen from contributions appearing in the December, 1968 issue and in this issue.

The four categories of the competition are prose, poetry, art, and photography. Carolyn Guilford is the winner in the prose category with her short story, "Check," which appeared in the December, 1968 issue.

The winning selections of the other three categories appear in this issue. Midge Montgomery's poem, "The Search for Trojan Fans," was voted the best in the poetry competition. Linda Donald and Kristin Herzog won in the fields of photography and art respectively. The winning contributions appearing in this issue will be indicated within.

* * *

Cash prizes will be awarded.

* * *

Congratulations!

The Principle of the Thing

Ann had been studying for exams for seven straight hours and was about ready to fall over from fatigue by the time she reached her bedroom door. She knew her roommate, Cathy, was probably asleep. Ann, however, was not noted for her remarkable neatness, and she knew it would be necessary to turn on the light to make her way through the debris she had left on the floor. She opened the door and flicked on the light. Cathy was kneeling on her bed, peering out the window, but quickly belly-flopped onto the bed when the light came on. She lay still for a moment and then lifted her head to speak.

"How could you! I mean really, how could you?"

"How could I what?"

"How could you turn on that light?"

"Well, it was easy. I just lifted my hand, extended my forefinger, and . . ."

"Don't try to be funny."

"Look, how was I supposed to know when I walked in here that you'd be gaping out the window watching everybody coming back from dates?"

"Why don't you say it a little louder, Ann, just say it a little louder."

"Oh, for Petesake, Cathy."

Ann put her books down and quickly slipped into a pair of pajamas. She very carefully picked the clothes off her bed and placed them in various spots on the floor. The bed was clear and she turned off the light and settled down.

"Night, Cath." Cathy made no response.

"I said, Night, Cath." Still no answer.

"Cathy, please say good night to me."

"I don't wanna."

"Why?"

"I just don't feel like it."

"Oh, come on. Please say good night."

"Why should I?"

"Ya gotta."

"Why?"

"I don't know, Cath. It's just that, well, call it ESP or call it just plain crazy, I've just got this thing going. When I say good night to somebody and they don't say good night back, I just know I'm gonna die in a plane crash. You know how much I hate planes, anyway."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"It's not that. It's just, well, the principal of the thing."

There was no response from Cathy and Ann grew restless. She turned on the light and sat cross-legged on the edge of the bed.

"Okay, Cath. Just say good night and let's get this over with."

"I just don't want to."

"Look, I've got to take a plane home from Europe this summer and I'm scared out of my mind. Before, you said you had a funny feeling about the trip your parents are taking this weekend and you were scared. Well, I have a funny feeling about this, so please say good night."

Cathy thought about this for a while, blinking her eyes and looking bewildered, but she gave no answer. Ann turned out the light and settled back into bed. Within ten seconds the light came on again.

"Cath, I can't sleep. I'm terrified. Why are you being so mean?"

"Because you were mean before."

"When?"

"Before, when you came in."

"Well, how in the world was I supposed to know when I walked in that you'd be looking out the window at everybody's dates?"

"Yeah, well, you didn't have to say anything."

"Nobody heard me."

"Of course they did."

"So what. So they heard me. So, they don't know who you are and I'm sure they don't really care."

"It's not that. It's just, well, the principle of the thing."

"Okay, okay, I was kidding. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you. Now say good night?"

"No, Ann. It's just that I just can't stand to see anyone beg."

"Well, just what do you want me to do?"

Cathy was beginning to get tired and her eyes started to close. Ann waited a while until her next statement.

"Well, are you or aren't you?"

"I'm thinking about it."

"Are you thinking or sleeping?"

"Both."

"Cathy, come on. I just don't want to leave school this year hating you."

"You'd hate a person for one little thing like this?"

"This little thing means a lot to me. I can't imagine how you could realize that and not say good night. Some friend."

"Ann, this is ridiculous. You've got to take it like a grain of salt."

"If you don't say it, I'll have to take a boat back this summer. It won't cure anything. I'll just take a boat. Boat's are expensive, you know."

Cathy's eyes closed again.

"Well, thanks a lot, Cathy. You're a real friend. I'll remember this."

A few tense moments of silence intervened and then Ann spoke again.

"Please, Cath. Please. I don't want to hate you."

Cathy opened her eyes and mouthed the words "Night Ann."

"Cathy, that won't work. You have to say it."

"Sure it'll work. Now you'll just have a wobbly plane ride."

Cathy was amused with what she had said and a smile spread across her face. The humor of the statement had by-passed Ann who sat upon her bed on the verge of tears, wondering how this girl who she thought was her friend could be so cruel, wondering if she would die in a plane crash.

"Damn it, Cathy, will you please say good night and I'll turn off the light and we'll go to sleep."

"Will you lose fifteen pounds if I say it?"

"Sure, sure, anything."

"Promise?"

"Promise. Wait . . . How in the world do you expect me to lose fifteen pounds in ten days?"

"See, Ann, that's the way you are. You knew you couldn't promise but you'd just say anything."

"Oh, you're so damn righteous. Why won't you say it?"

"I'm stubborn."

"Well, you're stubborn and I'm terrified and we're both tired. Are you or aren't you going to say it? Damn it, we'll never get to sleep if you don't."

"Good night."

"Thanks."

Ann switched off the light and slid under the covers, a little embarrassed at the victory she had won.

She lies there
With a face painted on
Which is not her face.
Her long sleeves
And high collar
Cover the marks
Of the pathologist's scalpel.
The minister is speaking
Of someone I never knew.
I wish I had never come.

The last time
She was at least half-alive.
I rubbed lotion
Into the flakes of her skin
And listened to the steady drip
Of the catheter
And the hiss of the oxygen mask.
But her eyes still flashed
As the nurse said
"It's time for our lunch now."
She was sick of celery soup
So I sneaked her a milkshake.
I tried to joke with her.
She'd smile, then grimace,
Until the nurse brought demerol.
I thought she would live.

People behind me are saying
"Does her make-up look natural?"
My father is crying.
I've never seen him cry before.

It's very cold.
My brain is frozen.
It can only think
Of when I left her.
As she fell asleep
For the last time
She had said
"Your Christmas presents
Will be a little late
This year."



MIKE RICHARDS

Sweet Briar Birds

Sweet Briar Birds,
I'm growing old
Before my time.
Send me one
Of your number.

DEBBIE CHASEN

We Do Not Talk

We do not talk, you and I,
It is not our need;
And I think we talk at a
Faster speed.

The Search For Trojan Fans

Me . . . like you?
How do you tell?

Who were you for
In the Trojan War?
When's your favorite
 time of day?
Your favorite season?
What's your reason
 for living?

Do you love trains?
Does the sounding whistle
Take your mind for a ride?
Are you, inside,
 a thousand people?

Or do you creep inside a thousand people
Or do you sleep beside a thousand people
Or do you weep inside-out for a thousand people?

WINNER OF POETRY COMPETITION



Mr. Stafford meeting with a class in "The Dell"

The following two poems, written by Mr. William Stafford, have been reprinted from two issues of *Poetry* magazine.

In Fog

In Fog a tree steps back.

Once gone, it joins those hordes
blizzards rage for over tundra.

With new respect I tell
my dreams to grant all claims;

Lavishly, my eyes close between
what they saw and that far flood

Inside: the universe that happens
deep and steadily.

The Rescued Year

Take a model of the world so big
it is the world again, pass your hand,
press back that area in the west where no one lived,
the place only your mind explores. On your thumb
that smudge becomes my ignorance, a badge
the size of Colorado: toward that state by train
we crossed our state like birds and lodged—
the year my sister gracefully
grew up—against the western boundary
where my father had a job.

Time should go the way it went
that year: we weren't at war; we had
each day a treasured unimportance;
the sky existed, so did our town;
the library had books we hadn't read;
every day at school we learned and sang,
or at least hummed and walked in the hall.

In church the preacher; he said
"Honor!" with a sound like empty silos
repeating the lesson. For a minute I held
Kansas Christian all along the Santa Fe.
My father's mean attention, though, was busy—this
I knew—, and going home his wonderfully level gaze
would hold the state I like, where little happened
and much was understood. I watched my father's finger
mark off huge eye-scans of what happened in the creed.

Like him, I tried. I still try,
send my sight like a million pickpockets
up rich people's drives: it is time
when I pass for every place I go to be alive.
Around any corner my sight is a river,
and I let it arrive: rich by those brooks
his thought poured for hours
into my hand. His creed: the greatest ownership
of all is to glance around and understand.

That Christmas Mother made paper
presents: we colored them with crayons
and hung up a tumbleweed for a tree.
A man from Hugoton brought my sister
a present—(his farm was tilted near oil
wells; his car ignored the little
bumps along our drive: nothing
came of all this—it was just part of the year).

I walked out where a girl I knew would be;
we crossed the plank over the ditch
to her house. There was popcorn on the stove,
and her mother recalled the old days, inviting me back.
When I walked home in the cold evening,
snow that blessed the wheat had roved
along the highway seeking furrows,
and all the houses had their lights—
oh, that year did not escape me: I rubbed
the wonderful old lamp of our dull town.

That spring we crossed the state again,
my father soothing us with stories:
the river lost in Utah, underground—
“They’ve explored only the ones they’ve found!”—
and that old man who spent his life knowing,
unable to tell how he knew—
“I’ve been sure by smoke, persuaded
by mist, or a cloud, or a name:
once the truth was ready”—my father smiled
at this—“it didn’t care how it came.”

In all his ways I hold that rescued year—
comes that smoke like love into the broken
coal, that forms to chunks again and lies
in the earth again in its dim folds, and comes a sound,
then shapes to make a whistle fade,
and in the quiet I hold no need, no hurry:
any day the dust will move, maybe settle;
the train that left will roll back into our station,
the name carved on the platform unfill with rain,
and the sound that followed the couplings back
will ripple forward and hold the train.

Interview With William Stafford

For four days last March, the poet, William Stafford, was at Sweet Briar as Visiting Writer-in-Residence provided for by the gift of the Class of 1967. Professor of English at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon, Mr. Stafford won the National Book Award in 1963 for his second book of poems, *Traveling Through the Dark*. While on campus, Mr. Stafford kindly consented to be interviewed by a representative of The Brambler. Parts of that interview are presented below.

Mr. Stafford, when did you first become interested in writing?

"At college. I won the William Caruth Poetry Award at the University of Kansas with one of my poems. I could say, in an honorific way, that that's when my career, or rather, the catastrophe that is my life began. It was a quick sixty dollars and I could see a beautiful career ahead for me."

Who are your favorite poets?

"I would say that Robert Lowell is the top-ranking American poet. That's not to say that his poetry is the most congenial to me. Thomas Hardy is my favorite. He was experimental, let his imagination rule. Why, he wrote poems to the dust of Shelley's skylark. And the one about the iceberg and the Titanic, both starting out on their journeys and then coming together—it's a wonderful, dramatic thing."

Do you find that, being a poet yourself, it's hard to be objective when criticizing someone else's poetry?

"Hard to be objective? Maybe it is. I have a connoisseur's appreciation of Lowell. There's so much in each of his poems. It's as though he were standing in the middle of American history and just letting it all come at him. As for Hardy, well, I'm willingly subjective. I'm both a connoisseur and subjective about Wordsworth. He's simpatico to me. I'm with him. He was ambitious—a perceptive, tenacious influence on literature."

Mr. Stafford, when you spoke the other night, you described writing as 'an incremental groping for words' and said that you often surprise yourself with what you may write down. Do you ever have the feeling that someday you'll lose that capacity to surprise yourself?

"Oh, the surprise is always there. Some people panic with the feeling that it's going. But writing is just like inhale, exhale. I trust in the process."

Then, is it easy for you to write?

"It is easy for me to write—not to write something great—but easy to write. That's like saying is it easy to talk. Sure it is."

What do you think is the difference between having a good idea and transforming that idea into art?

"Art is recognized when a process brings about something important enough to register on our dull selves. If we were bright or perceptive enough, we'd see art in many things. Pascal once said, 'Original people meet many interesting people and ideas, but dull people don't meet many interesting people and ideas.' Being a writer is putting yourself in readiness for good things that come along. Good things come out of everyday things."

Have you ever tried writing prose?

"Yes, I've tried. All writing is really very much the same. The same impulses and crafts are involved. Now, some people might say, 'Aha, your poetry sure shows you think that way.' I'd like to be able to write good prose. The first book I published was prose. The subject was my experiences of being a conscientious objector during World War II. It was called, *Down In My Heart*. It was my Master's thesis."

Then do you feel the function of poetry is the same as that of prose?

"I think poetry is said or written in such a way as to invite a certain kind of attention. Poetry doesn't depend on rhyme, meter, or a dignified subject. I think perhaps you can sometimes write poetry more slovenly than prose. With poetry, the way something is said or put on the page can put a kind of draft on the reader's attention. But with prose, if you don't do it well, you may get no attention at all."

In two of your poems which I've read, you apply the colors grey and brown to yourself. Why?

"There are various styles of life and I have a predisposition for a steady, nondisruptive life. The sun coming up and going down is enough excitement for any day. You don't have to try for extremes. There's enough drama in each day and I certainly don't have to add to it."

Do you enjoy acclaim?

"Let's see. I want to be honest about this. I'm surprised to find I don't feel timid about going places and meeting people. I did when I was growing up. I think acclaim is too strong a word. Spotlight is better. I'm not addicted to it. I wouldn't do it unless asked. The alternative might mean a lot more work. Teaching is a little like that. You probably won't think of asking a teacher that same question but teaching means making a speech and being in the spotlight almost every day."

Do you feel that as a writer you have a special social responsibility?

"I have a lot of opportunity. I can do things that might reverberate more with more people. But I don't have an accute sense of being more responsible than anyone else for what our society does. Everyone's responsible. I'm happy to hear everyone's opinions. Poets, mechanics, and political scientists all have responsibility. Those people in Washington really do earn their pay and I wish them well. I certainly don't have any great perceptions they don't have. As a citizen, yes, I feel responsible. As a poet, I feel reckless."

Which is your favorite of the poems you've written?

"I don't really have one. Sometimes I like something really well. I don't go back very much, though. I'd rather read someone else or new things. I have no great allegiance to a particular poem. That's like saying, 'which is your favorite child?' You just understand them and have a fatherly feeling about them."

Do you have any favorite topics or ideas that you like to write about more than others?

"I have an anticipated reaction to that question. What I do, from my point of view, *feels* various. I keep having the feeling that at the next moment I may write the wildest kind of thing. But I listen to others and others may say I do the same kind of thing. They may be right, too. They're speaking from a different point of view."

What do you think about a poem if a magazine turns it down?

"I usually look at it again and don't like it so well. I tend to lose a little faith in it. I tend to listen to what other people say. Their reactions are not just dirt to me. I value them. I say, 'Do not ask

for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for me.' I depend on crowds. People around me have an influence on me. I hope they're helpful. I tend to think they are."

Do you find that writing means taking away a lot of time from your family?

"Writers, of all people, engage in a social process. I do need a sustained interval to react to certain things but it never occurs to me to shut myself off from congenial people. I even like other writers."

I know this is a terribly broad question, but do you have a certain basic philosophy underlying your life?

"That is a broad one. Well, yes. I tend to identify with a sense of proportion, of being involved in a world I can't control. I know that. But living requires attempts to control. People on the whole seem to feel there's something they can do to solve their problems. In reality, there are some things we won't ever solve. Perhaps that takes away from the steam of my ambition but it adds to the tranquility of my life. That's like Hardy again. Things are going on we're just not responsible for. Some people feel if they'll just grit their teeth hard enough, things will be solved. When nothing happens, they feel guilty. It's an exhilarating feeling to be responsible only for things you can do something about. It's so easy to feel too much guilt. Things are as they are. I like to be level. Our car has an automatic shift. When it comes to a hill, it automatically goes into a lower gear. That's how I'd like to be."

Do you publicly support pacifism, then, because you feel it's something you can do something about and you'd feel guilty if you didn't?

"I would feel uncomfortable if I didn't answer when spoken to. Everyone should give off sound if he is questioned. I don't feel like picketing MacNamara's house, but if he asks my opinion, I give it. My ability to write doesn't give me authority over many complex questions, but I'd feel guilty if I didn't tell the truth when asked. That's something implied in the human contract."

Are you ever perturbed by people who are poor listeners?

"That's like asking why a storm blows so hard. Society works best if there can be interchange. If there can't, then I try to understand."

Is there anything that makes you especially angry?

"I'm not lacking in that kind of emotion. I can be tormented into a temporary need to act out of frustration. As for big, distant, political things, they seem so complex to me, so baffling. I don't know. I suppose if you can localize the source, then you can get mad."

Why are you a pacifist?

"It just makes sense. We're now haunted by the realization of a lethal, world-wide thing. Now we're more thoughtful of the alternatives. I don't believe wars net positive. There's good and bad all the time. But the effect, in so far as I can assess, is negative. I include in this the War between the States, the American Revolution, 1812, and all the other so-called glorious wars. Edmund Burke recommended reconciliation with America and it could have worked. We would have been a lot better off. As for the Civil War—what a heritage. It makes me feel dismal to think about it."

How do you value life itself? Do you think there is any THING, not person, worth dying for?

"I'm not very religious, ultimately, and I suppose in pain, it's better to die. Otherwise, I'm not sure. Are there things more important than life? No. But do I live that way? No."

Mr. Stafford, some people at Sweet Briar feel we're in an unrealistic situation. We're out of touch with the problems of the world and we're not doing anyone much good. In light of this, what is your impression of Sweet Briar?

"I like it. It seems like the way it ought to be for everybody. There's good health, community living—it's what a thinking situation ought to be. You must remember that college itself is a frustrating interval. I think you're doing good here. The people are better than in most places, the situation is a lot better, and if this is bad, then what are we trying to improve the slums for?"

Interview By
CAROLYN GUILFORD

ANNE HOLLER

To the Apollos

Last night
A dog I know
 very well
Looked up at the Moon
And howled.
I looked up
And laughed
 a little nervously.
Because I thought he had a point.





Prologue For Lesbians

I live in fear
of your
enlightenment,
For nothing would be worse
than this discovery.
You are innocent
And I,
guilty as they rumor.

Their insults insist upon my exile or end—
There is no other answer.
(Because you are unaware, you remain stainlessly
outside the spectrum of judgement.)
I alone am unashamed,
conscious that no one understands this love.

I can not admit you have grown
into me
Nor deny your presence.
My dreams are of domination or surely prominence.
But when you begin to imitate
tenderness,
I shy away.
For my confessed delight
could only
become unacceptable abasement.



ANNE HOLLER

Lost and Found

The King and Queen squinted
under wrinkly eyelids.
And waved.
And nodded.
And smiled.
And bowed in humble majesty.

The King touched her fur
with gentle crystal-flashing fingers.
"You're not cold?"
"No," she whispered
under her smile.

Her arm grew weak.
Her head was heavy.
But she smiled at the crowd
at him.

Her feet were tingling.
And she giggled to herself.
Thinking of the night
she lost her slipper.



In Search of Denise

Half asleep, Diana tuned her ears to the conversation in the foyer of the apartment. The sound of a masculine voice there in mid-afternoon surprised her. Straining a little in order to understand the French, she could hear Mademoiselle's high but controlled voice saying, "The young lady is asleep right now. She was out late last night and asked not to be disturbed. If you like I can give her a message." The word, 'Switzerland', was all Diana heard of the indistinct reply, but that was enough to make her wide awake. "It must be Jean-Jacques," she told herself as she put on her robe. Evidently whoever it was had convinced Mademoiselle that he had to see Diana because she was opening the door of the bedroom saying softly, "Toc, Toc," by way of knocking. She was very short and elderly, yet a look of elegance and even aristocracy lingered over her. "Oh," she said as she entered the room. "You're not asleep. There's a young man to see you who met you in Switzerland skiing. I tried to get him to go, because I'm right in the middle of the painting for the Colonel. You know how little light there is in this season and it's coming in just right today. Well, you're awake, so I'll tell him. Would you like tea?"

Diana nodded and hurried after Mademoiselle down the hall. But her eagerness faded when she saw the stranger. It was not only not Jean-Jacques, but no one else she had ever known. There was a long silence while Mademoiselle stared at Diana's robe, Diana looked questioningly at the intruder and he looked at Diana. He finally broke the silence by clearing his throat. There was another pause before he began talking rapidly.

"Please accept my excuses, Mademoiselle and Mademoiselle." He punctuated each Mademoiselle with a short bow which looked strange from a man so tall. "I'm sorry to trouble you in this way. My mistake was stupid. Please allow me to explain. Over Christmas vacation I met a girl skiing in Switzerland named Denise Monet. We became very close friends and were constantly together for those two weeks. Coming back to Paris, we were so rushed that she forgot to give me her address. Another friend said he thought it was this street

and, looking on the map and seeing what a short street it was, I decided to come down and ask if anyone knew her. You see, we were very good friends. This is such a stupid mistake."

He hesitated again and shifted his brief case to the other hand. The two women stared at him expectantly. They were still all standing in the foyer. "But why did you think she lived here?" asked Diana, puzzled.

"Alors, I wanted to find her quite a bit so I asked each Concierge on the street if Denise lived in that building. Finally I got to your Concierge who said yes and that she lived with Mademoiselle Clemenceau on the 5th Floor, right." He fidgeted and looked at the floor a moment, but then smiled at Diana and at Mademoiselle.

By way of answer Diana said, "Well, I'm really sorry you didn't find Denise. What are you going to do now? Do you have any more buildings to check?"

Mademoiselle interrupted his reply, "That Concierge is so inefficient. All those Spaniards are alike. Their brains are only pasted on. It's disgusting the things that woman has done. I'm sorry she's inconvenienced you, Monsieur. The days of any loyal intelligent help are far in the past."

"But I assure you, Mademoiselle, the fault is all mine—but I'm not really sorry because I've met two such charming ladies." He bowed to each again, and repeated, "But I ask again your forgiveness for having troubled you." Seeing the door which Mademoiselle was opening, he bowed once more, "Au revoir, Mesdemoiselles. Encore mes excuses."

Mademoiselle closed the door somewhat quickly and, scurrying to the peephole, beckoned with her hand for silence. They heard the man bounding down the stairs.

"Eh bien," said Mademoiselle, turning around briskly. "You really don't know him? He seemed such a well brought up young man to have such a story. Where I made my mistake was in letting him in in the first place. When he said he was your friend, I immediately thought of this man Jean-Jacques you'd told me about. So I didn't even think twice. A clumsy creature, isn't he?"

"You mean it wasn't true about Denise? Mademoiselle, but why would he . . .?"

"Oh, don't worry, ma petite," Mademoiselle interrupted quickly. "I'm probably exaggerating."

All that evening the two talked about the stranger and analyzed his every movement, but they could come to no conclusions. But that night Diana had a nightmare about him. She had come home from

classes to find Mademoiselle murdered by the stranger with him lurking in the apartment to get her, too. The eerie effect lasted through her breakfast as she listened to Mademoiselle talking on the telephone with a friend, “. . . and Ma Chere, he was no friend of hers at all. Non, non, she's the student who's with me this year. Well, he had made up this story about”

Going in to say ‘Good Morning’ to Mademoiselle, she felt compelled to say something of her dream. Mademoiselle was eating breakfast in bed as she talked on the phone. Wondering at the child's amount of space that Mademoiselle took up, Diana said, “I had the worst nightmare last night about that stranger. He'd come back and murdered us both. Anyway, I'm locking both doors when I leave today. He scared me to death.”

“Now you're the one who's acting like the old lady,” answered Mademoiselle. “Non, I've been thinking all night long. Such a polite young gentlemen must be honest. It's too bad you didn't live in my mother's day when there weren't any suspicious characters. She used to have such a good time. She'd wear flowing dresses and button shoes and the young men would do anything for her. But, non, all the good men died in the War and no children to replace them. That's why you see me sitting here with no husband. You must be late, Ma Petite, run along. Au Revoir.”

“Au revoir, Mademoiselle. I'll be back at seven. It's my late class day.” As she gathered up her books she heard Mademoiselle dialing the telephone again.

*

That evening Diana was a little shaky as she put her key in the door. Her dream had been so vivid that she had visions of high disaster on the other side. Mademoiselle was in the kitchen helping the maid, but on hearing Diana she hurried out, closing the door behind her. She didn't like Diana to know that she helped in the kitchen.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Diana asked.

“Oh, non, my Domestic is doing it all. Dinner will be on at the usual time. You don't go to the theatre tonight? Good. Oh, the young man called to offer again his excuses. He seems quite nice after all. I told him that you had had a nightmare and he was quite upset. He asked if he could come by to apologize to you in person. Alors, I thought you would be home much earlier than this so when he suggested 5 o'clock, I told him that was perfect. I had in back of my mind that my domestic would be here to protect us. I really felt the fool when you didn't come and didn't come. Then I remembered

that it was your late day to come back. But wait, he left you some chocolates. They're in here on the table. Voila."

"Aren't you lucky," Mademoiselle continued. "This is the most exclusive candy shop in Paris. He must be from one of the best families. Look—little chickens and turtles. I think I'll have a turtle. Shall we have an *Aperitif*? It's almost time. The same as always?"

"Oui, Mademoiselle, merci bien. Did he stay long?"

Mademoiselle offered her a glass and answered. "Oh, non, not so much this time. But he didn't have much to say. He was very nervous and clumsy. He wants you to spend tomorrow afternoon with him. I told him yes, so that he'd go away. He looked so confused and huge that I didn't want to say no." Seeing Diana's expression she added. "But you can be sick when he comes, if you're afraid."

"Why should I be afraid?" protested Diana. Her glass shook a little at the suggestion. "If you want me to go out with him, I'll be glad to. I suppose he wasn't so scary as all that. My imagination is running away with me again."

*

By the following day it wasn't Diana who was nervous but Mademoiselle. When the stranger, tall and awkward, appeared, she didn't hesitate to give him a lecture on the hour to get Diana home. And when that hour came without Diana having come back, she stopped the sketch she was doing and walked from room to room of the apartment and back to the easel. The time passed slowly. Finally the doorbell rang. Patting her hair she slowly answered. It was Diana all alone and looking very rained on.

"Oh, you're finally back. Where is he? I wanted to go out for some asparagus, but didn't want you to come back to an empty apartment. Did you have a good time? You look terrible. Didn't he have the sense to bring you in out of the rain?"

Diana just stood in the doorway looking at Mademoiselle. For a few moments she hesitated before stepping into the apartment, saying in a rush, "I couldn't find my key, I must have left it—It was terrible, Mademoiselle. He took me out to Versailles and instead of going inside, we went walking in the parks. He wanted me to see Marie Antoinette's hamlet. Do you know how far away that is? No one else in the whole place, and then it started to rain. He's that type who gets gradually more and more familiar so that you're not exactly sure how whatever's happening came about. There was also nothing to talk about. His mind is dull as a rock—no imagination or appreciation of beauty. He kind of stares right through a tree. It got worse and worse. I was afraid to just tell him to cut it out for fear he'd

get violent or something. So I was just kind of there." She looked up sharply at Mademoiselle, "No, no, don't look so tragic. It wasn't . . ."

"Non, non," Mademoiselle interrupted, "Go ahead." Eagerly listening, she stood staring down at Diana who sat on the edge of a dining room chair.

Diana went on, "It's hard to explain. Maybe I've read too many sensation newspapers. But there I was, with no one in sight, the rain pouring down and that person, if you can call him a person. All I could think was that I'd be found with my arms sliced off, in a ditch the next day. Not knowing what to do, I didn't do anything but very quietly discourage him. All I wanted to do was get home somehow. He's very dense. First I tried to talk to divert his attention, so I asked about Denise. Do you know what he said? 'Oh yes, I found her. She's just a friend you know. It didn't really matter.' Finally we heard some voices, and he got scared I guess. It turned out to be two Swiss boys who had an umbrella. Seeing us, they offered to loan it to me. I've never been so glad to see anyone in all my life. We walked all the way back to the car with them. The thing is, I'm not really sure whether he was what I thought he was or not. I was acting like such a wet mop that probably anyone would have tried to take advantage. What do you think?"

Mademoiselle looked concerned, indignant and slightly amused. "You're shivering, my child. Go change clothes and we'll talk of this at dinner. Don't worry, it never hurts to be too cautious. I would have given him a piece of my mind, though."

"But don't you see? I was too scared, and I didn't want to get him angry. All the way back he was full of compliments. But do you know what? Right after telling me how delicate and fragile I was, he let me out of the car two blocks up and I had to walk back in the rain. If he's on the up and up, he sure is hard to figure out. He even asked me out again, but I told him I had a date already."

She looked up again at Mademoiselle as if for approval or comment. Mademoiselle said, "If he calls again, I'm going to tell him a thing or two. What makes him think he can act like that with a lady? If I'd known, I would never have let you go."

But, Mademoiselle," Diana answered, "we can't get him upset. If he's not normal, we don't want to make an enemy of him. We just have to be nice, but cold, and more and more distant 'till he finally gives up. I'm going to go change. What's for dinner?"

"Oh, the asparagus," said Mademoiselle. "Now, the shops are all closed. We'll have to have green beans again—but you like them. Run along now. You must be cold."

By two nights later the stranger, Bertrand de Vigny, had called back three times; once to apologize if he'd seemed too forward, once to ask Diana to the Matinee, and once to ask her to his apartment to talk about sports with some friends. Each time Diana told him she had something else to do until finally he just said, "Look, one minute we're friends and the next you won't even see me. You're really hard to understand. Do you want to go out with me or not?"

For a moment Diana just held the phone trying to think of something to say. Mademoiselle was listening from the next room. "Okay, Bertrand, I'll be very honest. The problem is, you see, I promised this guy at home, uh, that I wouldn't see anyone more than once over here. He's coming over soon and if he heard that I was dating someone else, I don't know what he'd do. I know this sounds strange, but it's true. If it weren't for him, I promise you, I'd love to go out with you."

"Why don't you then?" Bertrand's voice said. "He'd never know. It's just as friends and we'll have a good time. No one could object to that. Why should you sit at home when we can go out?"

"No, but listen," said Diana, whose voice was shaking a little. "Put yourself in his place. He trusts me, and I just don't feel right doing what I know he wouldn't like. If you were he, you wouldn't want me to go out either, would you?"

But Bertrand answered, "Yes, I would. I'd want you to enjoy yourself. What's the matter with that? Come on and go out. There's no way he could even find out. Besides, I want to see you."

"No, Bertrand, I'm sorry. I wouldn't have a good time. I'd be worrying about him the whole time."

"Then we can't even be friends? Look, if I don't call you for a week, will you go out with me?—just as friends? We could go see 'Oscar'. It's supposed to be really funny. Or we could go to a club. I know this really quiet place hidden away down by the Boulevard St. Germain. You like to dance, don't you?"

Diana looked at Mademoiselle and paused a moment before saying, "No, Bertrand, I'm sorry, I really am, but I'd feel too guilty."

"We can't even be friends?"

"No, Bertrand, it just doesn't work out. I'd like to, but I can't because of . . ."

"Not even slightly friends?"

Diana didn't say anything, so he added, "Well, I'll be calling you then."

"Good-bye, Bertrand."

"Good night, Diana."

As she hung up, Diana turned around to face Mademoiselle, saying, "You know, I really got to believing myself."

Mademoiselle was walking into the kitchen shaking her head as she said, "I'm just glad to be through with him. He worried me." She stirred something in a pot on the stove, then noticing Diana looking at her from the other room, she quickly put the lid back on the pot and came out of the kitchen, shutting the door behind her.

* * *

The next night Bertrand called twice, but Diana was at the theatre. When he asked Mademoiselle which theatre, she said she couldn't remember. The next evening he called twice again and Mademoiselle said Diana had gone to a friend's for dinner. Diana, listening from her bedroom, peered out at Mademoiselle to see if she could figure out whether Bertrand was beginning to catch on. Evidently he wasn't, because he was asking for the telephone number of the place where she was having dinner. Mademoiselle had become very impatient with all these calls, and was becoming more and more formal. Finally she hung up, saying in Diana's direction, "The next time it rings we don't answer." Fifteen minutes later it rang again. After five rings they both arrived at the phone together but they let it keep on ringing.





WINNER OF ART COMPETITION

MIDGE MONTGOMERY

Fence And Field

What I would have given to have you
 leaning there
 by me

While I sat upon the fence,
 and let nature diffuse
 into me.

What I would have given to have you
 feel the change
 in me.

To see how the sun rekindled
 a blaze, how the wind fanned it
 within me.

What I would have given to have shared
 with you, that moment which
 in me

Put out of mind all dark moments past
 and heightened every moment spent
 with you.

ERIN MONRONEY

Dupont Circle

down in the circle
kids bathed in metallic smooth basins
and crows played fair soccer
and ate lunch on checkerboard tableclothes.
kids ran on the arms of trees
and crows crabbed
and put up signs
about the loud and
inconsiderate crowd.



The Lady on the Bus

The fresh morning sun had yet to warm the crystal air, and it stung the cheeks of the short, blond girl who ran to the street corner.

"Hey, wait," she yelled at the city bus as the air brakes released their cold gas and the big orange vehicle recommenced its route.

"Wait." More steam as the bus pulled to a halt. The glass door opened and she stepped up into the cool compartment. She thanked the driver and dropped a dollar bill into his rough hand.

"Sure," he smiled and handed her change.

"This goes to Barton Street, doesn't it?" she asked, avoiding his uncomfortable stare.

"Yes, maam." He pushed back his hat and rubbed his palm on his leg as he watched her walk to her seat in the rearview. He reached and turned the large, round, black wheel, and they all jerked forward as the bus began again. Side to side she walked and then held on to the rail to steady her in taking a seat, one of the lengthwise benches at the front. She wasn't going far. She leaned back and breathed deeply and relaxed. She had caught the bus and she was going shopping and she looked pretty and so she relaxed. Trees dashed by outside and the white stripes on the road darted under the bus as it pulled unsteadily up the hill. The morning was cool but the sky was clear and she was happy.

She looked around. Eight or so people watched her as she sat, which was many, as the hour was late to be going to work and early to be doing much else. One pink lady talked to her neighbor in an Irish accent.

Up and down Laurie bounced. Up and down, up and down. The springs in the seat squeaked and the plastic surface pinched the skin under her dress as she slid back and forth. She crossed her legs. It was done modestly, aware of the eyes of the men nearby.

"Morning," said a robust colored lady who stepped up and let her coins chime in the money box. Her large feet carried her near the rear where she took a seat in front of a small man. Her massive

breasts seemed independent of her body as they bounced. Perhaps she knew the man. They were laughing and talking and she was flirting. But the man wore a wedding band.

Two men in the front talked about the trucking profession and thought it would progress. As they talked, they, too, were dancing to the rhythm of the bus, their big stomachs and fat black arms jiggling to the beat. Across from them, on the opposite side of the aisle, sat a lady alone. She seemed very sad. And she didn't dance like the rest. She gazed out the window as if she were waving goodbye to her lover with her eyes. Her hair was pulled severely back in a pony-tail and was long and straight and black. High cheekbones accentuated her eyes. She wasn't colored, not wholly. In her features were blended the marks of Indian traits. Her lower lip was thick where it dipped down briefly from the corners of her mouth and the nose was straight and hard and determined. The brows went horizontally with confidence. Unique. She looked up. Laurie smiled, but the lady looked quickly back to the window and Laurie dropped her eyes.

"Where are you going?" a grey-headed lady asked as she leaned across the aisle to Laurie.

"Shopping," Laurie said.

"Mighty early for you to be out."

"I need a dress for this weekend."

"Oh. A party?"

"Yes," she smiled.

"A special boy?" Her eyes twinkled.

"Yes, kinda."

The Irish woman turned to the lady addressing Laurie.

"Have you finished the dress you were making?"

"Well, I told you about the trouble I was having with the material."

The two went on talking and Laurie looked back at the sad lady, sad because her brows were pushed to the center of her forehead and every so often she'd breathe deeply and sigh. Maybe her child was sick and she was going for medicine. Or maybe she was sick and in pain. Or her husband left her or didn't love her, or she had no husband and had a child or was going to have a child or she had no husband and had no child. Thirty-five she looked.

No one sat beside her. No one even sat near her to begin a newsy chat. Woods and old houses flashed in the window and an occasional dog with or without its master. A girl was stroking her cat on the porch of the yellow house which brought the lady's eyebrows up in interest but briefly. She dropped them as she felt Laurie's gaze and, as she turned to look, their eyes met and she again turned back to the

window as though she had stumbled upon someone nude. How beautiful the lady was in her olive coat. The men, they'd all look at Laurie. Some would smile and some would gleam and some would whisper things to their friends and make little noises. They didn't see the beauty beside them, beauty that didn't reach out, call out but patiently waited to be happened upon. Several times she looked up when she'd feel Laurie's eyes and Laurie would try to join them both in a smile. But the lady only looked sadly back and shyly. Laurie wanted to talk to her, to understand her melancholia and maybe even dissolve it a bit. Maybe she would be shopping, too, and they could eat lunch together. Did she have a family? Laurie wanted to know if she did or if she had a boyfriend or had a family and a boyfriend or was all alone. She looked all alone, even in the bus. Did she know she was beautiful? Did she know Laurie thought she was beautiful, that her olive freckled skin was powerful because it was rare and calm and serene? Did the gazes tell her? Yes, maybe she could talk to the lady, if she was going shopping. Laurie wanted to stand up and walk back to take the seat beside her and talk.

But just then the Indian lady reached up and grabbed the string which rang to tell the driver and them all that she wanted to get off. She stood. The bus pulled abruptly into a stop and she swayed down the aisle and to the front. Was she getting off because of Laurie? There was nothing but a highway bisecting a field where they stopped, not even a house or country store. Someone would meet her, or she'd have to walk a long way. As she passed by Laurie, the young girl was feeling overwhelmed with a sentiment so strong it couldn't be confined. She stood up beside the Indian and said in her ear softly, "You're very pretty." And she sat down, oblivious this time to the eyes of the men.

The Indian gave a look of subtle surprise to her confronter, then stepped meekly out onto the road. The bus let off its steam and began again without her. She stood alone on the road, the empty road, and looked up at the grey mountain in the distance. Smoothing her hair, she stood serenely, stoically. Then suddenly, she threw back her head and in an outburst of roaring, hardy volume, she howled with laughter.



DEBBIE CHASEN

It Snowed

The time was near.
Return? Oh,
No, please, no.
But the day approached;
We slept packed to leave.
It snowed
And we did not go.

DEBBIE CHASEN

Scarves

Athens, we proclaim,
Those who knew so well what we are seeking
And we follow.
But in seeing all from the Greek mold hollow,
There, scarves.
Scarves have that perfect sculpture slain,
The scarves of red and paisley grown,
Which tie us all
In unity around
Our necks.
And as the sculptured noose from which we
 take our loan.
They squeeze us out of breath
And into stone.

ANNE HOLLER

I Wish'd You Weren't Squished

I've been thinking,
Squished Fly,
You've been on my wall
 Long enough.

Some days
You blend right into the wallpaper.
And almost seem like your former self
About to
 meddle
 in the petal
Off the paper cornflower
 Your wing almost touches.

And it's when the sun flashes on my wall
That I don't mind you at all
 Invading my synthetic landscape.

But now
You just look mangled.
And I can't sleep
 wondering why
 you didn't fly
A little faster
The night I swatted you
 Because you kept me awake.



We Wish To Thank . . .

The Contributors

DEBBIE CHASEN, a sophomore, is from Atlanta, Georgia. She is an English major and is taking creative writing. One of Debbie's poems was accepted by the Hollins' Literary Festival for discussion.

DIANE DELONG is a senior from Washington, D.C. She is majoring in Art History and is editor of the *Sweet Briar News*.

LINDA DONALD, a senior, is an Art History major from Washington, D.C. and is editor of the yearbook.

JILL DUNBAR is a sophomore from Dunedin, Florida.

ELLEN GREENHOUSE, a senior, is from Scotch Plains, New Jersey, and is majoring in American Studies. She is taking creative writing. Ellen had a poem accepted for discussion at the Hollins' Literary Festival.

CAROLYN GUILFORD is a senior Biology major from Scarborough, New York. She has had two years of creative writing and has contributed often to THE BRAMBLER.

KRISTIN HERZOG is a junior German major from North Scituate, Massachusetts. She has won several awards for art. Kristin is spending this year in Germany but will return to Sweet Briar next year to serve as a co-editor of THE BRAMBLER.

ANNE HOLLER is a sophomore from Chatham, New Jersey. She plans to major in French.

LIN MODICA, a freshman, is from Manhasset, New York. She was photographer for her newspaper and yearbook in high school and has had pictures in THE BRAMBLER before.

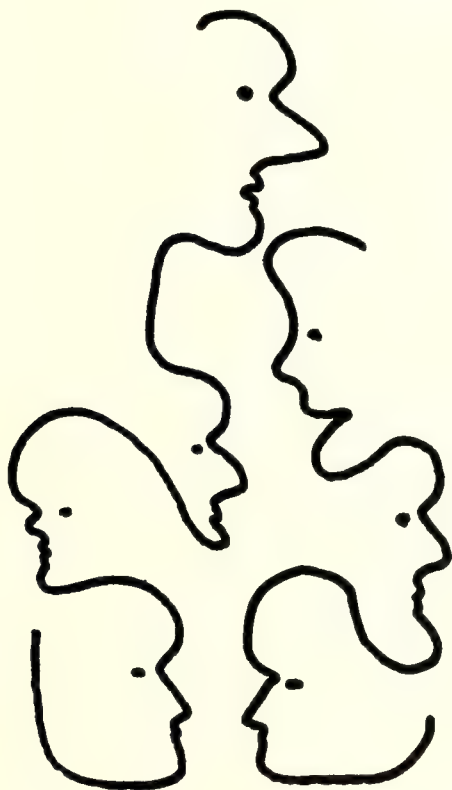
ERIN MONRONEY is a freshman from Bethesda, Maryland.

MIDGE MONTGOMERY has been writing poetry since she was nine. She is a sophomore from Chevy Chase, Maryland and is planning to major in English.

GEORGE RAND is an Instructor of English at Sweet Briar. Mr. Rand received his A.B. from Trinity College and his M.A. from Duke.

MICHAEL RICHARDS is an Instructor of History at Sweet Briar. He received his B.A. from the University of Tulsa and his M.A. from Duke University. The fact that Mr. Richards is one of THE BRAMBLER'S staunchest supporters was proven by his willingness to have "pink stuff" thrown at him during The February Frolics!!

MAUREEN ROBERTSON is a senior from Upper Marlboro, Maryland. She is majoring in French and spent her junior year in France. She took creative writing at Sweet Briar and has published in THE BRAMBLER before.



Brambler Patrons

Col. and Mrs. J. G. Albert	Mr. and Mrs. R. Daniels
Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Alsop	Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Davis
Mr. and Mrs. David Anderson	Mrs. J. V. DeLong
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Armstrong	Mr. and Mrs. Philip DePaul
Mr. A. E. Barnes, III	Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Donald
Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Barnes	Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Drennon
Mr. S. G. Barnes	Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Drury
Mr. M. B. Bassett	Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Dunaway
Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Bergquist	Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Duncan
Mr. and Mrs. Vernan Berry	Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dunklin
Mrs. Florence Bettendorf	Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Emerson
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Black, Jr.	Mrs. James Emmett, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Bottomley	Mr. and Mrs. M. J. English
Mrs. N. W. Boyd, III	Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Ewan
Mrs. Emma D. Brantly	Dr. and Mrs. N. C. Fahs
Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Brewer, Jr.	Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Feldman
Dr. and Mrs. Carlton Brinsfield	Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Flynn
Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Brooks, Jr.	Mr. E. R. Haas
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Broome	Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hagar
Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Burns	Mrs. D. H. Hall
Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Bush	Mr. and Mrs. Kyle Hand
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Cale, Jr.	Dr. E. E. Harmon
Col. and Mrs. J. R. Castle	Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hobbs
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chesnutt	Col. and Mrs. J. C. Holbrook
Dr. and Mrs. N. H. Chiles	Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Holding, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Chrisman	Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Horowitz
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Clark	Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Howell
Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Colvin	Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Hudson
Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Conklin	Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hull
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cooper	Mr. Arthur Hutchison
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Crawford	Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Creaser	Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Haufman
Mrs. L. W. Crispin	Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lawrence

Mr. and Mrs. James Lawson
 Mr. D. W. Layton
 Mr. and Mrs. Max Liebowitz
 Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Linsley
 Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Long
 Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lyle
 Mrs. M. C. Lyman
 Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mancusi, Jr.
 Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Mankin
 Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Martin
 Dr. T. J. McGee, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McKee
 Mrs. J. H. McLure
 Mr. and Mrs. James McNally
 Mrs. Clare G. Miller
 Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Mitchell
 Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Mitchell
 Mr. and Mrs. K. I. Moe
 Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Moore
 Mrs. Robert Moore
 Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Mullen
 Mrs. D. R. Murchison, Jr.
 Mrs. Robert Murphy
 Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Nellis
 Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Odum
 Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ohler
 Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Packer
 Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Pauley
 Capt. and Mrs. H. S. Pearson
 Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Peterson
 Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Petree
 Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pond, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Quesenberry
 Mr. and Mrs. John Ranney
 Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Reardon
 Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Reeder

Mrs. M. L. Roark
 Mr. S. H. Rogers, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Rushin
 Mrs. Roselle Scales
 Rear Adm and Mrs. W. F. Schlech
 Mrs. Anthony Schubert
 Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Shapira
 Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Shaw
 Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Sherfy
 Dr. A. H. Shields
 Mrs. P. B. Shipper
 Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Siclman
 Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Slave
 Maj. Gen. and Mrs. J. D. Stevenson
 Mr. H. T. Stith
 Mr. S. K. Taylor
 Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Taylor, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Thomas
 Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Thrasher
 Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Thurmond
 Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Tippin
 Mrs. J. C. Tuttle
 Mrs. B. F. Van Zandt
 Mrs. A. M. Walker, Jr.
 Mr. M. L. Walkley
 Mr. L. A. Waterman
 Mr. K. C. Watkinson
 Mrs. C. A. Weaver
 Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Webb
 Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Weiss
 Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Wilson
 Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson
 Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilson
 Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Wise, Jr.
 Dr. J. M. Wittenbrook
 Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wright, Jr.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Zotack

Good Luck To
Our New Co-Editors

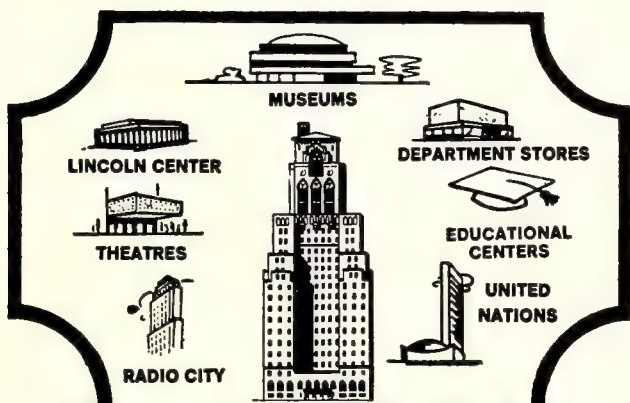
Kristin & Alex

Compliments

**FIDELITY
NATIONAL BANK**

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

LESS THAN 3 MILES FROM SWEET BRIAR CAMPUS



The Barbizon

THE BARBIZON—NEW YORK'S BEST FOR YOUNG WOMEN

In the Barbizon itself there is every convenience—shops, beauty parlor, restaurants, recital rooms, swimming pool, a lobby of sparkling decor. Step outside and world-famous sources of education, fashion, culture, and entertainment are within range of your footsteps. What girl wouldn't love this marvelous location to work and study for her future?

Ambitious, discriminating young women have for years preferred the Barbizon. Many of the world's most successful women were Barbizon girls and credit the uniqueness of the Barbizon as a solid factor in their careers.

New York's leading residential hotel for young women offers perfect security and privacy. Rates from \$8.75 daily. Weekly on application. Send for free brochure.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10021

AMHERST MOTORS, Inc.

FORD SALE & SERVICE

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

WH 6-2781

Amherst Gulf Service

U. S. 29 and 60

Phone WH 6-4831

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Pick-up and Deliver

PARTY ICE

R. T. BURKS — D. H. PRICE

See our . . .

LADIES' SPORTSWEAR

DRESSES

ACCESSORIES AND SHOES

WAILES STOP-IN SHOP

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

CROSSROADS ESSO SERVICE

ESSO Products

Phone WHitehall 6-3311

Routes 29 & 60

Amherst, Va.

W. L. MASSIE, Proprietor

Compliments of

AMHERST PHARMACY

VILLAGE PHARMACY Inc.

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Free Delivery to

SWEET BRIAR

Compliments of

Farmers and Merchants Bank

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Wm. S. Knight, Ltd.

BOONSBORO SHOPPING CENTER

LYNCHBURG

Wants the Opportunity to Satisfy Your Fashion Whims

— Serious or Otherwise . . .

Fashions and accessories to suggest your mood, to spotlight
you everytime he looks your way.

Free Stationwagon Service from downtown Lynchburg
when you need it. Call 384-3222

Compliments of
Town & Country Restaurant

**BURCH-OGDEN &
SCHRADER, Inc.**

Stereo, Radio, T.V. Repair

Pick-up and Deliver

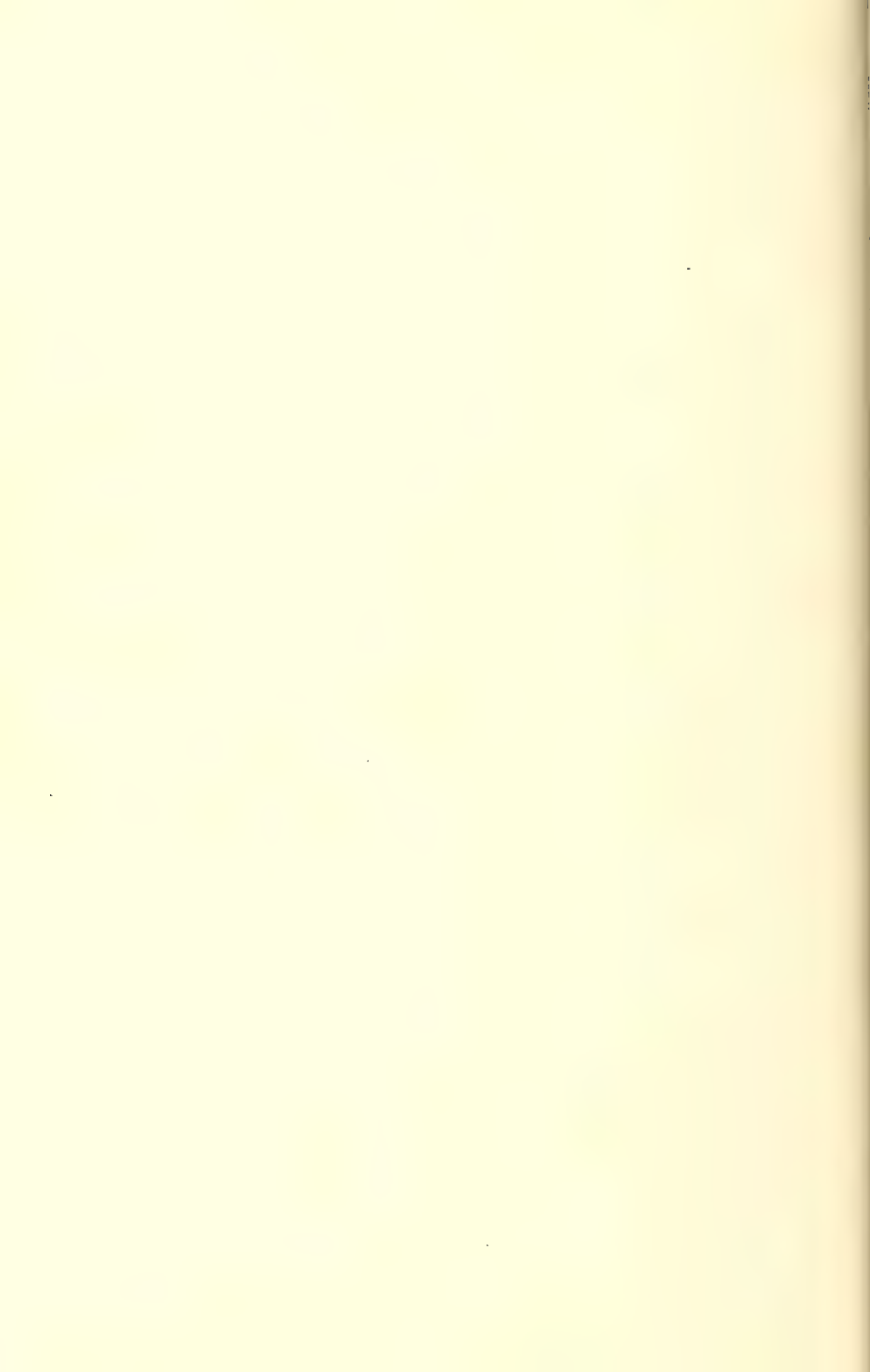
946-3381 AMHERST

*Compliments
of*
**HOWELL'S
SUPERMARKET**


BOWEN
Jewelry Company INC.

Member American Gem Society

NINTH AND MAIN STREETS — PITTMAN PLAZA



brambler

Prampier



DECEMBER 1969



The Brambler



SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE ● SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA INTERSCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

Co-editors in Chief ● KRISTIN HERZOG
ALEXANDRA H. RICH

Business Manager ● SANDY MILLER

Editorial Staff ● LYN BARR
LYNNE BRANTLY
JANINE BROCKIE
JEAN CHALOUX
DEBORAH EBAUGH
NIA ELDRIDGE
BEVERLY LEWIS
KIM MITCHELL
KIM MULLER-THYM
PAMOLU OLDHAM

Photography ● SUSAN JENSEN

General Staff ● SUSAN CRAIG
GAIL GARNER
PAM RASCHE
DEBBIE WILSON



Contents

VOLUME 47 NUMBER 1 DECEMBER, 1969

PROSE

PAGE	6	Paul Quick / Into The Kaleidoscope
	11	Susan Pond / "Imperial Adam" By A. D. Hope
	17	Janet Berry / My Middlegarden
	22	Judy Brown / Macabre
	33	Stevie Norris / Forum For Foreigners

POETRY

	9	Missy Marshall / Ghetto
	10	Lynne Brantly / In Jest
	13	Kim Muller-Thym / Sensuality
	14	Monica Freeman / Eisenhower
	18	Daniel A. Williams / Poem
	18	Miguel Hernandez / War
	19	Lyn Barr / Players
	20	Merren Clark / Waiting
	21	Merren Clark / Poem
	26	Margaret C. Allen / Cassandra '69
	28	Susan Pond / Gravesend Bay at Night
	29	Janet Berry / Monsoon of the Mind
	31	Pamolu Oldham / Poem
	32	Pamolu Oldham / Christmastime

ART

	1, 27, 39	Kristin Herzog
	4	Anne Wigglesworth
	13	Kim Muller
	19	Brucie Barrett
	44	Jean Chaloux

PHOTOGRAPHY

	2, 16, 25, 30, 31, 35	Susan Jensen
	38	Patrons
	40	Advertisers

Into The Kaleidoscope

"Cotton candy, fine and dandy," the little girl sang to herself as she spiralled gently and happily along the sidewalk which was her meadow. The sun rained down through the scantily leaved trees, her orchard, and filtered between the iron and thin bars which fenced all the trees on this street into their own pitifully small circles with utterly limitless vertical aspiration. The sunlight fell through these grills onto the cracked, old sidewalk, onto the cracked patent shoes which the little girl wore, and as she pranced, the sun on her shoes glinted on and off, on and off, like the neon lights in the liquor stores and groceries which were at night her pulsating stars, the ceiling of her city life.

"Cotton candy, fine and dandy;" she continued to sing the song as she made her way with milk and butter toward the apartment house in which she lived in the two-roomed community with many brothers and sisters, a mother, and many fathers. Every apartment was the same, every tree and grating, every crack was the same, every foot a microcosm of this city, but the young girl was yet too small to know that, and the neon signs were her constellations. Cotton candy was no longer made, but she dreamed of eating it, for she had heard. "It must be grey," she thought, "and cold to taste, and it must be hard to chew so that it doesn't go away quickly." She walked past a dance hall and kept on thinking. "That's cotton candy, fine and dandy."

The old man who owned a pawn shop pushed his head out from his shop, and the image made the little girl think of a pet store turtle sliding his head out from his shell to see if the store were peopled, if anyone might buy him. Laying around the old man's shell were old rings, watches, dirty steel-string guitars, discarded implements of frustrated recreation, grade B entertainment. "Rima, be very careful you don't sing so much that you forget and walk out in the street," the owner of the pawn shop said to the little girl, and as she waved in passing, the man's turtle head retreated into the security of his shell, his eyes following her as they sank.

The turtle had given her good advice. Occasionally when Rima forgot that her meadow extended only from the buildings to the edge of the street, the lovely police who cared so diligently that the neigh-

borhood be a lovely slum would warn her that the streets were strictly off-limits to those without permits to travel on them.

"Get off the street, you dirty bitch," they snarled at her, and as they continued to roll executively down the street in their armored trucks with the city badge on the side and the fifty calibre machine gun protruding from a slot in the turret, Rima's mind would slide so that she could forget their words. Rima liked to think about colors, because she had watched the very few leaves she had ever seen fade from green to yellow every year. Sometimes she thought she saw the uniforms of the police fading like the leaves in the wind, fading from their blue and silver to flat, unexplainably ponderous green. "Don't touch that tree, you filthy little whore! You want to kill it?" They told her that whenever she forgot and touched one of the trees.

As a child there were two important aspects of this microcosm of which Rima was unaware, although she had the reticent childhood omniscience of both. First, she sensed daily that she was not living as she should. She crept unnaturally, ungodly. The police trucks were so real, yet so phantasmagorical, that they and her visions could not merge: oil slick to ocean, filth to vision. The irreconcilable imbalance she saw was like looking with one eye into a kaleidoscope without being able to close the other eye. Second, she knew her heritage well: the world of disillusion and confusion she had discovered early for herself; the world of hope and continuity seemed to be a potential pear, always nearly ripe for the joyous picking. These two worlds were in constant struggle like two worlds vying for the same moon caught between.

Rima didn't have to make any turns to reach her building, but she turned at the corner before she reached her apartment just to read a wall. Two scrawls, "STILL TIME" and "KILL PIGS", now flowed before her in beautiful compatibility, now jumped in twisting imbalance, waltzing and grinding, touching hands and opposing muscles in point and counterpoint. She couldn't account for the nearly visual explanation of the troubled ebbing and flowing of her thoughts, but after a full five minutes of being mystically entranced in the holy ordeal of the brown-walled light show, the kaleidoscopic tour, she was dynamited by the idea of what she had to do to redeem her world and turn on the light forever.

"Cotton candy, fine and dandy, I've got to find a pig and ask him to come to my house for dinner. We can feed the pig our food and dance with the pig and after dinner listen to the record player with the pig! Oh, the pig will like us so, and we will all understand . . ."

Rima spun away from the wall at the throaty sound of a police

truck coming toward her from down the street. Clutching the package of milk and butter close to her body, she ran down the endless sidewalk toward the slowly approaching truck, and when she was almost even with it she ran into the otherwise empty street shouting, "Pigs, pigs, stop a minute, I have a wonderful idea! I want you all to come with me . . ."

An awful sound broke the silent air before she could finish, as the bullets smashed through the milk bottles and into her white and tender breast. Her rabbit-fragile ribs twisted and shattered with the thud of heavy iron. As she crumbled to the asphalt, blood gushing from a great tear in her throat, her lips formed the soundless words, ". . . really together tonight at last . . ." and as she died, the truck, continuing to roll, flattened her crystal body into flesh and glass.

The gunner turned to the driver and said, "Jesus, I told the dumb slut yesterday to get out of the street, and there she was again. What, did she think I was going to put up with that crap forever?" As the tank kept rolling down the street, those who had heard the noise and looked out of their windows seemed to wonder if they were going to put up with that crap forever.

Ghetto

Blacktop, concrete, and cobblestone alike
unable to contain
the tall heat of the inner city smog,
return it to the yellow oppressor
in colorless swirls.

Withered grey houses
slouching in neglect
yawn in cracked green gapes,
their red tile lids
bent and moth-eaten.

Internal passages
clogged with lumps of hanging plaster
dribbling chips of paint
sick with dysentery of rates and cheap wine
expelling bottles and dirt into dank alleyways.

Houses whose heartbeat
is thick-tongued voices
speaking emptiness within black exteriors
getting blacker in the sun
trying to forget it in the wine.

In Jest

"... and I'll to bed at noon."

King Lear

Laugh on! Wise worlds go mad.
No art save jesting makes us glad
When reason's rendered not for use,
When truth is folly, ruth a ruse.

Yet even mirth enflames a mind
That can detect the scorn behind
This feigned fool's wit. So though these chimes
But mark a noon of troubled times,

I must to bed. No tear will streak
A rouged cheek; no voice will speak
Of bell capped feet. My dance was forced
At best and lacked a course;

Unless, by chance, a knave should find
Two silver bells that once were mine
And fixing them atop each shoe
Let's fall the hood and cloak fools rue.

In motly, coxcombed, 'no knave' tells
Of folly's truth, of silver bells.

“Imperial Adam” By A. D. Hope

“Imperial Adam” contains a paradox. Acts and beings of beauty and purity suddenly produce, in the end, ugliness and terror. Only a few hints are given to suggest this endnig. The main part of the poem is like a song praising the beauty of natural creations and natural actions. Even the title, with the word “imperial,” suggests splendour and a higher order, but the images do at times, in turn, suggest one lower.

The first stanza contains both elements of this higher order and of the lower order, simply through its words. First “Imperial Adams” implies the first man’s splendour and high position, and the “dew” in which he has been lying suggests freshness and purity. However, the sign that God has been present is, besides the absence of the rib, Jahweh’s “mighty spoor.” “Spoor” is defined in *The New Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary* as “a track or trail especially of a wild animal.” Animal images occur repeatedly throughout the poem, yet ostensibly they are to show positive qualities rather than to imply an lower order.

Eve is first presented in the third and fourth stanzas in a way to suggest only natural loveliness and attractiveness. The images used to describe her physical presence are all sensual, it is true, but there are suggestions of spiritual beauty as well. The first qualifying word used for Eve is “tender,” and other sensuous and sensual images are “golden breasts,” “honey of her flesh,” “dew,” “crisp and fresh.” “Innocent sunlight” and “place of love” suggest some spirituality.

The next stanza and a half continue the development of the sensuous imagery of Eve’s presence but at the same time introduce certain negative values and darker hints of what will be happening. “Plump gourd” is followed immediately by “severed,” a harsh-sounding word, suggestive of cutting-off and even pain. Again the good and the bad are combined in the line which says “Delicious pulp of the forbidden fruit.” “Forbidden fruit” also suggests the occurrence of evil in Genesis. Especially striking and at once sensuously evocative of sensual, sexual beauty and that lower, forbidding animal order is “Sly as the snake she loosed her sinuous thighs.” This is a marvel of a line. “Sly,” “snake,” and “sinuous” suggest not only her physical, animally-attractive motion, but also the serpent who tempted Eve and brought about man’s downfall. The alliteration of repeated “s”s helps to bring out the image even more concretely.

The next two stanzas (six and seven) seem again to be purely

evocative of the beauty of natural occurrences, as was the fourth stanza. The first two lines are

And waking, smiled up at him from the grass;
Her breasts rose softly and he heard her sigh—

This image evokes primarily beauty, tenderness, and freshness, with the words "Waking" and "smiled," and more concretely "breasts," "softly," and "sigh." Only the phrase "from the grass," which could evoke naturalness and freedom, continues the image of the snake and thus evil. Nonetheless, these two stanzas continue to be overwhelmingly attractive in their beauty and naturalness, using the words "pleasant," "jolly," "clean," and "joy." Both references to "beasts" are tempered by the positive qualities they evoke: "the beasts whose pleasant task it was In Eden to increase and multiply," a task called "the jolly deed of kind," and "Like the clean beasts . . ." Certainly "to found the breed of men" would appear to be an action worthy of an Imperial Adam.

With the last four stanzas the animal image is brought to a climax. Eve is even tended by pregnant animals in her own pregnancy. Yet the image is still rather positive; the animals are called "the first gentle midwives of mankind." But at the fullness of her pregnancy the metaphors used are almost vegetable: "dumb breasts at their ripening wept" and "great pod of her belly swelled and grew."

The last stanza is the culmination not only of the founding of mankind but of the terror and ugliness only hinted at before. The words "break," "fear," "quaking," "pigmy," and "murderer" all suggest negative values. The "act of birth," which should be an act of naturalness and spiritual beauty, is evoked by "quaking muscles," words which suggest a disaster. The face of the newborn child is "a pigmy face," suggesting darkness and savagery. And the awful last line brings these fearsome images to their height, or spiritual depth, "And the first murderer lay upon the earth."

It is difficult to discover why the natural act of Adam and Eve, provided for by God, should produce such evil consequences. There were animal qualities throughout, but they were "clean" animals, fresh and new. However, even God was not evoked as a purely spiritual presence. It would be oversimplifying to say that lowering one's self to the level of animals is evil or results in evil, because the poem has shown the behavior of Adam and Eve to be natural to them. This second story of the Fall of man shows he is animal as well as spiritual, and that this is good, and evil as well as beauty is in the natural order of the world.



KIM MULLER-THYM 1970

Sensuality

Palpitating papyrus paper skin
On your ballerina belly's bulge
Promulges pliant palpability.
My finger fathoms your fleshy fattiness
And tickling teases tender territory.

Frog, do you think me hornier than you?

Eisenhower

Can there be reason for the chaining
 Of a wind-driven soul, though the
 Withered shell tremble with
 The flaming sparks of the spirit?
 The sheep's den nor the corner chair,
 Huddled amid remembrances of past glories,
 Shall shelter my last days,
 However few they may be.
 A full draught of life's intoxicating wines
 Have I drunk, more red with war
 Than white with the peace of blue skies,
 But nature's lilies and poppies
 Flow in waves of beauty
 Over the cold tombs.
 Perhaps to leave smooth-skinned
 Between bursts of thunder and
 Flashes of lightning is better than
 To melt away as the snow and become
 Dirty puddles of uselessness.
 Many are the glasses up-turned:
 Those of two-dimensional manoeuvres
 And of three-dimensional guns,
 Of stars and stripes, and drums and bugles,
 Of rosy love and golden thrones,
 Which rest on streets of white-picket fences
 And laughing children.
 But more numerous are the unsavored
 Liquids which in my dreams
 Have seemed the sweetest.
 Life is a river of raindrops
 That sparkle in the warm sun
 And rush to the sea, their abysmal tomb.
 Even the tiny drops of water
 Flow continually
 Till they reach their end.

There, in the rooms warm
With blossoming love, is my wife,
Who has waited through eternities
Of distant islands and storms at home.
Her patient heart has watched
My attentions flow to many goals,
And only words of reassurance
And understanding have been uttered.
Can there exist a fire without fuel
Or a jet of perfumed smoke without incense?
The earth's bosom opens to
The frailty of a living structure,
But do not the ivory bones of Pisa's tower
Cling to the fiery rays of Aurora?
Though little be the wisdom I can
Bestow on my young mistress, America,
Is it not my duty to advise her?
I may yet tell that war
Who has lavished me with laurels
Is not peace nor comprehension.
Bind me not to an
Imaginary world of no problems.
I must continue the struggle,
For cannot the Liberty Bell still ring?



My Middlegarden

Only a few cubic inches in the entire universe are uniquely mine. Solely in my private retreat am I free to wander in peace or turmoil; free to destroy or create at my whims. Though I have often tried to drag others along, I have always failed. For this journey to others is as boring as a bus trip to Lynchburg. At each step to my secluded haven, weeds rip the flesh off my feet. Yet I must go alone and on foot.

After hours and eons of trampling in a shell of humidity, my retreat lies ahead. Dank foliage of a primitive future jungle engulfs the entrance. Through a single opening in the growth, light explodes, piercing the darkness, shattering the murk, and reverberating in a continual echo. Following the light, I creep through the lone split in the undergrowth until through the crevice my eyes meet the sea.

Blue fills my eyes. A white elastic band of sand stretches the shore. The vast beach is a mass of minuscule mirrors, each capturing and throwing the intensive light as in play. Reflections of the orange-red molten ball burn until my eyes can make no distinction of hues. The wind and the waves climb to clutch heaven, then crash to Earth. Sounds shuffle in an incessant flux; the whisper of the Sandpiper scurrying in the dunes, the cymbal-bangs of waves, the cry of sea gulls, the blare of distant horns, and the scream of the wind. Salt burns in my lungs and stings my fried skin. In a daze the ocean spins like a drunken dream.

Sitting on the waves to quell them, the sky overpowers the sea. No longer is there a distinction of colors, an up or down, a clear horizon, or a limit to hate or beauty. The ocean and the sky hug each other like mirror images. Pursuing sunbeams, I run down the shore. The threats and promises of the sea and sky are too immense for my senses to grasp completely. The murk of the jungle does not disappear, it only fades. I leave my haven of jungle, sea, and sky—my middlegarden between heaven and hell—to re-enter the world. Though the beach, the sun, the sea, and even the jungle are part of my haven, it is only a few cubic inches, for this haven is my mind.

*remember Plato, O remember me—
the college pathways rise,
the president's voice intoning sonnets,
the impress of hoofmarks on the bridle path,
the shining girls, the lost virginities,
etc.—*

Muriel Rukeyser

DANIEL A. WILLIAMS

The ragged cold chills the air,
droning bees thrust the horn
of pain and sacrifice.

Feeling, mute, noisy.
A voice, piercing, delicate,
shatters, absorbs
the hollow of my mind,
the juices of my body.

The inflamed edging light,
caresses not foreshadowed,
curves fields and ridges,
smooth, warm, yielding
in my hand's memory.

MIGUEL HERNÁNDEZ
translated by Daniel A. Williams

(War)

The old people.
Hearts without owners.
Love without objects.
Grass, dust, crow.
And youth?

In the tomb.

The lonely, dry tree.
Widowed woman
like a log in her bed.
Hate without remedy.
And youth?

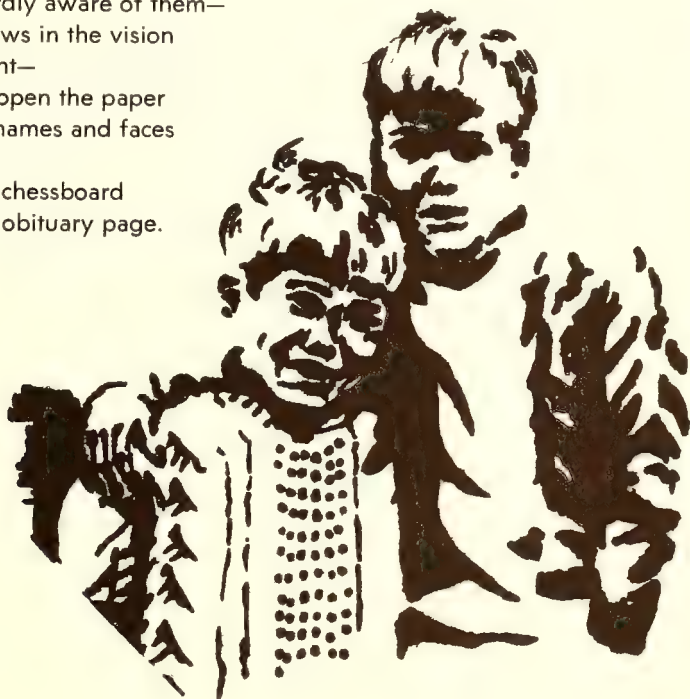
In the tomb.

Players

You don't feel their faces
watching you
or hear their breathing
with tongues relaxed
like old shoes
in the back of the closet.

A man with flowers who rode four floors on the elevator with you,
the old woman who emptied your wastebasket,
the delivery boy on the other side of the screen.

You're hardly aware of them—
like shadows in the vision
of an infant—
Until you open the paper
and their names and faces
join yours
to make a chessboard
out of the obituary page.



Waiting

With darkness coming like a spring
 under the sun slow pond
With the full moon coming orange
Restless
 With the wind rising and changing at evening . . .
Below the night fever of the crickets
An engine groans like cows at milking-time;
The trees shiver as the light touches their fingers
 wet with the moon-called tide.
Straining,
 Growing up the last hill
Towards the orchard
 Waiting for spring
 Waiting to melt under the sun,
The engine chokes misses a heartbeat
 catches and comes on
Pulsing with HER blood
Growing
 Until the ground trembles like a girl
 waiting for her lover
 Until the night is drowned in her ears.

As I drift restlessly with the rain
In the growing moss-light
The fertile earth bleeds and sucks at my feet.
The ground rises, and walks.
Other ghosts live for a moment;
 Their offerings smoke in the bottom mists.
 I am aware of their passing,
 Rushing as gusts swirl their illusion,
 Silently, shifting through and around
 But not in this life.
A dripping, knotted branch humps like a great owl
Brooding on passing shadows.
How am I to remember far above
Plato's fire still burns in the sun?

Macabre

(a scenario)

Characters: a young man
 an old man

scene: an empty stage, or as the director sees fit.

the young man:

I was walking down the beach just before the sun started to come up. The sand stretched out before me, the sea was quiet and I couldn't hear a thing. In my hands I held a hunk of quivering flesh. It was purple and red, covered with a clearish membrane, and rose and fell, breathing from an incision in the middle. (the old man nods) I carried it carefully, tenderly; it was precious to me.

Then I came to the end of the sand and stood outside a white-washed cabin and a man, an intern, took the piece of flesh from me. Then he turned his back to me and put Jerry, the piece of flesh, on a block of wood. He picked up a machete that was lying on some coconut husks and hacked at Jerry and chopped him up. Jerry's blood was dripping from the intern's hands, into a puddle. I bent down and picked the blood up, and as I walked back down the beach, the blood resumed the shape of flesh.

I came to an apartment, a number six was on the door.

the old man:

Was this still on the beach?

the young man:

I'm not sure, I don't know. The door opened and I walked on in, and down a flight of stairs. There was another door at the bottom, so I kicked it open. There, inside, was a livingroom with a couch and a TV in one corner, but the curtains weren't really there and the rug on the floor was in a heap. So, still holding Jerry, I turned left, and stepping up, entered a bedroom. On the black linoleum floor, against an unmade bed, lay Jerry's body.

Then Kathy was in back of me, telling me she had stabbed him with a compass. There was a hole in his chest, and periodically he shuddered, pus rising from his wound. I bent over and felt his pulse; his skin was cold, and Kathy laughed.

I lifted him onto my lap. I began to give him mouth resuscitation, but it didn't work. His mouth had no opening. Kathy laughed again again and again and said we were better off dead.

Jerry's body disappeared, so I walked out of the window at the foot of the bed, and found myself on a downtown business street. Once again I was carrying Jerry, but the hole wasn't working right. It kept breathing spasmodically, and I knew that it was dying. A car stopped. I got in.

The driver told me to "hang on", so I braced my feet against the floor boards as the car began to crawl along. But then we were speeding and I bent over Jerry's flesh to breathe into the hole. In and out, in and out. The thing would move smoothly and I would take my mouth away, but then it would jerk, go into spasms, and again I would have to breathe into it. Again, again, but it kept dying!

The driver stopped in front of a red brick building, and the car door opened. I got out, carefully watching Jerry's breathing. A doctor came out of the building, and I started to cry. "Why are you crying?" he asked. "Because I finally found you, and you are going to help me," I replied. The tears started to dry on my face, and I smiled. The doctor smiled too, and held out his hands. I gave him Jerry. . . . Jerry got quieter. I watched Jerry and the doctor's hands. We waited . . .

the old man:

What happened next?

the young man:

Jerry died. It stopped breathing, and Jerry was dead. The doctor said there hadn't been enough oxygen to keep him alive. He just died . . .

the old man:

But hadn't you breathed into him?

the young man:

He said that wasn't enough, that by that time Jerry was dead, dead inside his head. His body was living, but without enough oxygen his brain had died. It was the oxygen.

the old man:

Yes, that would be so . . . but what did you do then?

the young man:

Kathy was standing in back of me, yelling. She'd stopped laughing at me and now she was mad. She was angry and screaming so I turned away and left. (the old man shook his head) She didn't want me, so I left.

the old man: (shouting)

What then?

the young man:

I don't know, I don't know! I just died!

the old man:

I'd forgotten . . .

the young man:

Old man? Old man—now that I'm up here, mayn't I see Jerry?

the old man:

Who? See who?

the young man: (loudy)

Jerry. Mayn't I see Jerry? My friend Jerry . . .

the old man: (angrily, defensively)

No, not really!

the young man:

What do you mean, not really?

the old man:

He's over there. To the east!

the young man:

But I just came from there!

the old man:

YES, YES, I Know that!

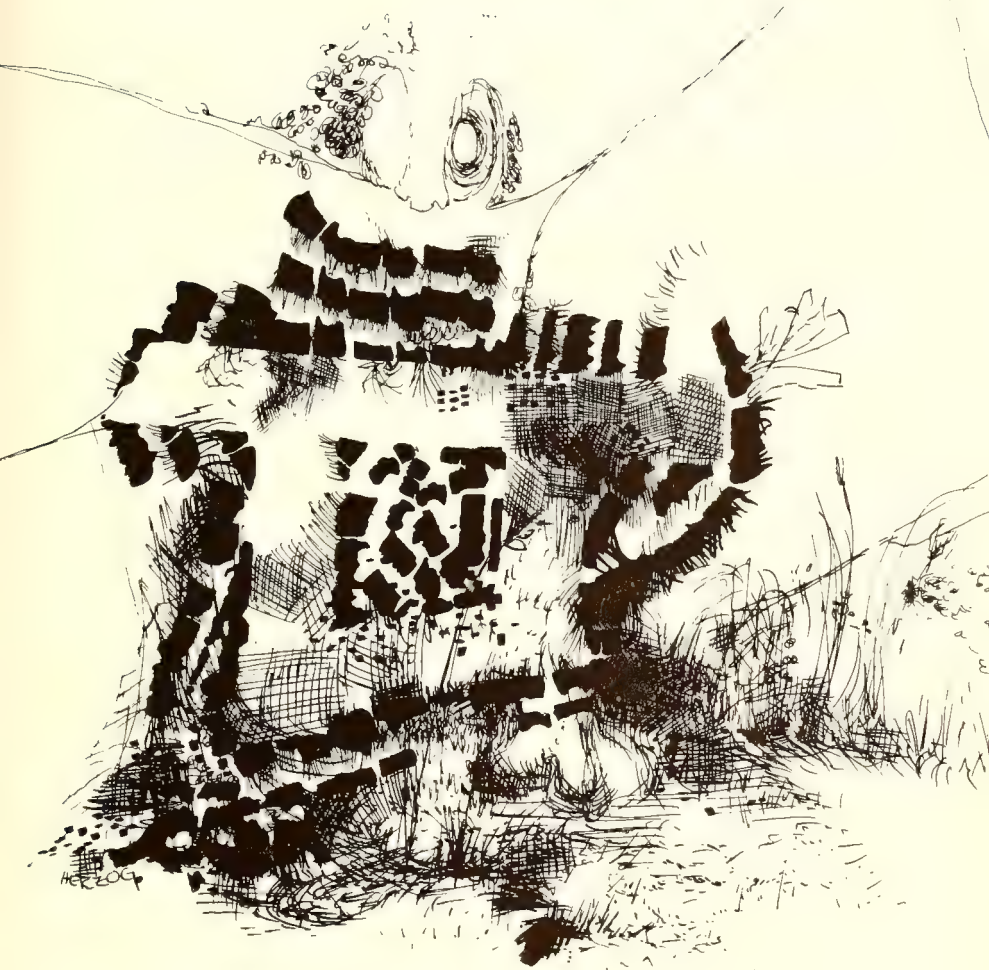
(immediate blackout)



Cassandra '69

"hemlines
are going down soon,"
i muse,
threading my needle.
you scoff?
you developed an immunity to such common thoughts.
"no matter . . ."
i murmur,
"only that as the gap
between skirt and floor
closes
so shall our minds".

"it's going to rain tomorrow,"
i predict.
"but the weatherman promises
sun,"
you insist.
when the slow, persistent patterings of little minds
obscure
today's brilliance
you will see . . .
the world fears sunburn.



Gravesend Bay at Night

I looked away from the sea
for a time
But it pulled me
I turned
saw its dark arm withdraw
in its swaying
As the wave leaped once down
chanting irregular ceaseless
with soft sound of its lapping
enjoying the depths of its being
As I was—
Reached my arms out for
its movement content
Light the waves danced and played
on darkly wet rocks
Gravesend rose up and roared
drew in its breath
I was frightened
then down again
Heaving my earth

Monsoon of the Mind

Soaked white pillows surge to gray, billow to black, merge to crack.
Dark and light in whirlpool heaves, Venetian leaves whip and flay.

"Out of the rain!"

"Out!" "You fool!"

The oceans seeth. Wet pellets fire.

Break and burst rain's rhythmic choir.

"You're insane!"

Spat ridicule.

Ignite the green! Fill Earth's thirst.

Explode seeds, rage, and flood streams.

"Out of the rain!"

"Out!" "You fool!"

"You're insane!"

Spat ridicule.

Locked inside the windows wept.

I licked cloud-tears off my face.

Cross the sill my limp hand crept

To feel the tempest's damp embrace.

Seep in my skin! Crawl my veins!

For I can't leave and chase spring rains.



PAMOLU OLDHAM 1971

Black ripe olive
Packed in brine,
I eat you,
bite off your black slick meat,
suck your pit until it's bare
and then crack into that shelled soul
that should have stayed whole (at least) in the trash.
You are a nigger.



Christmastime

While the chimes
on the First Federal Bank building
play O Holy Night
a big black nigger
with a plastic red poinsettia
crosses the street.
He's so proud, smiling big and white.
And over to the left at the hardware store
a farmer and his teenage wife are piling
two rolls of spankin' new floor linoleums
into the back of their wine-colored pickup truck
with spinners on every wheel.

Forum For Foreigners

At the beginning of this semester when the bulletin boards were smothered with lists of names for one thing or another, I couldn't help noticing I was frequently categorised as "foreign", "unidentified", "unclassified" and "special". Really, I felt as if perhaps I should be under glass in a museum.

This difficulty of defining the status of foreigners at Sweet Briar is understandable when you consider we are very much of a minority here. I thought, in this respect, it might be rather interesting to find out what we had to say about the States. So I decided to interview three people whom I judged would be able to speak from three different viewpoints.

Mrs. Susan Treggiari comes from London and is "sabbaticalising" in the Classics Department; I singled her out because she has more or less only just arrived and because she would be able to speak as an Englishwoman (not by any means, may I hasten to remind you, the same thing as a Scotswoman).

Mr. William Leparulo hails from Naples and is Assistant Professor of Italian at Sweet Briar; this is his sixth year in the States—he provided the Latin European's viewpoint.

Then I thought, I can't possibly leave Sweet Briar's very own Oriental out of all this. After all, it's not every school in the States that can boast a Lalita Shenoy.

Lalita comes all the way from Bombay and is now in her second year at Sweet Briar.

Finally I drew up a list of eight questions and went along and grilled these very obliging people, to whom I owe many thanks for participating in this project.

1. What differences between American culture and your own have really *struck* you?

Mrs. Treggiari came out like a shot with eating dinner at 5:30.

"I remember when my husband and I first got here we ordered for 7:30, thinking it was the earliest dinner would be served. We found out it was the latest . . .

"Something else which has struck me is the method of shopping here. You park your car outside, then go into the supermarket. I'm used to Sainsbury's and a little Greek shop round the corner from where we live . . ." The word neo-primitivism hung a little uncer-

tainly for a moment in the air. But then Mrs. Treggiari went on to say how much she appreciated the sheer comfort of the American way of life.

Finally a word about the academic side of culture.

"I think it's more or less the same wherever you go. Particularly over here it's not much different—for one thing, there's no language barrier; for another I met Americans at Oxford and some of my colleagues here are "Oxford". I think academic people form a fairly compact group anyway and classicists, especially, tend to know each other."

We both came to the conclusion Virginian culture was not so very different from British.

When I asked Lalita this question, however, the words "drastic difference" were expostulated (at me) with fiery Orientality.

"The whole thing struck me—it's all so different from the East—in education, food, transportation—everything."

And that was that.

Mr. Leparulo said that he found one difference really upsetting, and that was the American high school system.

"From the classic point of view the European high school system is better than the American. On the other hand American graduate studies are among the best in the world. If America could only adopt the European high school system and keep its graduate studies program . . ."

And on to question two.

2. Do you think America lives up to its Dream?

Lalita was chary of this one.

"Living in a closed community like Sweet Briar, I haven't really been exposed to the wider values of the Dream."

Spreading his arms wide in an expressive Latin gesture, Mr. Leparulo said, "America is so big, there are so many levels of society . . . Speaking as a teacher I would say there's no "daughter-of-daddy" business—the President's daughter is treated the same as any other girl.

"From my contact with people outside school I would say Americans are honest and they try to be fair, but then I have only been in contact with educated people."

Mrs. Treggiari referred back to first impressions.

"I couldn't help noticing the really open poverty of blacks and lower class whites in New York—you just don't see that kind of poverty in Britain.

"I think the informality of American life is deceptive and the



equality superficial. In fact I think there's a possibility that class distinctions may be more developed than in Britain."

Question three went straight to the point.

3. Would you consider living in America for more than a year/three years/permanently?

Mr. Leparulo was quite definite.

"I want to live here permanently because I shall be able to go to Europe every summer."

Mrs. Treggiari wasn't quite so positive.

"I would consider living here for more than a year. But I'm not sure if it would be for more than three."

She paused and then mused out loud.

"Sweet Briar is quiet and peaceful—there's lots of time to do things and there's lots of things to do. In London you spend such a lot of time getting from one place to the other."

Lalita was positive-negative.

"I'd consider staying here for school but permanently,—there's no place like home!"

Question four was inevitable.

4. What was your very first impression of America?

Lalita swivelled the question around to her answer.

"When I was in San Francisco I couldn't understand the way people have supper at 6 and hop into bed at 8:30. At home we eat at 8 and socialize the rest of the evening."

I really felt for Mr. Leparulo.

"My first impression was negative. But then I couldn't speak English and it was cold . . ."

"I couldn't get over the size of the taxis—they were like buses," said Mrs. Treggiari.

Question 5 coming up.

5. Do you think America will do/has done anything for you?

"Oh man, sure! I really have changed. It's made me so much more of a responsible human being. I've become a woman."

Mrs. Treggiari said she thought it was good to spend a year away.

"Intellectually speaking I don't think America will be much of a shock. Not like Italy anyway. American minds are fairly open to English people."

"Culturally speaking," said Mr. Leparulo, "it has enriched my personality, my comprehension of the world and human feelings."

6. Do you think the American way of life/people are superficial?

Mrs. Treggiari is impressed by the politeness of Americans. One thing bothers her though.

"What are you supposed to reply to this 'Hi! How are you?'"

She also thinks they're charming, and that they have a slightly more emotional way of speaking.—"In fact, they're probably more Continental than the British!"

But she did NOT think the Americans were superficial.

Partly because of the vagueness of the question, Mr. Leparulo got on to the subject of the comparative merits of Italian and American girls.

"In Italy bad things are said about Americans: here bad things are said about Italians. Here the Italian girl is thought very free: in Italy the American girl is thought very free.

"Italian girls think American men make the best husbands in the world," he concluded smilingly.

Lalita said, "I shouldn't really generalize but on the whole I would say it's more materialistic over here than in the East."

7. What do you like most about America?

"The challenge of always learning new things . . . American culture cannot be learned in a few years. I feel I'm always enriching myself. In Italy I would only have specialized in Italian; here I'm also specializing in foreign language teaching."

"The people," said Lalita straightaway, "they're so friendly and hospitable, and extremely helpful."

"The weather," replied Mrs. Treggiari like a true Britisher, "and the scenery."

And the final question.

8. What do you dislike most about America?

Lalita thought and thought, and at last said, "There's nothing I can really think of."

Mr. Leparulo went back to his very first answer.

"The high school system . . . In Italy the professor is holy—here it's always the teacher's fault."

Mrs. Treggiari doesn't like the coffee.

"It's got a sour after-taste. Perhaps it's the water or perhaps it's just that I'm used to Turkish coffee."

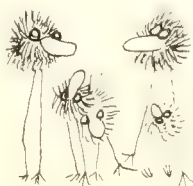
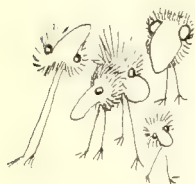
And there you are. Now you know what some of the foreigners on this campus think about you and your way of life!

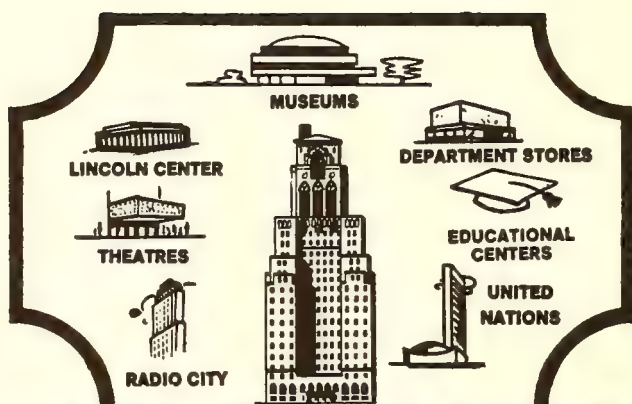
Brambler Patrons

Lt. Col and Mrs. J. L. Alderson	Dr. and Mrs. James R. Hull
Mr. David Anderson	Mr. Arthur Hutchison
Mrs. David Anderson	Mr. and Mrs. Carl L. Johnson
Mrs. Cile Armstrong	Mr. and Mrs. John N. Kroetz
Mr. A. E. Barnes, III	Mrs. Edward W. Lane, Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Barnes	Mr. and Mrs. James S. Lawson
Mr. Thomas B. Battle	Mrs. Southgate Leigh, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Bergquist	Mrs. M. G. Lipscomb, Jr.
Mrs. John H. Bickford	Mr. Hugh-Blair Grigsby Long
Dr. George R. Black	Mrs. Deborah P. Lyons
Mr. Carlisle Blalock	Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mancusi, Jr.
Mr. J. Bruce Bredin	Dr. and Mrs. Harold T. Mankin
Mr. and Mrs. Roger E. Bremer	Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Martin
Dr. and Mrs. Carlton Brinsfield	Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard C. McKee
Mr. James Douglas Brown	Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Miller
Mr. W. C. Buchanan	Col. and Mrs. Crosby P. Miller
Mr. and Mrs. Craig J. Cain	Mr. and Mrs. Beverly C. Moore
Mrs. Albert E. Carter	Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Moore
Mr. Perry C. Cartwright	Dr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Moran
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Cheesewright	Mr. and Mrs. Clifford A. Mossey
Mr. and Mrs. Timothy E. Colvin	Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Mullen
Mr. C. Douglas Danford	Mr. and Mrs. Richard O'Connell
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Daniels	Mr. and Mrs. Philip O'Keefe
Mr. Corbin J. Davis	Mr. Prime F. Osborn, III
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd M. DeFelice	Mr. David D. Palmer
Dr. and Mrs. James R. Duncan	Mr. and Mrs. Carl W. Pollock
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar C. Dunn	Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Rasche
Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Ebaugh	Mr. J. W. Riccardi
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Eltonhead	Mr. and Mrs. Williston C. Rich, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Etling	Mr. and Mrs. Mayford L. Roark
Dr. and Mrs. Ned C. Fahs	Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Roden
Dr. James J. Fassinger	Mr. Samuel H. Rogers, Jr.
Mr. Harold D. Greenwald, Jr.	Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Scales
Mr. Harry B. Gunther	Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Schopfer
Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield J. Halsey	Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Seymour, III
Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hegarty	Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Shapira
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Herzog	Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirven Slade
Dr. and Mrs. William L. Howell	Mr. R. W. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hudson	

Mr. Briggs F. Spach
Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Thomas
Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Thompson
Mrs. Ross S. Tippin
Mr. Thomas T. Tucker
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Tuttle
Dr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Webb
Mrs. Richard Carlisle Weiss

Mr. John D. Wheeler
Mr. and Mrs. Allen P. Wherry
Mr. W. Scott Wilkinson
Mrs. G. Mobley Williams
Dr. George E. Wilson, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. James E. Wilson
Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Wittenbrook
Miss Virginia Young





The Barbizon

THE BARBIZON—NEW YORK'S BEST FOR YOUNG WOMEN

In the Barbizon itself there is every convenience—shops, beauty parlor, restaurants, recital rooms, swimming pool, a lobby of sparkling decor. Step outside and world-famous sources of education, fashion, culture, and entertainment are within range of your footsteps. What girl wouldn't love this marvelous location to work and study for her future?

Ambitious, discriminating young women have for years preferred the Barbizon. Many of the world's most successful women were Barbizon girls and credit the uniqueness of the Barbizon as a solid factor in their careers.

New York's leading residential hotel for young women offers perfect security and privacy. Rates from \$8.75 daily. Weekly on application. Send for free brochure.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10021

**BURCH-OGDEN &
SCHRADER, Inc.**

Stereo, Radio, T.V. Repair

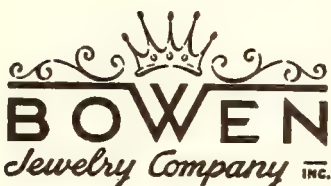
Pick-up and Deliver

946-3381 AMHERST

Compliments

of

**HOWELL'S
SUPERMARKET**



-Member American Gem Society

NINTH AND MAIN STREETS — PITTMAN PLAZA

Compliments

**FIDELITY
NATIONAL BANK**

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

LESS THAN 3 MILES FROM SWEET BRIAR CAMPUS

AMHERST MOTORS, Inc.

FORD SALE & SERVICE

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

WH 6-2781

Amherst Gulf Service

U. S. 29 and 60

Phone WH 6-4831

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Pick-up and Deliver

PARTY ICE

R. T. BURKS — D. H. PRICE

See our . . .

LADIES' SPORTSWEAR

DRESSES

ACCESSORIES AND SHOES

WAILES STOP-IN SHOP

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

CROSSROADS ESSO SERVICE

ESSO Products

Phone WHitehall 6-3311

Routes 29 & 60

Amherst, Va.

W. L. MASSIE, Proprietor

Compliments of

AMHERST PHARMACY

VILLAGE PHARMACY Inc.

AMHERST, VIRGINIA

Free Delivery to

SWEET BRIAR

Compliments of

Farmers and Merchants Bank

AMHERST, VIRGINIA





Fall 1970

the brambler

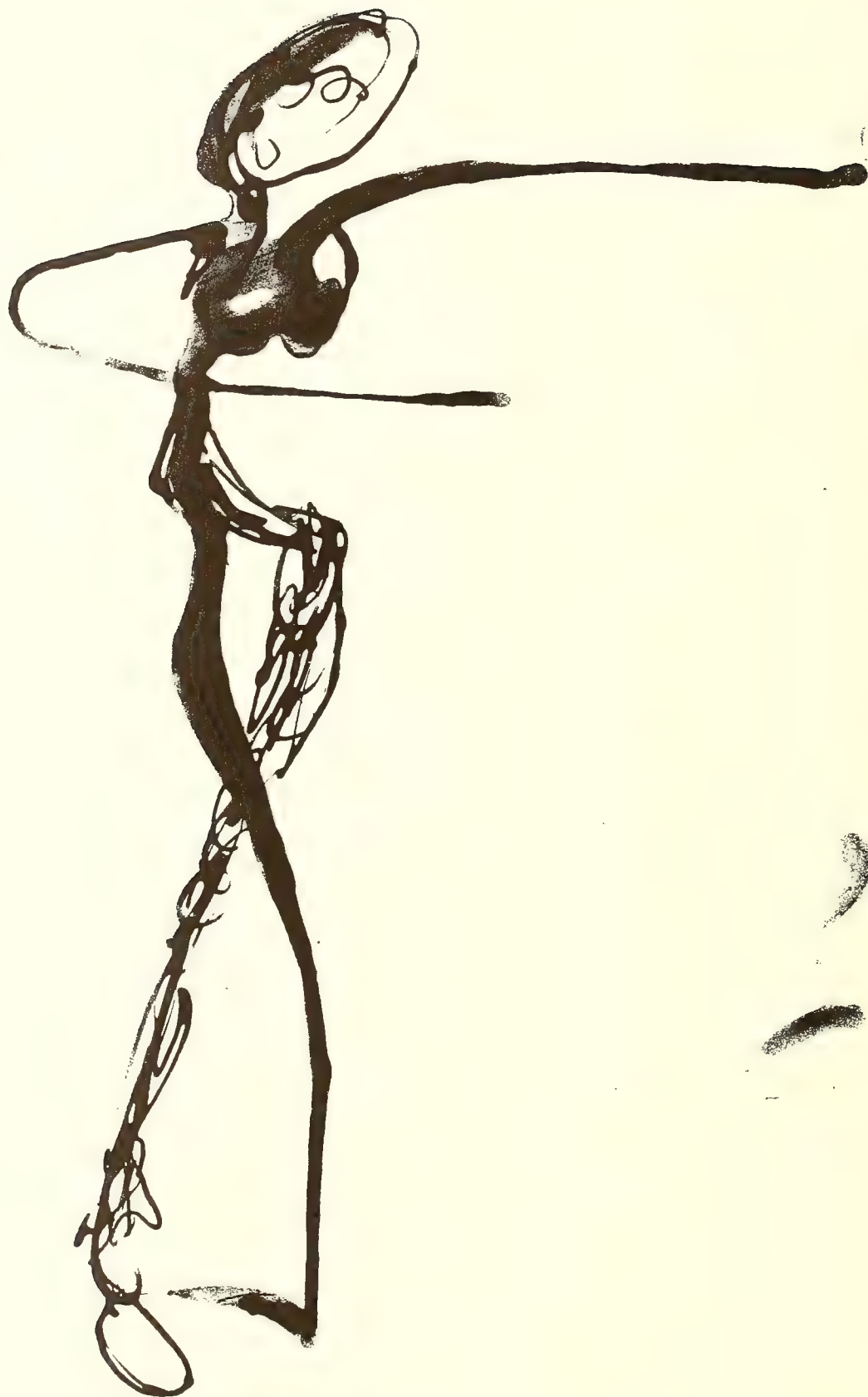


Table of Contents

ART

Cover	<i>Pamolu Oldham</i>
2	<i>Anne Wiglesworth</i>
4	<i>Meredith Mill</i>
15	<i>Bruce Barrett</i>
27	<i>Anne Wiglesworth</i>
	<i>Bruce Barrett</i>
35	<i>Anne Wiglesworth</i>

PHOTOGRAPHY

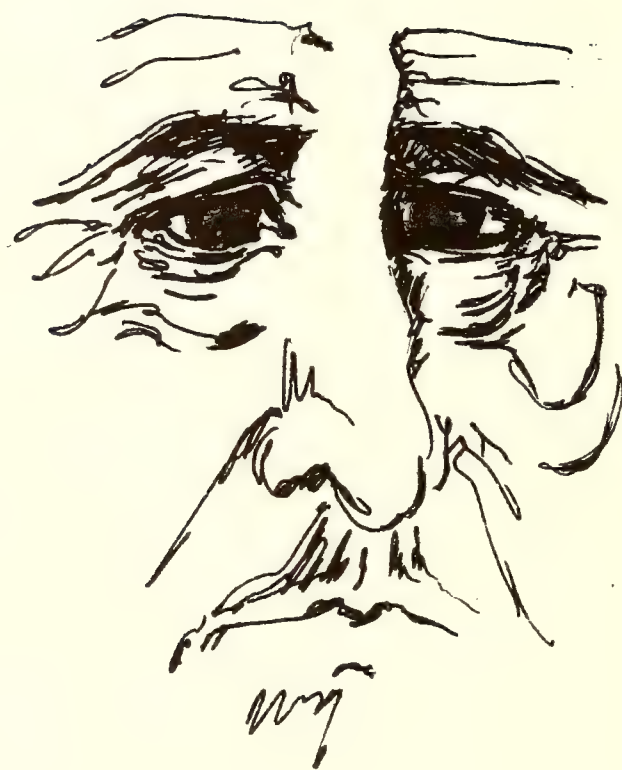
12 Photogram	<i>Peggy Bender</i>
13 Photogram	<i>Peggy Bender</i>
22 Waiting	<i>Lin Modica</i>
23 Waiting	<i>Peggy Bender</i>
24 Waiting	<i>Lin Modica</i>
25 Waiting	<i>Lin Modica</i>
38 Light and Motion	<i>Lin Modica</i>
39 Light and Motion	<i>Champe Smith</i>
40 Light and Motion	<i>Peggy Bender</i>
41 Light and Motion	<i>Champe Smith</i>
42 Light and Motion	<i>Champe Smith</i>
43 Light and Motion	<i>Mary Phillips</i>

POETRY

5 "Apollo and Daphne"	<i>A. D. Hope</i>
6 Untitled	<i>Kathleen Kavanagh</i>
6 "I Think I Like You A Hell Of A Lot"	<i>Mary Bell</i>
9 Untitled	<i>Pat Reese</i>
10 "Edgartown"	<i>Trish Neale</i>
14 "Junkyard of Souls"	<i>Anne Nelson</i>
15 Translation from Miguel Hernandez	<i>Dan Williams</i>
20 Untitled	<i>Pat Reese</i>
20 Translation from Pablo Neruda	<i>Dan Williams</i>
26 Untitled	<i>Roslyn Monroe</i> <i>(Myaba)</i>
32 "Message From The Rising Moon"	<i>Michael Richards</i>
33 Untitled	<i>Tracy James</i>
34 "From Chinatown To Nob Hill"	<i>Jan Pridmore</i>
36 "Love"	<i>Roslyn Monroe</i> <i>(Myaba)</i>
36 Untitled	<i>Libby Wann</i>

PROSE

7 "Pearlie"	<i>Pamolu Oldham</i>
11 Untitled	<i>Nancy Crumpler</i>
16 "Hey God, I Might Be Back"	<i>Anonymus</i>
28 "Courtship Of Mother And Daddy"	<i>Judy Brown Fletcher</i>
44 Technique of Making Photograms	



Apollo and Daphne

[after the painting by Tiepolo]

Running, still running through a racing wind,
she hears the unhurried footsteps close behind;
Panting and labouring, stumbling as she goes,
Her hopeless flight is over, as she knows.

Her prayer for help rasps choking from her breast;
His arms enclose her and she is possessed;
But as she turns, the shriek of horror dies
And the god holds her with his golden eyes.

His mouth is smiling and his voice is kind —
Alas, along her flanks the woody rind
Spreads, and her arms are cased in stiffening leaves;
Her toes take root; her fingers sprout with leaves.

And now his lips, in turn, with horror gape;
Bitter remorse and grief accuse his rape.
He turns away, but still her voice he hears
From sobbing boughs that blind his eyes
with tears,

Not knowing that the last pang of her despair
was when she saw the bay leaves in his hair
And thought: I love, I love him — late, too late!
And through my senseless prayer, he shares
my fate.

A. D. Hope.

Sometimes in the quiet hours
You at the window
Me by the fire
I would wish for
Some clever bit of conversation
to bring you from wherever you were
back to me again.
Some little thing
that would make you turn around
and see me sitting on the rug
playing with a piece of wood
that wouldn't burn.
But then I was never very clever
and you were never
very far away.

I THINK I LIKE YOU A HELL OF A LOT

The sun is in my stomach
And I feel my fingers grow
To touch you
Glowing
With breathless song.

The song is the sea,
And the wind waves the gold
That streams out from the sky
And I
And you
Stand still
As we listen to
Shivers of splashing.

Pearlie

Today she has on a blue dress. From the road I see her walk to the rotten log chicken house that's a barn for her cow. She's fat and short and moves slow with a bucket hanging at her side. The road is rutty and dry. A layer of red clay dust hangs on everything growing beside the road, even her big mailbox that sags off its post. Her house used to be white. Now the paint is peeling off, and the boards are turning a dull gray.

The way out to the cow and her is snakey. High grass and beggarlice swish my legs. The blades hit like fangs. I suck in and keep walking. Not many people ever get snakebit.

I hear the sssshit of milk spurting out and the bing when it hits the bucket. Now I see Pearlie's square back as she squats on her stool. Spider webs hang from the ceiling, and years of chicken droppings earth the floor. A cow pie steams in one corner.

"Git that leg out the way."

She kicks at the hind leg closest to her, and the cow shifts its weight.

"Easy now."

Her dress is the tiny print of flour sack material. It's sleeveless, so the veiny white meat of her upper arms rolls out. Old woman fuzz shows from her armpits, and between her shoulder blades is a dark splotch. The air is still and hot. My head nearly touches the ceiling. I watch her fat fingers squeeze high on the teat and slide down with the milk bulge in front of her fist. Like a rat in a king snake the hump is pushed down until it ends in a thin, white line of milk. Green flies settle on the cow's rump. She swishes her dung brown tail.

"Hoolt up here you."

"Hi, Pearlie."

The top two buttons are off her dress, so I see where the red V ends and her sagging bosoms begin. There are sweat beads on her chest and black necklaces of dirt in her wrinkled, fat neck.

"What you doin' up here this time of day?"

"Momma and daddy brought me by. They're going to Lottie and C. E.'s first."

The sides of her feet hang through the cut out places in her old maroon bedroom shoes, and just above her knees her hose knots show.

Pearlie's not really my grandmother. She's just my

step-grandmother. My daddy's mother died when he was real little, and his daddy married Pearlie. In an old brownish picture we have of daddy and all his brothers and sisters his real mother looks real distinguished except she's a little cross-eyed. I could never call Pearlie my grandmother. She's too fat and greasy looking, and I can't stand it when she spits her snuff juice into the coffee can she keeps next to her chair in the livingroom. Her teeth are brown, and there's always brown caught in the corners of her mouth.

She shakes the last drops of milk from the teats and wipes her wet hands on her apron.

"Bring that milk on to the house."

She picks up her stool and sets it against the wall. With a corner of her apron she wipes the sweat off her forehead.

The milk slooshes when I change hands. Some milk runs down the sides and beads on the dirt. The wood part of the handle is broken off, so the wire cuts into my hand. My fingers are turning white.

The cement feels cool and smooth to my feet. Pearlie had the porch poured when Uncle Stacy made the minnow ponds under the mimosa trees, but there ain't no minnows in them now.

Pearlie's kitchen is hot, too. It smells like ripe bananas and has two stoves. She likes to cook on the wood stove, but Aunt Florence got embarrassed because her mother cooked on a wood stove, so she bought her a secondhand electric one. Aunt Florence lives in Salisbury and hardly ever comes to visit her momma. I bet Pearlie's never been to her house. Inside the refrigerator is cold and wet. It feels good to stand here with the door open. Pearlie's at the back door.

"Have you got any cold biscuits?"

"Yonder's some on the table left over from yesterday."

I like to eat her biscuits. Momma always gets them in the can, so I only get homemade biscuits here. Every Sunday we eat at Pearlie's. Usually a bunch of my cousins come. The men always eat at the first table and then the women and then the children if they haven't already eaten in the kitchen. Pearlie stays in the kitchen nearly all day and sweats and complains. After everybody's eaten most of the women pitch in and wash the dishes. Soon as the men eat they go into the livingroom and sit

and smoke and talk. Sometimes one or two will go upstairs and sleep. After cooking Pearlie comes in and sits in her chair and fans with one of her Jesus fans. Everybody looks greasy and doesn't say much except Uncle Will who's old and skinny and religious. He has a whiny voice and isn't really one of the men. He has his room upstairs and lives with Pearlie all the time.

"Where's Will."

"He went up to High Falls to see that Mr. Orin Star who is preaching tonight. Didn't you see them pictures of him up at the station. People been talking about him a week now."

"Pearlie, you know who I saw when I was coming from the road?"

"What's that?"

"I said you know who I saw when I was coming over here?"

"Who?"

"Jack."

"I don't know no Jack round here."

"You know the nigger that worked for Uncle Stacy that time when he had all the hogs up here."

"It couldn't be him. He got took off to prison."

"It was too, because I remember how he walked and he had a big scar on his jaw."

"Look here. You sure it was Jack up there at the road?"

"I swear it was him. He was walking the way you do when you come from Gulf. It was before I got to the road to your house. I didn't think nothing much of it till just now."

"Don't you go out of this house."

"But I wanted to go to the pond. He probably ain't even there now."

"You know what he got took off for? It was for takin white girls like you to the woods and usin 'em like a man. He's a mean nigger. You better listen to what I'm saying. You better watch out for these niggers and not have nothing to do with them. You can't ever tell what they might do. They ain't like white folks. When they get in a corner they go wild, and don't think for a minute that everyone of them don't carry a knife. They do and they'll use it quick as a flash."

Go in yonder and lock the back door.

"Yes, mam."

"And lock the screendoor too."

"Pearlie, come here. Pearlie, he's out there. He's leaning against the barn and looking at the house."

"Where?"

"Over there. See. What do you think he's hangin' round here for?"

"Git away from that window. I bet that black joker got his hateful eyes filled with you this afternoon up at the road, and he ain't forgot it. That's why he's hangin' round."

"You go up and look in your Uncle Will's closet and get me that gun. He better just come snoopin' round here any closer. Go on now, and don't forget some shells out the box."

Pearlie pulled a chair to the window.

Uncle Will's room is small and smells like hair tonic. His closet has a front curtain like the material of Pearlie's dress. The gun is at the back. It feels cold against my

hand. The shells are red and lying straight in a little box on the shelf.

"Here it is and the shells."

"You give me one and hold the rest."

"What do you think he's going to do to us?"

"He ain't goin' to do nothin', cause I'll shoot his black head off if he gets any closer."

"Why don't you sit down?"

"Go get me a glass of water."

Still peeping between the curtains she eases down to the chair. The fat of her legs hangs over the sides.

"Here."

She gulps half the water and sets the glass on the floor. Sweat's popping out on her face.

I feel his eyes staring at me. He knows only me and Pearlie is here, 'cause Will's at preaching.

"Would he do it to us, Pearlie. What he did to those girls in the woods. Do you think he would do that to us?"

"He would if he got the chance. They love white women better than their own kind."

"He's moving through the tall grass, Pearlie. He's coming toward the house. Pearlie, he's coming to get us."

"Shut up that talk."

Pearlie's hand shoves me down. I can still see him out the window, sliding like a snake in the high grass.

"Holt up there you."

Under Pearlie's arms the sweat rolls. Blue veins stick out on her forehead.

"Jack Adams, you holt up there or I'll shoot. I'll shoot you dead as a doornail, Jack Adams."

He eases zig-zagged to the edge of the yard. Pearlie's breathing is all I hear. Her face is red and more veins stick out.

"Now Miz Pearlie, you wouldn't do nothing like that, would you?"

"Jack Adams you broke out of prison. I know you did."

"Oh, no Miz Pearlie they let me out for being so good."

"Ain't none of you Adamses no count. You broke out, Jack Adams."

He steps forward and spits. I see him smile and squench his eyes. He has a mean smile.

"I'll shoot."

"He's on the cement now and laughing and scratching himself."

Pearlie's mumbling.

"Shoot him, Pearlie. He's going to get us like the girls in the woods, Pearlie."

Her face is red. Her neck is red. She's panting like a dog. The sweat's rolling off.

Jack laughs louder and throws his head back.

"Pearlie, he's going to get us. Pearlie, shoot."

I feel her wet body press against me. Her eyes are shiny and white. Her face is white.

"Pearlie!"

She falls back from the window and thuds on the slick floor. One of her old bosoms hangs out her dress. Her chest is heaving and some spit runs from her mouth.

"Pearlie! Get up Pearlie. He's on the steps. Pearlie he's going to get us."

All I can hear is me breathing.

"Oh Pearlie."

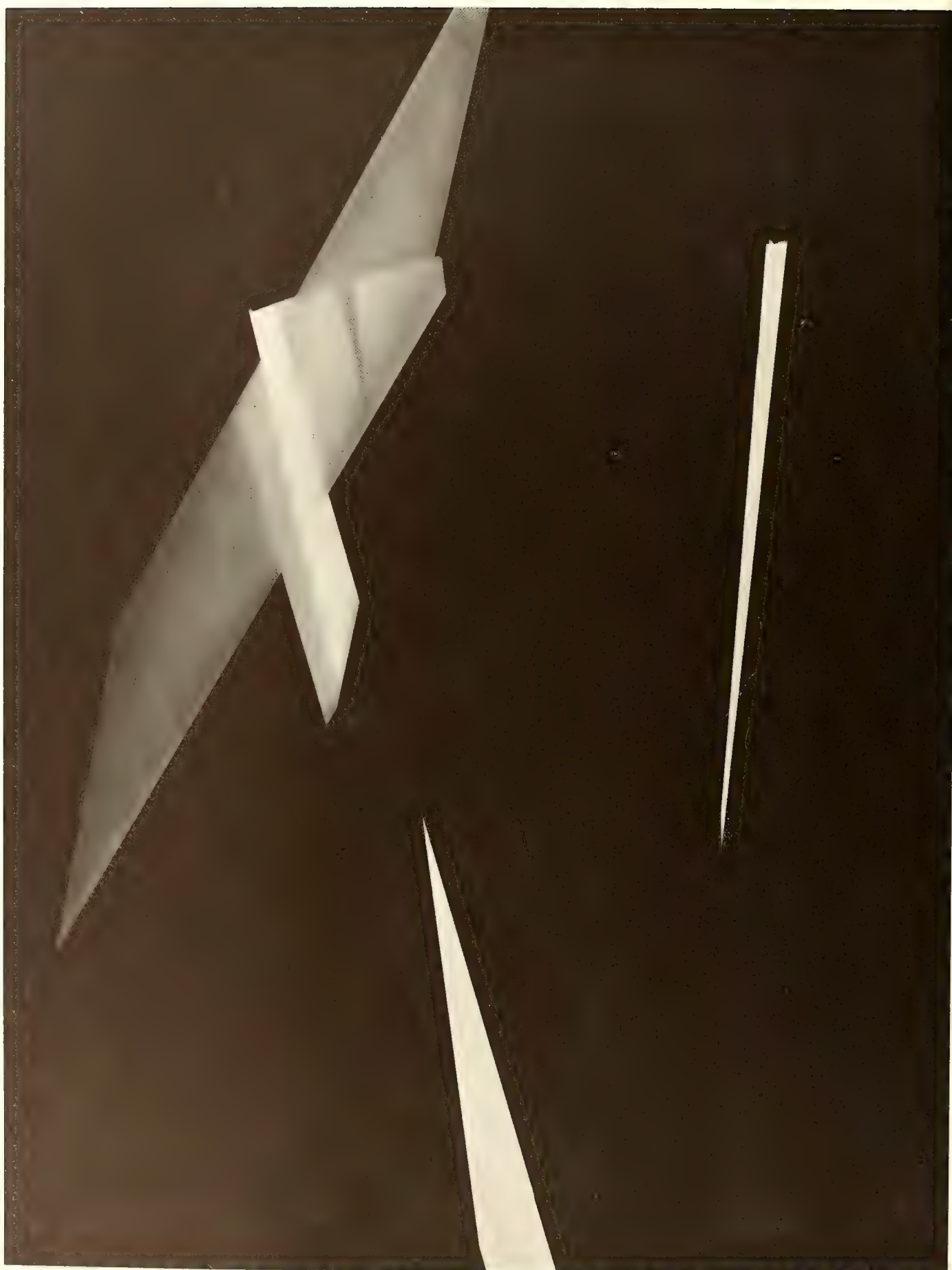
When those canvas-backs glided over that swamp
and those cattails wavered in the wind
that pushed the rotting canoe upon the slit
i thought of you
when without warning that shot echoed
through the swamp's silence
and that duck cried in horror
and fell fluttering
struggling in that water
and all was quiet again
it was then
i realized
how quickly something can end.

EDGARTOWN

The stirring sound of shifting
ships in early morning water
and the dull thud of wooden hulls
against the dock
reminds me *gently*
to pull on my slicker
and run to the bow
before the yawning sun blinks
its glint on the sea
For to miss the start of sun-rise
is like finishing a sandcastle
some stranger left half built.

Split me from side to side just like the Red Sea that time
when I always remember maybe when I was in bed next to her
while she read from the one with the pictures but there
wasn't a picture for that story so I could always leave
it up to my head and have this neat picture of a big rolling
lake of Strawberry Jam that parted like Somebody had run a
knife through the middle and then all those Egyptians whom I
had all in armor and on horses came after but halfway through
it got all turned into water and sometimes I felt sorry for
the Egyptians but I always felt sorry for the horses but then
you can poke me with a stick like I'm a dead fish and even
pretend if you want and I'll only be kind of oozy and my
stomach will kind of bounce out slowly when you stop poking
cause I'm kind of like that sometimes I know and it's not much
fun to look into the eyes of a dead fi
but when I'm all parted I hope it will be a clean cut like
the Strawberry Jam cause it's so hard right now with a sort
of vacillation between the Red Sea congealed and the Red Sea
liquid so I would probably either drown him or the Egyptians
but I'd (probably never be lucky enough to drown myself):
I don't know though, it might just be harder if I really
knew what he wanted . . .

enough said. Do You Ever Wonder When You're Cutting Your
Morning Toast with Jelly and All Whether The Little Folks
That Live In the Bread Are Writing A Book About You That
Will Last For Thousands Of Years Until (you finish your
toast)
and they don't even know you





JUNKYARDS OF SOULS

The days go by
with "good morning"
"good evening"
and "good night"
a baby cries
a child plays
a youth studies
with tomorrow in mind
he marries
gets a job and works all day to support the wife and kids' coshe loves them;
soon he works himself to death and ends up in that great big job in the sky
And there they stand—the bereaved
bereaved for what?
for the lack of a support, a daddy, a normal home. . . .
but they never really knew
him
What were his dreams ? his hopes ? his goals ? his values ? his thoughts ?
They don't grieve the man—
they didn't know him—they didn't
have time.
They knew the machine and it no longer works.
So they take it to the junkyard and momentarily grieve
its passing.
Then they find they can work as well or find someone else that can.
and they forget him:
just like they forgot
the first car that was junked
the old washing machine
the 'lectric train
and battery-powered walkie talkie winkie blinkie crying doll
and
all the other
junk
they've
cast
aside.
Well,
it's ended
the battle's through
for the unknown soldier
He joins the ranks and ranks
of unknown men—
among whom stand czars, kings,
presidents, poets, authors, painters, sculptors, doctors, nurses, garbagemen,
mommies, daddies, brothers, sisters, babies, and morticians
and they all sit and watch the living
live for themselves
and laugh

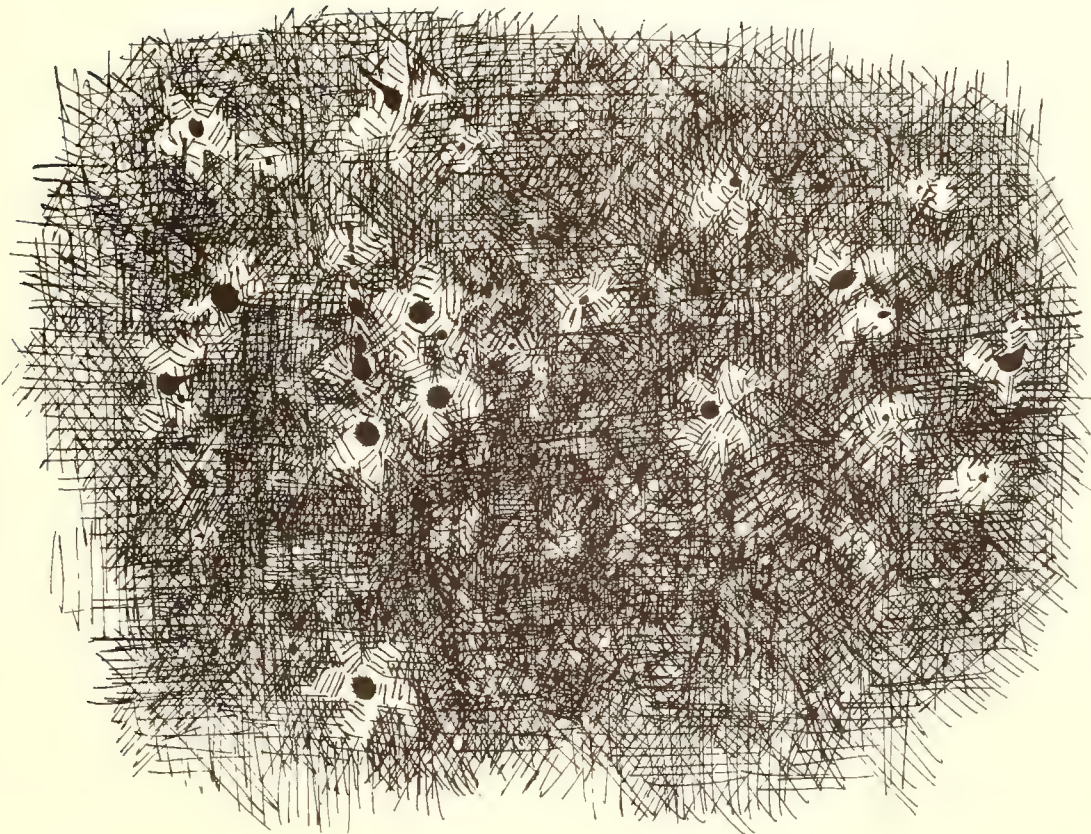
WITHOUT YOUR BELLY

Without your belly
everything is confused.

Without your belly
everything is future,
fleeting, past,
untilled, troubled.

Without your belly
everything is hidden,
without your belly
everything unsure,
everything ultimate,
dust without world.

Without your belly
everything is dark,
without your belly
clear and profound.



Hey God, I Might Be Back

Hey God, I might be back soon. It's been a pretty long time since we've rapped together. Think it was around fourth grade when the discrepancies between my five-days-a-week school and Sunday school got a little too heavy. You can't really be bummed out about my choosing the more immediate, concrete reward, science, good grades and parental approval. Maybe you saw all that shit and shook your fuzzy white head "There goes another one."

I was still afraid to let go completely and tried to get your vibes late at night (especially when I thought I'd lost those library books). But, thanks to Mr. Kelbaugh's seventh grade General Science, a few too many fights about which tv show to watch after church, and discovering that there were other non-believers, I became an enlightened and secure atheist, it seems.

Once in high school I not only prayed, but I shouted to you. I know you didn't hear me, man, or you would've done something to straighten up this kid's head. My best friend who had more life in her than fifty of your kneeling, quarter-tossing-self-righteous weekly visitors, was in a white box, and six of our friends were sticking her in a hole in the ground. Where'd the rest of her go? I wanted so much to know she was up there on a cloud blowing dope with Clark Gable and G. B. Shaw, just giggling at us sorry fools on earth. Why'd she go? Something that poor just doesn't happen without a meaning. Mr. All-Knowing, All-Powerful, All-Good, All-Purpose, where was your head at?

If it'll erase any of my bad marks, I still tried to stick to your son's ideas. Stuff like mite boxes and taking my little brother ice skating and the '64 march on Washington are pretty much your bag, aren't they? But walking those forty miles I wasn't thinking God; I was thinking Fuck bigots.

I had a lot of Catholic friends who really impressed me with their religious dedication. Man, these people got really bummed out when they forgot and ate meat on Fridays. Anything that powerful just had to have something behind it. You gave them a whole bunch of others rules too, so instead of being confused like me they looked in your book or talked to the cat with the collar in the little booth.

And when they couldn't figure out what came before the sun all they had to say was "God did it." When the Red

Sox lost their twentieth game in a row someone asked "Why?" It would've been too much of a down for me to say they stunk, but my Catholic friends just said "God only knows."

So I went to mass with them to find out what you do know. I really dug the incense and the singing—me and everyone being happy and grateful (and whatever else the hymn words said) all loud and together. But there was too much Latin, too much fear and brimstone and too many "almighties." Besides a coupla Mafia brothers gave most of the money for the silver utensils in the service.

They mentioned you at graduation, but the cat on the soapbox was too near-sighted to see beyond the angels on the head of a pin. We were all getting fantastic flashes of all-night parties and an unlimited supply of the opposite sex; he was rapping about thanking you for making us sit through a lot of stupid courses and sending us off to take more.

The first few months of college there were late night bull sessions about you, with believers getting bummed out and leaving in the middle. I always wondered if you had anything to do with the fact that they got better grades and didn't have dark circles under their eyes. That crap didn't last long cause they stopped coming around and we had to find new ways to assert our worldly cynicism.

The things is a couple of 'em must've thought I was worth saving cause I defended Jesus. I listened but nothing I heard was together. They psyched me out as a Christian who hadn't seen the light cause I was into working with old people and reading to blind kids and picking up litter in the slums. Well shit, by that time I wasn't even trying to help anyone much less do what some cat in the clouds said; I just really dug being around people and catching the way they operate.

That's pretty much where my head stayed, although I tried a little of everything for the next few years. Hedonism was a great high ('til I ran out of bread. Got into rice for a few peaceful months, too.

Oh yeah, you scared me shitless one time when I was tripping on Lake Tahoe. The mountains had gone through eight seasonal changes and the water was pretty much lava, when I heard this voice boom out an echo way the heck past L. A.

"When Did You Last Write Your Mother?" Man, I felt really bad. I put my hand out and it stretched twenty yards to the lake. The friggin' water had turned to lava and burned like hell. "Hey, man," I said, "I'm going" and I got a post card off to my old lady within minutes. (No hassle if you don't remember this. It could've been all in my head.)

My college is a pretty easy place to sleep—didn't think often about you or cyclamates or the Mid-east or anything much in the outside world. But last spring was too much. You must be tuning into the Viet Nam show, horror flick of the century. Until this Cambodia shit I'd gone to a few peace rallies, written to some big cheeses and put an article in *The News* about how it's not cool to kill people even indirectly.

But nothing like what hit me in the spring. I didn't just stop going to classes and studying—I stopped socializing, reading, listening to records, doing dope and almost stopped eating and sleeping. All day I listened to lectures, all night I rapped with other people about them. It was a really beautiful happening—seminars, lectures, role-playing, speakers from off and on campus, including our own students. We did it outside, sort of like the Peripatetics and Aristotle (or you might've thought about Jesus and the disciples in the hills.)

Little lamps flickered on all over, finally, joining to form a beam of light—no way out, I was following the light. Something besides pleasure seeking, curiosity and working to get into grad school was moving me. Craig Simpson was the cat with the collar. Typewriters and mimeograph machines instead of hymnals and altar rails.

Why'd the Red Sox lose twenty games in a row? To get at the fuckin' flag weavers and make everyone else turn off their tv sets and write letters to their congressmen. What came before the Sun? Peace, baby. What was a Mortal Sin? Anything other than working on the Strike. I had direction like Einstein or Hitler or a nun.

Trying to carry the light into our reactionary local community was a real bummer, but we were working towards a goal and carried on without needing an immediate reward. We wrote more letters. What a rush! People all over the country were trying to turn other people on to peace.

My folks called when they got a letter from the Strike Committee with my name on a list at the bottom. I was so freaked out on really learning, on being sure of what I knew and of being able to do something about it. Mom was sorta quiet and worried; Dad listened to my rap but insisted there was someone behind the whole thing twisting our minds to use us.

You know I'm not what they deserve, but they're my closest friends—I wanted them to see this thing happening, to feel it with me. Our wave lengths just weren't together, but I didn't even need them as much anymore.

People started leaving school which was OK with me cause there were a lot of real shits not taking exams so they could spend all week in Charlottesville, wearing U. Va. t-shirts with fists silk-screened on the back. But hardcore Strike people were running out of fuel for the fire. I stoked up on a few articles in *Harper's* and *The New York Times*, got enough bread for a meal and hitched up to D. C.

If you're for real you musta been on that trip watching

over me—sent some pretty sick people on those roads. I just kept nodding when they ripped into the "Commie, Facist, building-burning, nigger loving, snot-nosed college perverts" trying to run the country. The one time I started my peace rap this cat asked didn't I mean love and stopped at the side of the road.

Hit D. C. five hours later and spent the next few days clipping, phoning and filing with the energy of a speed freak.

The peace group I worked with had some really fine people working their asses off and knowing a whole lot. It also had a buncha tools worrying about letterheads, copping dope and mattress merry-go-round.

Since some of us were working too late to get buses to the G. W. dorms we lived in; we moved into the bottom floor of an old townhouse on Seventeenth Street. This oriental family who were really into community action wanted to help us but didn't have much bread. They were really cool and kept apologizing for not having doors on the bathrooms and never complained about our noise or dirt or late hours. Their freaky God trip was pretty heavy, have you looked into it at all?

Maybe because of the fact that I clipped the newspapers and *Congressional Record* so enthusiastically, or cause all the stuff I learned doing shit work or maybe just cause they wanted a token female in the upper echelon, they gave me a title and thought work and a lot of people to keep busy.

I can't remember my title, but I had to start dressing up and looking straight. I was working eighteen hours a day—idealistic, bitter, energetic, cynical, always fighting. I watched all the complicated shit different bills and amendments go through. It's a real drag but the design is so perfect. Thomas Jefferson and ol' Georgie W. had some fantastic ideas, how'd they get so fucked over?

I even had two phones, and about twenty buttons and lights and a wire going to J. Edgar Hoover's office. I'd call research "See if you can find out if Prouty had a den mother or a bookie we can get down here before the Byrd amendment." A call from Tom the Mouth at the American Friends Committee, "Got any new shit on what Maggie Smith is up to?" I'd ring up our lobbying headquarters, "Send some straight, over-thirty constituent-types to North Carolina Jordan's office. Congratulate him for his integrity and press the constitutionality rap." Number eight button, "Public Relations? We need a letter writing campaign to back up Hartke; home town newspapers are calling him a Commie." Though I was doing little more than getting the right info together and feeding it to the appropriate people, sometimes I thought about us looking around for political levers just like the enemies did. That end justifying the means crap is pretty sordid.

And what about the cats who were really getting screwed by the whole thing? A millionaire Democrat (from a place like Massachusetts) with high political aspirations would be expected to oppose a Republican president, but some senators were voting according to their own beliefs in the face of political death. But, Papa Good, I was too busy to worry long.

The first Byrd amendment, designed to totally emasculate Cooper-Church was voted to be voted on on Tuesday. I spent all Monday on the phone or yelling at people around the office and realized at about eleven P.M. that

no more information was coming in and there was no one left to call and also that I'd forgotten to eat. Started home then decided to try one last thing. I sang a nursery rhyme to a skinny freak in Dupont Circle for a dime and called the President of IBM at his home.

Laid my straightest most logical argument (no peace, morality or people's rights shit) on this cat. All he had to say was it was none of his business and Senator Prouty was returning soon so why should I worry about one vote. Then he said the news was coming on tv and if I was interested in computer school to call his secretary during office hours. Bye.

Got home in time to see the end of the news. There was a fifty second spot about McGovern finding out about the money we've appropriated for mercenary Korean and Phillipine soldiers fighting in Viet Nam. They were appropriated more money than U. S. troops, but U. S. generals and other officers were siphoning off *hunks* of money till the mercenaries were paid next to nothing. In the same monotone the newscaster went on to tell us about Ice Blue Secret and Sani-flush.

The two little oriental kids were sitting on the floor acting about a sold as my friends who were totally wrecked, waiting excitedly for the midnight horror flick. Everyone was really into the Sani-flush Happening in the toilet; I was just into the rubberbands snapping in my stomach.

In fact I mentioned you for the first time in a couple years. "God I'm hungry," I said and went in the kitchen. The mother was trying to wash dishes, pick up roaches and clean up all the shit my friends had left lying around. I told her to go to bed; I'd get it.

Someone had ripped off my milk and baloney; the only thing left in the refrigerator was a half an apple, tight and brown and curling at the edges. I took it into the tv room and had dinner while watching "Nixon's Fact-Finding Tour" at a luau in a peaceful Cambodian village 130 miles from the fighting. Super hawk Texas Yarborough had his arm over the shoulders of a pretty Cambodian woman and was rapping about how great she was and how great our fighting men are and how great the capture of a North Vietnamese laundry depot was and how great the U. S. of A is.

Senator McIntyre was the only one invited on the tour who wasn't a Nixon ass-kisser to begin with, but when it came his turn to speak he couldn't get it together and made a very feeble stab at the truth. Cotton, the other New Hampshire senator, had been putting the political screws on him; guess he just couldn't open up on the throat valve between his heart and his mouth.

Some weird dude with funny spots on his freshly shaven head said he was gonna do some typing for us till his ringworm was cured. He offered me half of my sleeping bag, but I declined and stretched out in front of the tube. My mind sort of melted as the peasants of the world united, throwing pitchforks and bean squash at a monster eating cities for electricity.

Tuesday morning before the vote three of us had an appointment with "Shining Knights" Church and Kennedy to rap about what we could do for them and they for us.

Ten minutes before the meeting our Fearless Leader Eric decided I should find some make-up and a hair ribbon. I went upstairs and called an aid in Goodell's

office who said at the moment the Byrd amendment looked like it would lose 47 to 52, and then turned myself into a girl.

Everyone was sort of stiff and formal when we came in. They were friendly enough, but I'd expected vibes so strong we'd all be floating on the same ocean. After we all shook hands, Eric started the speech he and Steve and I had prepared. For a speech it was really fine cause Eric could be honest; he wasn't trying to hide his more radical tendencies, he wasn't trying to change anyone's mind, he wasn't hasseling over which approach was safest. We were rapping with people who cared about the same things that moved us, people who were into working for the same goal. I smiled at Frank Church and took advantage of the chance to relax, listening to a rap I'd heard enough times to be a lullaby.

Just as the vibes were starting to flow and the words became secondary, one of Kennedy's legal aids threw up a stone wall. "Aren't we being a little frivolous," he asked as if they were doing us a big favor, "to consider the moral implications of this war? One could hardly expect to find common value systems blah blah blah. Party pressures blah blah blah politics blah blah blah and dog eat dog . . . No, moral implications are out of the question, it seems to me," he concluded.

I looked over to see how it seemed to Senator Kennedy. No response. Steve was afraid of what Eric would say next so he brought up our problems about supporting the two senators. We couldn't always guarantee help, because we were working for peace, not a specific party or person.

I wasn't hearing any of this, Old Man: my head was in a hut with a Vietnamese woman trying to find food for her children; in a foxhole with scared boys wondering about yesterday and afraid of tomorrow but unable to accept today; in the White House with a man who worried about saving a very ugly face; with the Viet Cong soldiers going to certain death to rejoin their brothers in the South under a government for the people. And it was wondering since moral implications don't count and people don't count and gods don't, what does?

Another aide interrupted Steve to ask about the computers that we used to coordinate research around the country.

"Computer?" the word squeaked out and Steve tried to regather his cool and go into our computer rap—the one we use on businessmen and scientists to get money.

But it fell flat and he was wondering what did count. I looked at Senator Kennedy. Computers—what the fuck! C'mon man, tell us how much our heads are together. My needs seemed to penetrate, cause his face softened into a *Beach Boy* smile and Jesus eyes.

"Yes," he said, pointing his comment at the so far silent third wiseman, "Yes, what about the computer, Miss Ward?"

Computer? Computer! Computer, computer, com pu ter? echoed in my head. We weren't following a star, there was no light at all. In the sudden blackout I felt pieces of my brain flyout in forty different directions, my skull could no longer hold the hot grey chunks, nor could the office nor the universe.

Someone wrapped up the scattered pieces of me in a clean white sheet, tied me up in a pink satin bow and sent me home.

I remember driving up to Maine, my old man trying not to look hassled and my old lady's face all doughy. I talked to them, but I swear, God, they were crazy. They just stared, never saying anything. Mom kept putting her hand on my cheek, so I grabbed for her and squeezed her hand, trying to get some vibes through. But she just started crying again.

We pulled into this country club place, and I saw people sitting on the lawn, staring off into space, and a few more people playing croquet at the side of a large plantation-type house. Everyone looked a little wacked, but the real loonies were the nurses and the shrinks. Placid faces with magazine cover mouths stuck on in rigid smiles that bent when they spoke their meaningless words.

My old man put his arm around me and started to leave. "Who the hell are these people, Dad? What are they smiling for? Are they nuts? Don't they know? Don't they know how fuckin' stupid this universe is and how little and powerless they are? Don't they know every second they're suffering torture in a meaningless hell? What are they—stoned?"

By this time I was shouting and still no one answered me. My mother hugged me and tried to leave but I wouldn't let go. "What is this shit—what are you doing, are they doing, am I doing . . . ?"

Later I got this story about not having opened my mouth from the time I went into the Senate Office Building until I'd been at the country club for a few weeks. It could be true but I sure as hell never shouted so loud in my life.

I woke up in a white room with frilly curtains that had to be washed and ironed all the time and got in my way when I tried to look out the window (No, it wasn't your place, not yet.) My folks had split, Senator Kennedy, Democrat-Massachusetts, had split, the Cheshire cat shrink had split, and the war in Vietnam-Cambodia-Laos-Thailand was all gone.

Just me with my mind rubber cemented together in a few places. I tried calling you. It was a pretty feeble attempt at communication, but they had me so loaded with reds I couldn't move a finger.

A nurse came in with an orange tab, a glass of water and a plastic smile. I could take the first two but there was no way I was gonna grin at her. But I tried joking "Is this acid orange sunshine? Guess it won't hurt me to burn out a few more brain cells. Or is it gonna do me in? I'm ready to go. I can't crash any lower." But no one was hearing me yet.

At night another nurse came in with another pill, which she gave me when I got into bed. That was it, man, a pill to get me up, one to put me to sleep and I looked out the window in between. The scariest thing was the mirror on the bureau. When I finally figured out

who it was, it looked like I'd really O. Ded. My pupils pretty much filled up my eyes and underneath were charcoal halfmoons. Someone had been fooling around with my hair and pulled it all straight back—so I looked like a demented Girl Scout.

The shrink used to come around before meals and lay this big rap on me about how I had to eat or they'd stick needles in me (what the hell—it'd be different) and about how he'd like for me to talk sometime when I felt up to it . . . "Shit, man, open your ears and hear all the words I'm trying to say."

A few days later I asked him, "Why the hell do I have to stay cooped up here all day?" and the cat finally tuned in! The plastic face broke into a whole bunch of human wrinkles. He and the nurse laughed for real and he said he was glad I was speaking. I didn't really give a shit cause now it meant I'd have to clean up my vocabulary, and besides I'd learned how useless words really are.

But after they started hearing me, I got to go outside. I'd just smile a lot when the shrink was around, tell him I was fine and answer all his questions; and everyday he'd tell me I could go home pretty soon.

The morning nurse with the speed would take me out and we'd walk really slowly so my rubber cement wouldn't come loose. The grass was so soft and springy it seemed to hug the soles of my shoes. The air, free from the control of the brass thermostat on my white wall, was different everyday. Sometimes it just skimmed the surface of my skin, others time it came from the sea and was harsh and salty and said, "Let's go girl."

Often the nurse would bring a book or her knitting; even with her senses turned off, like me she was cleansed by the waves that came up from the ground. Grandfather trees in the distance were pine needle soft or crisp oaks, towering protectively over tiny cones and acorns.

And those gone mountains, so beautiful that there had to be an explanation. Like I can accept the scientific ball of gas shit: it cools, hardens and wrinkles, and DNA gets itself together through evolution to sperm-egg-me with rods and cones in my eyeballs. But there was something more than light rays bouncing off the mountain on to my retina and up the optic nerve to the back of my brain and finally registering pleasure on my cortex, Bing, like three cherries on a slot machine. Shit no, it isn't that easy. Microscopes, telescopes, ocelliscopes, gyroscopes can't find or measure what that mountain was saying to me. Scientists and philosophers can't use words or logic or other tools to psyche out that big vibe. That big wave that flows through the sea-carved rock, that forms an armchair; through the tiny dew drops alive with microscopic organisms; through a kid and his pie and puddle; through Christ, Mohammed and Buddha; through a Dostoevsky novel; through a pebble; through me.

someone said love today and I didn't care
they said help and I walked on
someone said please and I said thank you
a friend called out and I was in
someone said i can't see and I was blind
people were walking and I ran by
someone said he's dead and I said
am I?

THE BODY OF THE HAND XXVII

A hand is a body,
a body is a hand,
what do we do
with the hand of the body
or the body
or the body
of the hand?
We collect
from the earth and the sea:
we know
about the depths,
we live
body to body
and hand and hand went life,
to achieve, to possess,
to touch, to entangle
and to say goodbye.

WAITING









Black women!
Black women!

Patented heads, curly heads,
nappy heads, greasy heads,

Black legs, Black legs,
Black necks, Black hips,
Black thighs
Black curves

From whose mother-making loins
came her

Black Man!

Black Man
Black Man
Black love-maker, Black strength, Black beauty-ful

Black magic

Searching, searching
caught between Black thigh mountains
riding, riding
Higher, higher
Plowing, yearning to be one

Black Soul

Black minds
Black mindscommunicating
in musical Issac Hayes language
in revolutionary Panther language
in intellectual bougeoise language
in 4-letter-on-the-corner language
in scag's pinch language
in pot's sweet high language

SURROUNDED
by a thousand extras in
Honky Rhetorical
BRAINWASH!!!!!!
"Dirty motha fuckas!"

Yeah
But dig:

Black circles
Black circles

Dramatic circles
under James Baldwin's eyes
under Leroi Jones eyes



MEREDITH

76

Repetitious circles

under Uncle Tom's eyes
under Aunt Thomasina's eyes

Vivacious circles

under hungry, jaundiced eyes
under ghetto slave eyes
under nigger-kill-nigger eyes
under your eyes
under my eyes

Spaced out circles

under good feeling scag eyes
under cocaine coated eyes
under west Indies smoke eyes
under pill-popped-out eyes

Death future circles

under Edlridge Cleaver's eyes
under Bobby Seale's eyes
under Connecticut 9 eyes
under Black Amerika eyes
under your eyes
And mine



The Courtship of Mother and Daddy

My mother moved to Arlington when she was twelve. Granddaddy Johnston, upset over the growing population of papists on Tenth Street, had decided to solve the problem of raising his daughters by moving closer to the Scottish community. But the Depression came, and when he learned more about the people who lived down the street, he could-not afford to move again. All he could do was instill in his girls a deep distrust of alcohol, swearing, and cards.

Grandad Brown made his fortune early. As an undergraduate at I.U. he bootlegged beer for the Sigma Chi's and Sigma Nu's, sang telegrams for the Delta Delta Delta's, waited tables in Harrison Hall, lent money at ten percent interest, and collected empty whiskey bottles to sell to his "friends" up north. Grandad was the son of a Baptist minister. By the year nineteen twenty-nine he was bribing the city police with free uncarbonated soda water, sponsoring a Saturday night crap game in his basement, selling boxes to the government, and raising two sons.

"Mother, I've put the dishes in the cabinet, now mayn't I go outside to play?"

"Have you seen your Father?"

"No, Mother."

"Then it is alright, just be sure not to speak to any stranger or play with any strange animal."

"Yes, Mother." The grave-faced, little girl in her

denim dress and white pinafore walked over to the front door, opened it softly, and shut it silently. She walked down the front path, then ran.

"Will you look at that!"

"A new girl!"

"You think we can scare her?"

"She's awfully skinny . . ."

"Let's go," the third boy hissed, so they jumped to their feet and ran across the street to catch up with Aunt Jeanie.

"Ching chong Chinaman sittin' on a fence, tryin' to make a dollar out of fifteen cents. Big black Ned, bet ya made of lead!" the boys yelled, circling around her. She stopped and twisted her head to watch them. "Cat got yer tongue and you ain't no fun, Cat got yer tongue . . ." She laughed and they stopped chanting.

"Ching chong Chinaman sitting on a fence, trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents. Ching chong Chinaman eats dead rats, chews them up like ginger snaps. Ching chong Chinaman picks his lice, sells them to your mothers as QUaker's puff rice! I can sing as well as you can." She grinned at them, but they only stared back. "I'm Jeanie Johnston, and you mustn't speak to me when my father is around."

"Why not?"

"He's Scots." The boys just stared at her. "What's the matter, Cat got your tongues?"

"Are you a girl?"
 "Well, I'm not a silly old boy!" she replied, walking on down the street.
 "Do you wrestle?"
 "Sometimes. Mostly depends."
 "On what?"
 "Whether or not you lend me your knickers. I'm not to play if I muss my everyday."
 "Do you chew tar?"
 "When it is fresh."
 "Can you shoot dice?"
 "I can do everything."
 "Do you play with dolls?"
 She hesitated. "Well, when my sister Mary does. Just to please Father, you know."
 "Is she just like you?"
 "No, she's better. She can ride a bike."
 "My brother Billy has a bike," Uncle Jack replied with pride. "I bet your sister can't ride it."
 "I bet she can!"

And that was how my father almost met my mother. Aunt Jean dared Uncle Jack to dare his brother to meet my mother after dark, riding his bike. But Mother was afraid of the dark, and well, Daddy had homework to do.

It was nineteen thirty-nine and my father was playing golf with Slewfoot. They were at the ninth hole, the one bordering the sidewalk on Church Street, when my mother walked by. Daddy gave up his game.

"Mary, Mary Johnston!" Mother walked on by. "Mary, hey wait a moment!" Daddy ran after her, jiggling clubs, two hundred pounds and all. "Mary, where have you been my whole life?"

"Bill Brown," Mother stopped and frowned at him. "Go away!"

"Aw, come on, Mary. You never say a decent thing to me!"

"Bill Brown, I never see you around."

"What have you been doing?"

"Idiot, I've been here all along." And she started to walk away from him.

"Hey wait, Mary. I haven't finished my game."

"So go finish your game! If you don't hurry you'll forfeit and lose your money."

"Do you realize that's the longest sentence I've ever heard you say?"

"Go away! You need the exercise!"

"It comes from studying too long," he replied, taking her black portfolio.

"What comes?"

"The fat. What's in here?"

"Pictures."

"May I see them?" he asked, pulling at the strings on the side.

"For God's sake! Leave those alone!" she cried, grabbing her portfolio.

"Bet you don't know what you just said."

"Bet I've learned worse things than that. Go away, Bill Brown."

"What's you doing tonight?"

"Nothing that involves you."

"Come on, Mary. I can get tickets to the Circle or the Indiana Roof."

"No."

"Can I walk you home?"

"I can't say no, seeing that my house is a block away."

"Are you doing anything Saturday night?"

"Yes."

"Tom Worthlessness?"

"Worthton! And who told you about him?"

"Your sister Jean was over last night shooting Pool with Jack. What are you doing Saturday?"

"Washing my hair. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go."

"May I call you?"

"You may, but I doubt if you can talk to me."

"What's wrong?"

"You're just obnoxious!" and she slammed the front door.

Three weeks later, having gotten the same response every Friday and Saturday night, Daddy showed up at her door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Johnston."

"Good evening, William."

"DeWitt, ma'm. Bill is just a nickname."

"I'm sorry. Won't you come in?"

"Thank-you very much." Grandmother Johnston lead Daddy into the livingroom and pointed to the couch. He sat down.

"What can I do for you, DeWitt?"

"I have a date with your daughter tonight."

"Jean? I think she is already over at your house."

"Yes, she is. I've got a date with Mary."

"You do? That's funny, she didn't tell me about it . . ."

"Well, I hope she hasn't forgotten about it!" and he laughed heartily.

"I'll go upstairs and see if she is ready; last time I saw her she was in a smock. She paints, you know."

Grandmother climbed the stairs to Mother's room.

"Mary, your date is downstairs waiting."

"What, Mother?" she replied with a mumble, biting the end of a paint brush.

"Your date is here."

"You must mean Jean's date. I don't have one."

"Mary, it's your date Bill Brown! And just look at you with all of that mess. You are a disgrace to me."

"Mother," she said, hands on her hips, "I don't have a date with Bill Brown. Just tell him to go away."

"Mary Johnston, I am ashamed of you. I know he's no good looker, but if you made a date with him, you must keep it."

"Mother, I don't have a date with him," and she frowned at her canvass.

"Mary, if you are not down there in ten minutes, I'll have to speak to your father!"

"Mother . . ." But Grandmother had already left.

"DeWitt, she'll be a little time in coming. She had a last minute idea, and couldn't wait to paint it down. I'm so sorry."

"Oh it's quite alright, Mrs. Johnston. I think I understand what drives her. Jack is the same way, you know. Actually, painting and drawing are the only things that can keep his mind occupied."

"Yes . . . if you'll excuse me, DeWitt, I think I have to do some gardening. Call me when Mary comes down."

"Yes, Ma'm!"

"Yes . . ." and she walked back to the kitchen.

And so Daddy kept showing up every Friday night, and as Mother kept insisting that she didn't have a date with him, Grandmother got worried. She got so worried that she called on Pastor McWhiinty. He set things straight; he simply pointed out to Grandmother Mother's devotion to Grandfather Johnston, and Grandfather's dislike for the "Liquored up, downtown gambler" who was the father of Bill Brown. Pastor McWhiinty prided himself on his understanding of psychology.

One Friday night Daddy didn't show up. Mother, having gotten used to his coming, was dressed up with no place to go. So she waited. And waited. And waited. He didn't come. Around one o'clock Aunt Jean came home, and as she shared a bedroom with Mother, and as Mother was still sitting up on her bed waiting for Daddy to show up, she noticed that all was not well.

"Mary? You still up?"

"Yes," she replied angrily.

"Something wrong, Mary?"

"Where were you tonight?"

"At the Brown's, as usual."

"Really?" she asked, speaking through her teeth.

"They had a swell party. Why are you all dressed up?"

"Shit!"

"MARY!"

"Shit, shit, shit, shit!"

"Mary, what if Father hears you?"

"I don't care what Father hears. I can say worse things than that!"

"Well, what's you so angry at?"

"That God damned conceited Bastard! After all those weeks of putting up with his inanities, after all of those talks Mother has been giving me, after all the times I was civil to him, he does *this* to me!"

"You didn't have a date with him tonight, did you?"

"No."

"Well, that's good. He was with that redheaded nurse he used to go out with before he started to date you."

"What redheaded nurse?"

"Oh, I think he sleeps with her."

"JEAN!"

"Well, Jack thinks so, and since you don't care about

Billy, I didn't think it mattered that I tell you."

"I don't care."

"Hey, why are you so dressed up?"

"Because I felt like it! And I knew that if I didn't get dressed, he'd show up."

"Oh. Well, goodnight."

And Daddy stayed away. Not forever, you understand, just long enough for Mother's temper to cool down, and just long enough for him to get tired of the redheaded nurse. In other words, he showed up again on a Saturday night two weeks later. And then a week after that, and a week after that. Then it got so that Daddy took Mother to the movies on Friday, and came to dinner on Saturday. Being a Scottish cook, Grandmother and her dinners started to whittle down his waistline. And as Grandfather Johnston was now speaking to him, he wasn't quite as obnoxious as he was before. In fact, Mother began to like him. Just a little though, you understand.

"Mary, how about going for a walk?"

"Bill it's almost nine o'clock."

"Well, I don't think I'd like to go walking with you in the day time. Might scare off any kids who happened along."

"Bill Brown, you can be so obnoxious!"

"Come on then," he said, opening the front door. "We can see if there are any midnight golfers out on the course."

"It is a lovely night, and I don't think that it would hurt to go out for a little while . . ."

"Mary, have you ever thought about what you would do after you get out of Art School?"

"I guess I'll have to teach. To pay for my paints, you know."

"Yes, but what are you going to do? Just spend your days teaching elementary design, and your nights painting pictures?"

"I suppose so."

"Didn't you ever think of getting married or having a house full of kids?"

"Every girl thinks of that! Of course I would."

"Then you don't think it is wrong for a girl to have a career and a marriage?"

"Bill, I think it's the most natural thing in the world!"

"Mary, I'm going to speak frankly to you."

"Yes, Bill?"

"Mary, will you keep this in a safe place until I've paid for it?" In his hand he held a small box. Mother opened it and saw the diamond engagement ring and wedding band. "You'll take care of it for me until I need it, won't you?" he asked earnestly.

"Who is it for, DeWitt?"

"I can't tell you that, Mary. Not until I can afford to give it to her."

"Oh. I'll keep it in my jewelry box. No one will find it."

"Thanks, Mary, you're the swellest girl a guy ever met!" and he kissed her on the cheek.

Daddy kept showing up Saturday nights for dinner. But he didn't come around on Fridays anymore; Mother suspected that the redheaded nurse worked a Saturday shift. Aunt Jean didn't know; Uncle Jack had gotten tired of being beaten in poker, craps, and pool, and had started to date my future Aunt Janet, a well-endowed blond. So Mother kept wondering about Friday nights, and Daddy, for some mysterious reason, kept getting thinner and thinner.

"... and further more, dear Lord, we ask that Thee grant thy blessings on those who are not so fortunate as to believe in your commandments and in your forgiving grace. We commend to you our children, and ask that their tables always be as bountiful as the one that is set before us . . ." Grandfather's blessing droned on, and Daddy looked speculatively at the boiled salmon. "... watch over us forever, Amen."

"Bill," asked Grandmother. "What have you been doing with yourself these days?"

"Ma'm?"

"DeWitt," Grandfather's voice boomed out. "She wants to know what you have been doing."

"Just the same as usual. Physiology at nine, neurology at eleven. After lunch is Anatomy lab, and sometimes it's organic chemistry. The same old thing."

"Well, obviously it's not just the same old thing."

"I beg your pardon sir? Jeanie, pass the potatoes, please."

"Every Saturday night you come and fill yourself to brimming, and every Saturday you come back five pounds thinner. What are you doing?"

"Bleeding, sir," he replied with respect.

"Bill!" hissed Mother, kicking him under the table. "Not while he's eating."

"Quiet, Mary. I want to know what DeWitt has been

doing. Obviously he's not losing any weight over you!"

"Father."

"Be quiet, girl. Children should be seen and not heard."

"Father, I'm twenty-one."

"Maybe so, but you are still living at home. Now, DeWitt, what have you been doing on Friday nights for the last two months?"

"Recuperating, sir."

"Father . . ."

"Quiet, Mary. Recuperating from what?"

"I've been giving blood every Friday afternoon, after Chem lab."

"For the War Cause?"

"No, sir, for the money."

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't think the provocations to the British Isles, even to the English, were not sufficient to give your blood for free . . ."

"But of course, sir!"

"Young man, before we pursue this subject, I have to ask you one thing."

"Yes sir?" Daddy asked nervously.

"What are your intentions concerning my daughter Mary?"

"FATHER" Mother had jumped out of her seat.

"But that's why I am giving blood every week!" Daddy shouted over the commotion.

"And what do you mean by that?"

"I've got to pay for the ring I gave her."

"The ring?" Grandfather turned to Mother and frowned. "Mary, where is this ring?"

"I . . . well, he didn't . . ." Mother sat back down.

"Well, go get it, girl! Don't just sit there!"

"I . . . yes, Father," she replied weakly.

And that's how Father got engaged. Not married, of course. That is a different story. I mean after Daddy started to build the cabin, she was still refusing to set a date, and it wasn't until he went fishing with Slewfoot . . .

MESSAGE FROM THE RISING MOON

Down the lake from where we are staying
The sun sets behind the great dunes,
 coloring the water.
But already I look for the moon.
I watch it rise in the south for several nights
And each night it grows until
Quite full, it rises above birches, poplars, oaks, and pines
And shines through the window of my son's room.
In its light as he lay sleeping,
I realized that one or both of us were at a difficult age
But that good or better times would come.
Now the moon is dwindling and growing orange with age
 and stays low in the east where the trees hide it
But I take heart from what it has revealed.

Crying Gray

Mist muzzles hungry traffic,
Condenses its speed to worming

Past steaming Cambridge walks
And clusters of fuzzy face talk

Below worn out buildings.
And fog licks the trace of hot tears

On the summer scorched windows
That , even clean, won't divulge

Hollow heads keeping time with
Machine clicks, machine tricks.

To Air Olympia —
Stone corpse hunching in pocket of

Gray and sound tormenting.
Aisle , slanting and spaced for one,

Suspended seats and feet uphold.
In cushions round as orange

Night black suits with head and hands
clutch public words which measure life.

FROM CHINATOWN TO NOB HILL

Crates of chickens, live and stinking,
Scream their passions from the sidewalk
"Death is coming."
"We will hang by our legs in restaurant windows."
While junk shops flourish, selling Chinese souls.

Fleeing cheques and checkers I climbed cement hills,
Past Chinese groceries and Chinese laundries,
Past streaming smells of incense,
Past dog shit on the sidewalk.
And even the summer sun is cold,
Clogged and dying from exhaust.



LOVE

His voice is love making
Making love to my mind
to my body
to my life
to all that is me

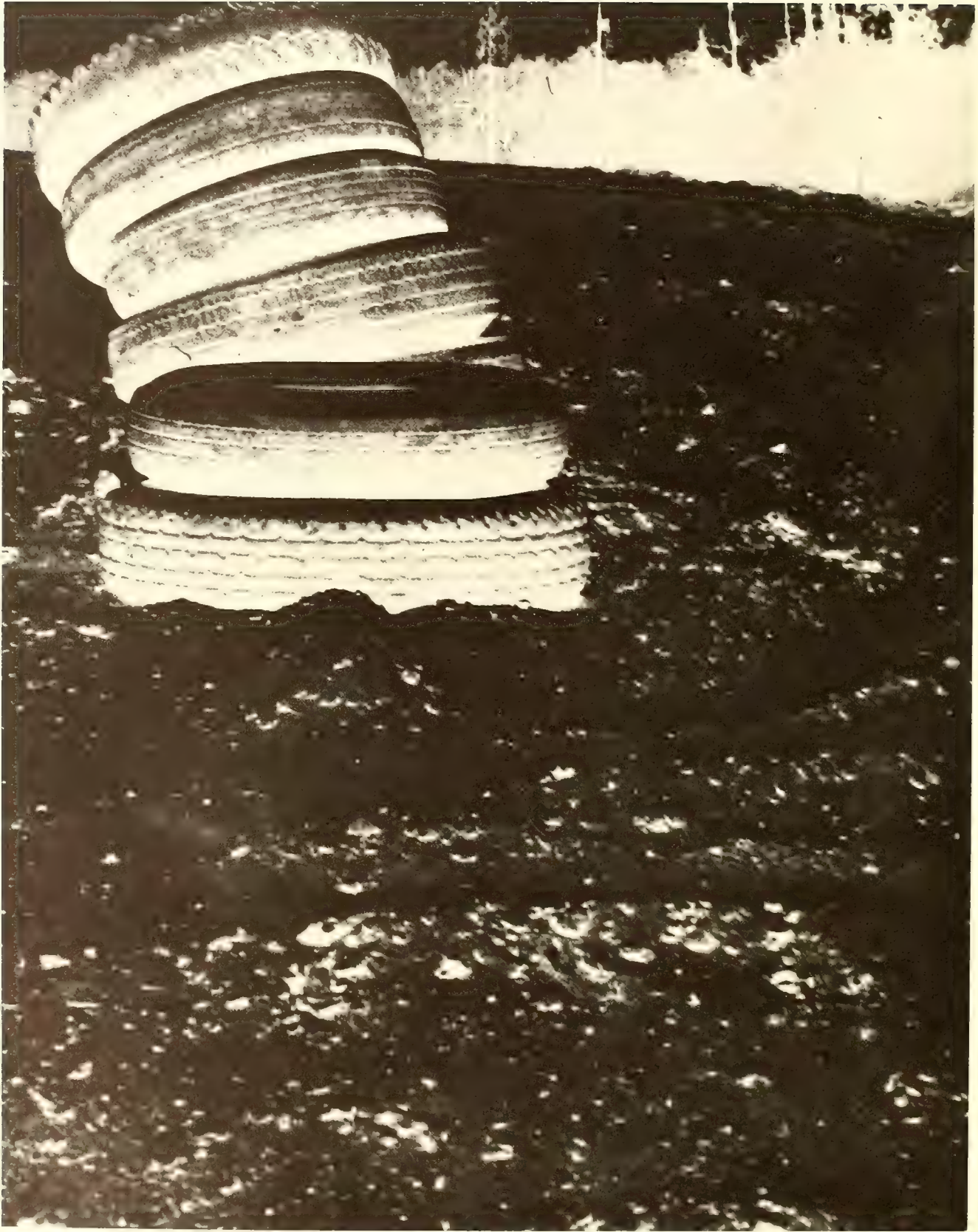
His voice is love making
Making love to my ideas
Gently freeing them of false phrophets
and praising my true saints
as I give birth
to the child of our communion: Understanding

I am thinking of the war and of Jim
who is burning his draft card

Beside a narrow trail
Blue-green and dank
Jungle heavy air.
Thorns and pine needles
Bed the fierce.
Napalmed men face up
Licked by the lion
Whose tail strikes
A whip across the conscious

Mind.

LIGHT AND MOTION













PHOTOGRAMS

A photogram is created by exposing light sensitive paper to an enlarger. Designs are created by using different objects on the paper. If, for example, one places a leaf on the paper, the areas of the paper which are completely exposed to light will be black, and those areas in which the light is totally cut off will be white. Either by moving the objects or by using objects which light can partially penetrate one can create gray areas.

Editor: Pamolu Oldham
Business Manager: Barbara Tessin
Circulation Manager: Edna Osmanski
Lay-out: Gina Mancusi
Publicity: Kathy Garcia

POETRY

Tracy James
Susan Sellers
Trish Neale
Libby Wann
Gina Mancusi
Edna Osmanski
Charlotte Lykes
Karin Lawson
Jacque Penny

GRAPHIC ART

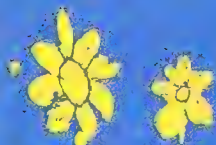
Brucie Barrett
Jenni Matheson
Kathy Garcia
Louise McLaughlin
Anne Wiglesworth

PROSE

Beryl Berquist
Mary Bell
Barbara Tessin
Virginia Shaw
Debbie Bogdan
Roberta Culbertson

PHOTOGRAPHY

Susan Jensen
Linda Modica
Peggy Bender
Champe Smith
Louise McLaughlin
Anne Wiglesworth



Spring 1971
the brambler

THE BRAMBLER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROSE

Split Ends	Pat Fuller
Death At Altamont	Anita Clarendon
Thumper	Bobo Ryan

POETRY

A Complete Transaction	Jan Pogue
God drooled	Pamolu Oldham
Through the wire fence	Pamolu Oldham
With a wail	Pamolu Oldham
I knew all about guppies	Barbara Smith
Scene 1 — The door flew open and shut	Nancy Crumpler
As I ran away	Nancy Crumpler
The night before my birthday	Laura Elkins
On Laughing Out Loud In Class	Gale Hull
I made up a list	Gale Hull
Lament For Dr. Faustus	Gale Hull
Seeing The Trees	Gale Hull
For the old woman I saw outside the gates	Libby Wann
A Riddle for Gollum	Tracy James
I ran today away	Anne Wiglesworth
Lacking As Much Venn As Zen	
or	
An Ode To Right And Left Angles	Midge Montgomery

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photogram	Champe Smith
Dog	Peggy Bender
Bicycle	Linda Modica
Women	Anne Wiglesworth
Queen Anne's Lace	Peggy Bender

ART

Hogdman Automatic	Bruce Barrett
Ink Drawing	Melanie Porter
Pencil Drawing	Ernest P. Edwards
My Brother	Cheryl Wiggins
Collage	J. Storey
Color Drawing	J. Storey
Moxie	Anne Wiglesworth
Syringe Ink Drawing	Champe Smith

SPLIT ENDS

Last year I got in to split ends. You know, when your hair gets funny branches at the ends and makes your head look fuzzy.

Split ends is why a lot of girls get their hair cut. Not much, just enough to make it seem smooth and even. But that's a drag when you figure it takes a month to grow what you cut off in ten minutes.

It first happened at about two in the morning, when I was studying for a biology hourly. I was all slumped over, wondering what was the difference between a purine and a pyrimidine (and how was I gonna learn what I couldn't even read in six hours), when I noticed a Y shaped hair sitting on a diagram of an amino acid. I picked it up and very carefully tried to separate the two parts — just like Popeye or an Arabian knight with a freshly sharpened machete.

At first it was sorta like how DNA splits before it replicates itself. But then one of the hairs broke off, so I found another Y, only this one was a pitch fork with three prongs. The first piece of hair I pulled just peeled off in a tight little curl, but I separated the other two almost to my scalp. I started to unwind the little curl and got to thinking about my grandmother's poodle-type hairdo, and how she must be pretty lonely. She's only about a six hour drive from here, but free weekends I usually hang around school enjoying doing nothing. Then I started thinking about the nothing I enjoyed the last weekend and how maybe I ought to do something the next weekend.

Well, I barely passed the bio exam and I didn't visit Grandma last year, but I got into the split ends some more. It's really a good deal, basically. I mean, it doesn't give you cancer or make loud noises when people are trying to study and you can take it anywhere with you. Like to class meetings or statistics.

Or like the time I couldn't figure out how to tell this

guy I liked him but just didn't dig seeing him every weekend. He asked me what was wrong and I just got into my split ends. I didn't have to tell him how much I did like him and how much I didn't, he got the message. Split ends is a nice reaction when your mother finds your birth control pills in your room, too.

I was working on a paper for social psyc., when this big mother hair with fourteen branches (no kidding, I counted 'em) caught my eye. It must've taken me twenty minutes to separate all the pieces. The radio was on and I was listening to Richard Nixon defiling the words Freedom and Equality. I like those words too, but not the way he uses them. But, I wondered if maybe we had something in common . . .

I moved on to another hair. It wasn't split but had a light spot on it that I couldn't figure out, even when I held it real close up to my eye. Freedom and equality — how do you get them both at once? I mean, socialism is the only way to give people a fair chance in life, but what happens to the individuality when you just live to preserve the society? Thought about it some more and didn't come up with an answer, but I did find out what the white thing on my hair was all about. You see, it's a place where the hair is broken but hasn't fallen off yet. You just give it a little tug and the end comes off. If you pull on enough of those broken hairs you don't have any more split ends, and then what do you do?

Well, I figured it's pretty silly the way we're always shampooing (used to be people didn't even have baths but once a week) and brushing our hair to get split ends, if it turns out you can just pull them off. I mean if you can't daydream and play with split ends it's kind of scary because you might have to start deciding things.

Maybe I ought to get into hang nails.



The night before my birthday
When you came over
We went upstairs
To hear Simon and Garfunkel
(My Valentine present)
You tickled me *all* night
And I fell off the couch
On to the typewriter
The keys still stick
I was so happy
Then

THUMPER

For those of you who don't know who Thumper is, he's the older brother of the five Williams girls, and now, with his longer hair, my parents say he looks a lot like me.

Of course, he doesn't really look like me—that's just my parents' way of making him want to get his hair cut—but my four younger sisters do like me, and in fact, people say it's really amazing how we five can all look so much the same, and at times even sound the same. Thumper, however, is the only boy in our family, and therefore can't possibly resemble any of us girls. We're glad of it too, because none of us are particularly fond of our older brother. He practices his wrestling holds on us; he makes us fix him sandwiches at night; he won't tell us if the phone is for us; and he even teases our friends until they're as scared of him as we are. When we try to tease him back, though, he pounds us on the back, or at least tries to, but sometimes we're able to get away.

We try to be nice to him. As I said, we sneak down to the kitchen at night and fix him sandwiches when we're really supposed to be in bed, and we let him twist our arms and legs until they almost break so he can practice his wrestling holds. But he still gets mad at us, just the same, and either hides something of ours, or pounds us right here on the spot.

One day, my sister, Dede, and I were up in his room on the third floor, and were trying to steal some of his chemicals out of his old chemistry set when we heard him coming up the stairs. Of course we were trapped—there was no escape except down the stairs—so my younger sister panicked right away and completely blew any chance we had of hiding from him. She started screaming bloody murder, and ran for the stairs. My brother was so surprised, he let her get away. Then, when I decided to do the same thing, it didn't work. He nailed me right up against the wall.

"Don't pound me, don't pound me!" I pleaded right away.

"What were you doing up in my room?" he demanded while I watched his fist get ready to start pounding me on the back.

"Nothing, nothing, I swear! I heard Dede going through

your stuff, so I came up to tell her to get out, or else she'd get in a lot of trouble from you. I swear to it! She was just looking for some old chemicals, I guess. She wasn't messing anything up, but I told her to get out, just the same, or else I was going to tell on her. That's all, really, I swear. Don't pound me, I'm on your side!"

"Yeah, well why would she want my chemicals? You're the only one with a chemistry set!"

I started screaming, anticipating the pound, and then kicked him in the leg as he hit me once between the shoulders. Still screaming, I broke loose from my trapped corner on the landing, flew down the stairs, and ran and locked myself in the bathroom just in time.

I collapsed on the floor, trying to catch my breath and waiting for my heart to calm down. He was out there, I knew it. He would try to be really quiet and pretend he had gone away, but I knew he was out there waiting for me.

"Thumper," I began in a teasing voice, "I know you're out there. I'm not coming out, though. I can stay in here all afternoon if I have to. I think I'll just take a nap here, and then, when I wake up, maybe I'll take a nice long hot shower. So if you hear me singing later on, I'm probably in the shower."

There was still only silence on the other side of the door, but I knew better. "Thumper," I began again, "if you let me out, though, and promise not to beat me up, I'll let you use some of my chemicals—if you want."

He still said nothing, and I was just about ready to unlock the door and peek out, when I heard the dog's collar jingling.

"You think I'm pretty dumb," I began triumphantly. "You think I don't know you're out there. Well, you're wrong. You're the dumb one for letting Red stay around and give you away. I can hear her out there, and I know she's with you. Thumper, you might as well give up, I know you're out there, and I'm going to stay in here 'till Mom gets home."

He finally broke down and started talking. "Here, Red, you want the other eye off this doll? I see you already ate the first one. Just a minute, though, and I'll give

ou an arm to chew on as soon as I rip it off."

"Thumper!" I screamed, "you'd better not have my Raggedy Ann doll or you're really going to get it! I'm not kidding; I'll tell Mom when she gets home."

"What made you think you could go up to my room?"

"I can go up there if I want! You go into mine all the time, and you always take my stuff."

"Yeah, like what? What do I have of yours?"

"Well, I can't think of anything right now, but I know you take a lot of my things, so don't lie."

"I wouldn't want anything of yours. And you'd better leave my chemicals alone. There's a lot of them that you don't know anything about, and besides, you're too dumb to use them anyway. Come on, Red, let's go get a knife to cut off the head of this doll."

He was gone then. I heard him go down stairs, and I heard the dog follow him. The screen door slammed a few minutes later, and I knew he was the one who went outside.

I unlocked the door and slowly opened it. Nobody was around. Mom was still gone taking the cleaning lady home, and except for Dede, who was still hiding somewhere, all my other sisters were with my mother. I went to my room and looked straight at my bed. The doll was gone. Yes, my most oldest and most favorite doll that I'd ever had! I sat down on the bed and started crying.

"My poor doll! He took my Raggedy Ann doll—the one that Daddy gave me when I got my tonsils out. It's gone, I know it's gone. He's ripped it apart, and the dog's chewed up the eyes. I'll never see it again!"

Of course I really knew that I'd see my doll again. Thumper only hides our things, he doesn't wreck them like he says he is while we're locked in the bathroom. But I still cried about it, anyway, and even remembered to violently throw my head onto my pillow, and continued sobbing there until I got the hick-ups. When I finally got up, the pillow case was really wet, but by this time I had finally calmed down enough to remember to smooth out the covers so my mother wouldn't know that I had been lying on my bedspread again.

He was the worst brother anyone could ever have, I told myself. And after looking around the room for a few minutes to see if the doll was really there somewhere after all, I decided to go up to his room again, and steal as many of his old chemicals as I wanted.

Now I had just gotten my chemistry set a few weeks before, and even though it was a really small one in comparison to Thumper's, my mother worried about me using it, and made me promise not to play with it while she or Dad weren't in the house. Well, today I didn't care. I was mad at all of them, and sick and tired of being picked on while Thumper got away with everything. So, I went up to his room and got five different jars of his best sounding chemicals, and then went down the basement into the laundry room where I had my little lab set up.

I lit my candle right away, and even though I knew Mom would yell if she found out I'd done that while she was gone, I didn't care. Like I said, I was pretty fed up, and then, while I was looking through my manual to see if they had any experiments listed which had some of

Thumper's chemicals in them. I heard Dede yelling for me at the top of the stairs.

"I'm down here," I yelled back.

She came down the stairs and through the door.

"Dede, look what I've got." I forgot that I was supposed to be mad at her for ditching out on me when we'd gotten caught by Thumper, so I told her about how I'd sneaked up to his room and taken his chemicals. She wanted to be my assistant right away, and was so excited that I was going to let her help that she didn't even worry about doing it while my mother was gone.

"Okay look," I explained. "You can hold the test tube over the candle like this, and I'll start mixing stuff."

So I started mixing, and Dede held the tube for me while I poured the chemicals into it. Nothing happened much; there was a little smoke, and the stuff started smelling after a while, but that was all. I got pretty disgusted with the whole thing, and Dede was getting bored too. Her arm was getting tired from holding it in one place for so long, so I decided to look for just one more thing to throw into it before we gave up. One of the jars had a clear liquid in it that smelled like nail polish remover, so I poured some of that into the test tube.

Well, you should have been there! All of a sudden flames just leaped up inside that old test tube, and Dede was so surprised, she dropped it. All the stuff spilled all over the table and even into the bottle which the chemical was in. Tiny flames were just everywhere, and Dede was so excited, she knocked down one of my father's socks from off the clothes line, and that started smelling and burning too.

"Go get Thumper!" I screamed. So she tore out of there and up the stairs, yelling for him at the top of her lungs.

Meanwhile I blew out the candle, and tried to blow out the other flames too, but it didn't work—they just grew larger. My father's sock was smoking and burning in parts, so I picked it up and threw it on the cement floor, and started stepping on it. The other stuff was really smelling something awful now, and it was burning the table at the same time.

Dede must have found Thumper right away, and both of them came pounding down the stairs before I even had the fire in my father's sock completely smashed out.

"Thumper, what should we do?"

"You dumb idiot! What is this—my Acetone!"

"Should I call the fire department?" Dede kept screaming. "I know how, our teacher made us learn."

"Where's the Sodium Acetate?" Thumper demanded as he started knocking through my bottles.

"I don't know, what's that?" I started crying again 'cause everything really looked in a bad mess, and the tiny flames on the table were still going like crazy and the table top was all black.

"Thumper, where are you going?"

"Don't put any water on it," he yelled as he ran out of the room and up the stairs.

Dede was gone too, and I stood there staring at the flames and crying. I still kept stomping on my father's burnt sock even though it wasn't on fire anymore.

Next, I heard Thumper coming down the stairs from the third floor, and it sounded like he was taking them at least three at a time. He ran into the laundry room with a bottle of his chemicals in his hand. He got the bottle off as he was coming through the door, and he began sprinkling the white powdery stuff on top of the flames. Amazingly, the fire quickly died down as he did this, and in no time at all, there was nothing left burning. It still felt to high heaven, though, and as I stopped crying and moved over to the window to open it, I heard the sound of approaching sirens.

"Thumper, listen!" All the fear from before came right back in my throat. "Do you think they're for us?"

Thumper just stared at me, and then right at the same time we both yelled out, "Dede!"

"I'll go find her," I choked out, and then ran up the stairs.

The sirens were on our street, and Holy Toledo! As I looked out a window, two fire trucks pulled up in front of our house. Neighborhood kids were running like crazy down the street, and firemen were already connecting up a hose.

Dede was by the front door, white as a ghost. "I did it; I did it," she kept saying over and over.

I didn't have time to yell at her 'cause a fireman with an axe was at our front door. "Where is it?" he demanded.

I gulped, "Down the basement," and pointed in the direction of the back hallway where the stairs were.

He went flying through the house, and I was going to follow, but two more firemen came rushing through and pushed me aside.

Dede was excited now, and she ran outside to talk to all the kids. I decided to go down to the basement, but when stopped, halfway down the stairs, as I heard the firemen giving Thumper one of the worst bawling outs I'd ever heard.

"How old are you? Fourteen or fifteen? A boy your size should know better than to fool around with a chemistry set. Your little sister knows more than you—he can at least call the operator and get help when she needs it. You're lucky you didn't do any worse damage than this. Where are your parents?"

"They're . . . they're not home," Thumper barely whispered.

I had to get down there and help him. But as I entered the laundry room, all I needed was one look to know I should have stayed upstairs. Thumper's face was the saddest I'd ever seen it, and his eyes were wide and kind of watery.

"Your parents not home? Well, who's in charge here?"

We both looked at each other, and Thumper managed to get his voice working. "I'm in charge, I think."

Well, you certainly don't act in charge. Here you are, suppose to be looking out for your little sisters, and you

go and do something as crazy as this. What kind of an example are you for these young kids? I'm going to make sure your parents hear about this, believe me, I am."

The other firemen left, but that mean old looking one kept right on yelling at Thumper. Oh God, I was so scared! All I could do was just look at my poor brother, and all he could do was look right back at me.

"Well answer me, you did start the fire down here, didn't you?"

Oh, I was crying so bad now, and I couldn't stop. All I could do was bite my fingers. Any minute now, that horrible man was going to know I'd done it, and I was going to die. I knew I was.

"What's a matter? Who did start this fire if you didn't?"

Thumper cleared his throat, and I knew it was coming. "Yes, yes sir," he began as he still kept looking at me, "it was my fault, I . . . um . . . made a mistake." He swallowed hard, then went on and explained how he'd mixed the wrong chemicals, but he'd known right away how to put it out. He said something about Dede thinking she had to call the fire department, but I wasn't really listening anymore, I'd been saved.

Somehow my mother got down there in the laundry room too, and she was trying to be calm about the whole thing while she talked to the fireman. I didn't hear much of what they said, I didn't care anymore. My fingers were still in my mouth, but I'd managed to stop crying. Everyone was leaving, so I left with them.

Well, my Dad came home from work right after the trucks left. I knew we were going to get it then. Dede and I both locked ourselves in the bathroom while my Mom told him all about it, and we invited Thumper to hide in there with us, but he wouldn't talk to us.

After a while, they called all three of us down stairs, and made us tell them everything. I told the whole truth, too, 'cause I sure wasn't in any shape to try to think differently. In the end, Thumper was made some sort of hero for thinking so quickly, and knowing how to put out the fire. Dede was called, "Good Deed Dede," for telling the operator to get the fire department, and she wasn't even blamed for ruining my Dad's good sock.

There's no point in going into what they called me; it wasn't very nice. I was blamed for everything. My father locked up my chemistry set, and I never did get it back.

I remembered that Thumper still had my doll somewhere, but I was too scared to ask him for it. I guess if I'd complained to my mom, though, she would have made him give it back, but it really didn't seem that important anymore. Besides, I think I kind of liked Thumper. He still kept practicing his wrestling holds on me, and I still had to make him sandwiches at night, but heck, that really wasn't so bad after all.

— BOBO RYAN

I made up a list of the things I once feared,
Then burned it, and now they have all disappeared!

— GALE HULL



Seeing The Trees

Premeditated Rage
(The deadliest of passions)
Twisting reason into crazy, jumbled,
Upsidedownedness.
Revealing non-facts seen in shattered glass
Reflecting angered ugliness.
Converting body heat to
Words who lose
Their meaning on the page—
Who when received are clotted cold.
To kill a mockingbird—
Oh, God, to take a living form and
Drain it.
Gutless and unable to grab hold of anything
Except the sweaty, stinking fishbowl walls—
Surroundings of a junky,
Bloated,
Deadfish
World.
And then it's done.
The ebbing blood returns the life it took
And slowly, surely,
The forest reappears.

Scene 1—The door flies open and shut. A cloud runs in. Night is pouring in through the window onto a faded armchair.

C—Can I call you later?

F—it's raining out.

C—oh is it. yes. (sparkles) why are you here?

F—what are you in for?

C—life.

F—how much?

C—as much as I can stand.

F—why are you here?

C—why are you here?

F—I've been afraid of you for a long time. I remember when you used to listen to my letter from the girl whose boyfriend let her hold his pet python.

C—and that scared you?

F—no, it scared you.

C—I think you're right. And then there was the time when I felt sorry for you and envied you all at once. Because you were spirited and nervous like a high-strung horse.

F—you know better now.

C—why? you saw me self-destruct for something inside me?

F—I also saw you stand up for your heart. It's all the same thing.

C—they said I never regained consciousness.

F—they've always been that stupid.

C—it seems that we've lost each other in ourselves.

F— isn't that the whole point?

C—I wish it would really be.

Scene 2—the cloud is now sitting on the faded armchair. Night spits through the open window.

C&F in unison—Life, haven't I seen you somewhere before?

Curtain falls. Lights rise. People leave.



EPE

With a wail
Like the knife of Fontana
She split the black skin of night
Only to crumble in a heap
And weep for the lips of that wound.

— PAMOLU OLDHAM



LACKING AS MUCH VENN AS ZEN
OR
AN ODE TO RIGHT AND LEFT ANGLES

How strange it is to find
An axiom held through time
That curved lines and those straight
Measure attitudes separate
For who does not compare
The straight arrow, the square
Against the circle and the groove
Yet all are lines, *mere* lines, tis proved.



DEATH AT ALTAMONT

He stood, a tall thin shadow-figure engulfed in a beam of white light. He hung, balanced there for a moment as his shadow flickered outwards from the light and spread from the flat surface of the stage into the grey monstrous audience. As if he was trying to seek out and brush each dark face with the darker magic of his thin form, he rocked and slowly gyrated forwards towards the multi-headed monster, and backwards into the overhead brilliance of the one white light. The hush, the breathing, hardly audible sigh of a captivated audience was rising somewhere beyond in the back of the crowd and was spreading like a rush of wind until it reached forward, bathing the mountain-side assembly in common expectation. The sigh subsided the hush returned and the thin form crept softly out of the white light towards the end of the stage. Caressing the mike with long passionless fingers, he snaked his legs around the steel base, rocking it gently as if it were the slim form of a woman. The expectation, muffled beneath the hush, was breaking and a bubble of frenzy formed above the faceless heads. Now was the moment, the frenzy was rising, the foreplay was over . . .

"I am the black man"
The crowd sighed at the release of the words . . .

"I'm from the shadow land"
Heads were beginning to move forward together, pushing into the already crowded periphery of the platform . . .

"I want your mind, I want your heart"
Faces were beginning to become distinct as the white light assaulted the darkness, fragmenting the dim monster into individual entities. Yet the faces soon lost their distinctness and pushed together in common eagerness as the thin figure chanted above them, and as if from one mouth a sigh was forming, lifting from below, deep within the tomachs of the crowd.

"I've come from the depths,
I've come from the shadows, from the inner most world
I have come, come for, you"
"Yes" the sigh issued forth from the heads, a sigh of consent, of adoration; a submission of self was in the sigh, and the thin dark form breathed it in, drank in the given power of the monster-crowd.

"I've come for you, and you will follow,

will follow, yes, you will follow me"

"Yes" signed the slowly rotating grey, faceless monster, and from its nose a sweet smoke curled up darkening and clouding the flashing eyes.

"I'm no woman's son, no child's father,

I was born from the shadows, released from the vapors
And I've come, for, you"

"Yes" and the dark mass with the now clouding, drooping eyes rose and fell, breathing in the sweet smoke of its nostrils. But beyond, in the darkest outskirts of the crowd, like a tail curling, a silent group broke away from the swaying mass and walked towards the side of the platform. With a force of their own, a force somehow in contrast to the gyrating, grey mass and the thin performer, the tail made its way through the heads and through the sweet musty fog and stood at the edge of the wooden platform. They stood very still, aloof from the spastic, hypnotized monster-body and watched the shadow figure as it flickered in the white pencil beam of light.

"I am the black man"

I'm from the shadow land"

And the thin form turned and slid towards the side of the stage as if he felt the detached force of the group that was staring so silently at him. His small deep eyes embedded in hair gleamed at them challengingly and he grinned at their silence.

"I want your mind . . .

I want your heart"

Drums rumbled from somewhere behind the white light, and the monster crowd, as if kicked by the vibrations, began to stretch restlessly . . .

"I've come from the depths,

I've come from the shadows"

And the shadow was now bending over the silent staring tail, bending with hips forward and boots backward and hair falling, reaching downward away from the eyes which glistened upwards at the pale, velvet night sky.

"I've come from the depths, I've come from the shadows,
from the inner most world, I have come"

And the hips began pulling backwards and pushing forwards and the hair began waving in pointed knots, but the eyes remained motionless staring, glaring at the sky.

"I was born from the shadows"
And the gasp bubbled and broke in a soft road, a roar of acceptance, a roar of admiration, a roar of desire, and the monster crowd stretched and stamped together. Together except for the small group at the platform's side which balanced motionlessly, staring into the dark jeering eyes of the shadow man. And then, as if some message had been transmitted from those flashing eyes and the thin, snake-like form, the group began to turn away from the stage and, like a tail disembodied from the monster body, it began to move toward the grey crowd.

"I am the black man
I'm from the shadow land"
"Yes" sighed the crowd "yes, yes"

And the thin shadow figure rose in height, becoming more indistinct against the white light, but the eyes still flashed and the teeth glistened in the rays of the bright light. Yet something else now glinted and reflected the radiance of the light, something flashed from the edge of the crowd, like a raindrop of brilliance in the grey mass. The now moving tail was again curling, this time away from the stage, and darts of light fell from the exposed teeth, the tail was smiling. The light, as if tired of its concentration on the shadow-man, played on the teeth and on the moist eyes of the small group; flashes of brilliance lit their faces and dropped to shine off of the long, hard teeth of steel that they held in their hands. The monster crowd, rocking and hissing smoke, saw the dance of light on the steel and the multitude of heads pulled together in recoil.

"I want your mind . . ." breathed the shadow man
I want your heart"

"No, no" shrieked the monster, and its body fragmented into motion.

"Yes" sighed the tail, now formed into a V-shape of darkness.

"I've come from the depths,
I've come from the shadows, from the inner most world,
I have come, come . . ."

"No" shrieked the crowd and it shattered into pieces of fear.

"I have come for you"

"Yes" sighed the monster-crowd rising now, called by the echoing rumble of the drums. It rose and fell in united ecstasy, watching the twitching form on the stage; but the small group, the tail, remained motionless, gaping at the glistening teeth of the thin shadow which now had straightened and was standing above the writhing crowd.

"I'm in union
I'm in communion
I'm in union"

The monster reached out its many hands, trying to physically grasp the union, and the smoke curled slowly upwards from its nostrils into the velvet night.

"I'm in union"
"Yes" it murmured
"I'm in communion"
"Yes" it gasped
"I'm in union"

I'm in communion
with,
you"

"Yes, yes" and the monster's hands moved forward, grasping, clutching, trying to capture the thin shadow and to pluck it from its white light and digest it within the dark folds of its monster stomachs.

"I'm the shadow man"
I'm no woman's son
No child's father

"Yes" sighed the rapidly curling tail.
"come for you" and the thin wire-like form hung backwards, awaiting the hush of approval, and instead heard the broken bubble of fear.

"No" screamed the limp-haired straightened shadow, now diminished in the strong white light.

"No" screamed the broken monster, and one of its many heads stared up in horror at the glinting, sparkling steel poised above it.

"Yes, yes" sighed the gleaming eyes behind the steel.

And the dark, smoky night air was ripped by a scream and the velvet, night earth was stained by a small stream of oozing, red blood.

— ANITA CLARENDON

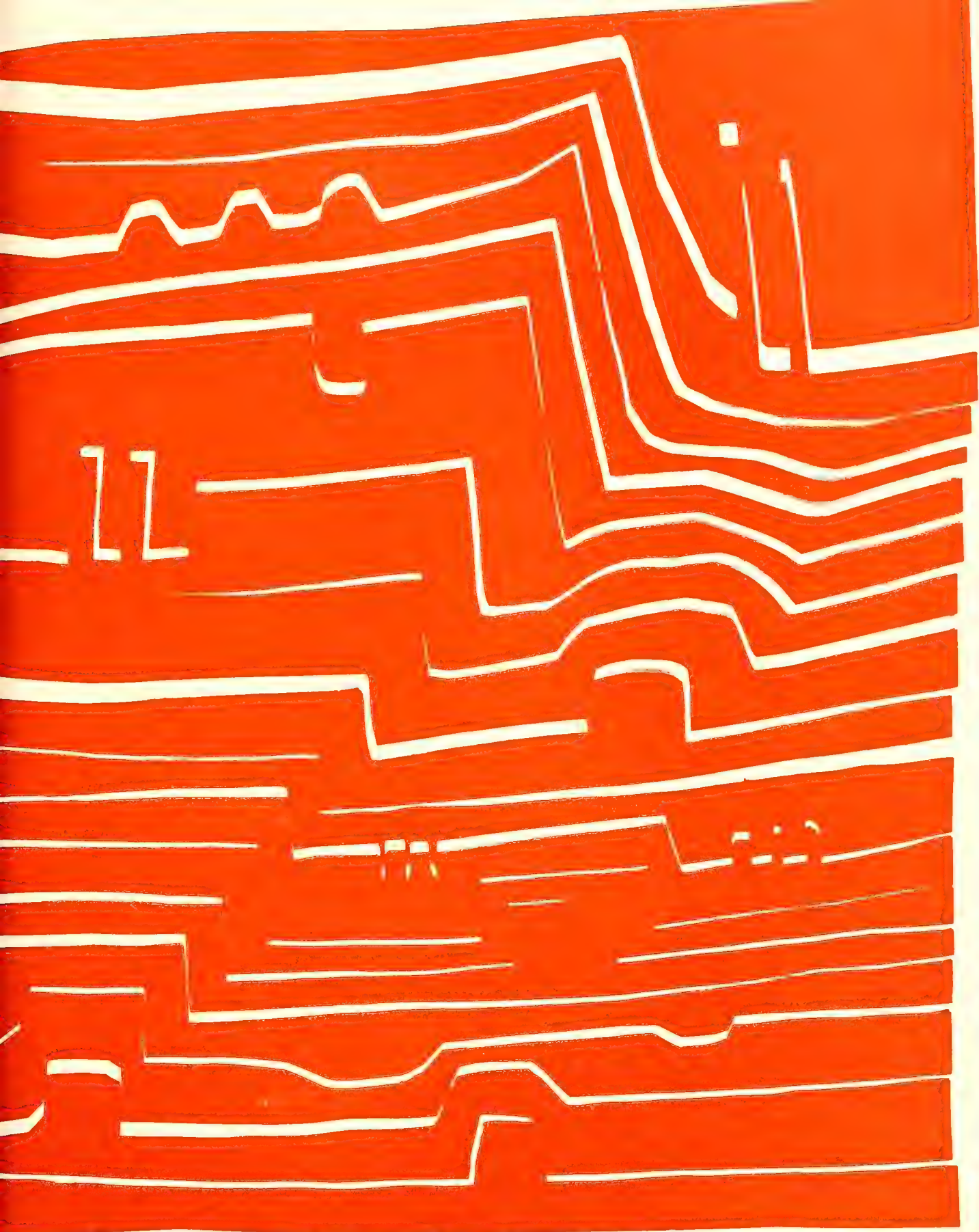
I ran today away
But I came back after having seen the distance.

— ANNE WIGLESWORTH



Through the wire fence, higher than my arms reached up,
I saw mongoloids jumping into the perfect blue water
 of the city pool.
They plopped in like belly-busting frogs,
Shrieking and awkward.
Thrashing legs and arms brought them to air.
Their flat, thick heads with hair slick to the skin
 glistened in the afternoon sun.

— PAMOLU OLDHAM



Lament For Dr. Faustus

Faustus wanted all the answers.
Mephistophilis compiled.
He Taught him all there was to know
Almost before the blood had dried.

Just as pelting rains will flood
The friendly seeming summer stream
The thrilling things that Faustus learned
Turned life into a flooded dream.

As his overflowing mind subsided,
There was no water to be found.
The many things which Faustus learned
Had gone with him beneath the ground.

The honest quest for truth and knowledge
Had only led to foolish pride,
He was no longer ignorant
But what was left for him to buy?

The rain was gone which fed the stream,
The sky was void of any storm—
No wind to keep his mind in motion,
No fire to keep his spirit warm.

If brain and soul are one together
Seeking solace from the skies,
Then lightening can't be the thunder's answer
Or heaven's meaning surely dies.

A Riddle for Gollum

(in T. R. R. Tolkein's
The Hobbit)

It looks like a whirlpool
yet it does not whirl,
It breathes
yet it has no breath,
It is always with you
and without it you could never be.
What is it?

Belly Button



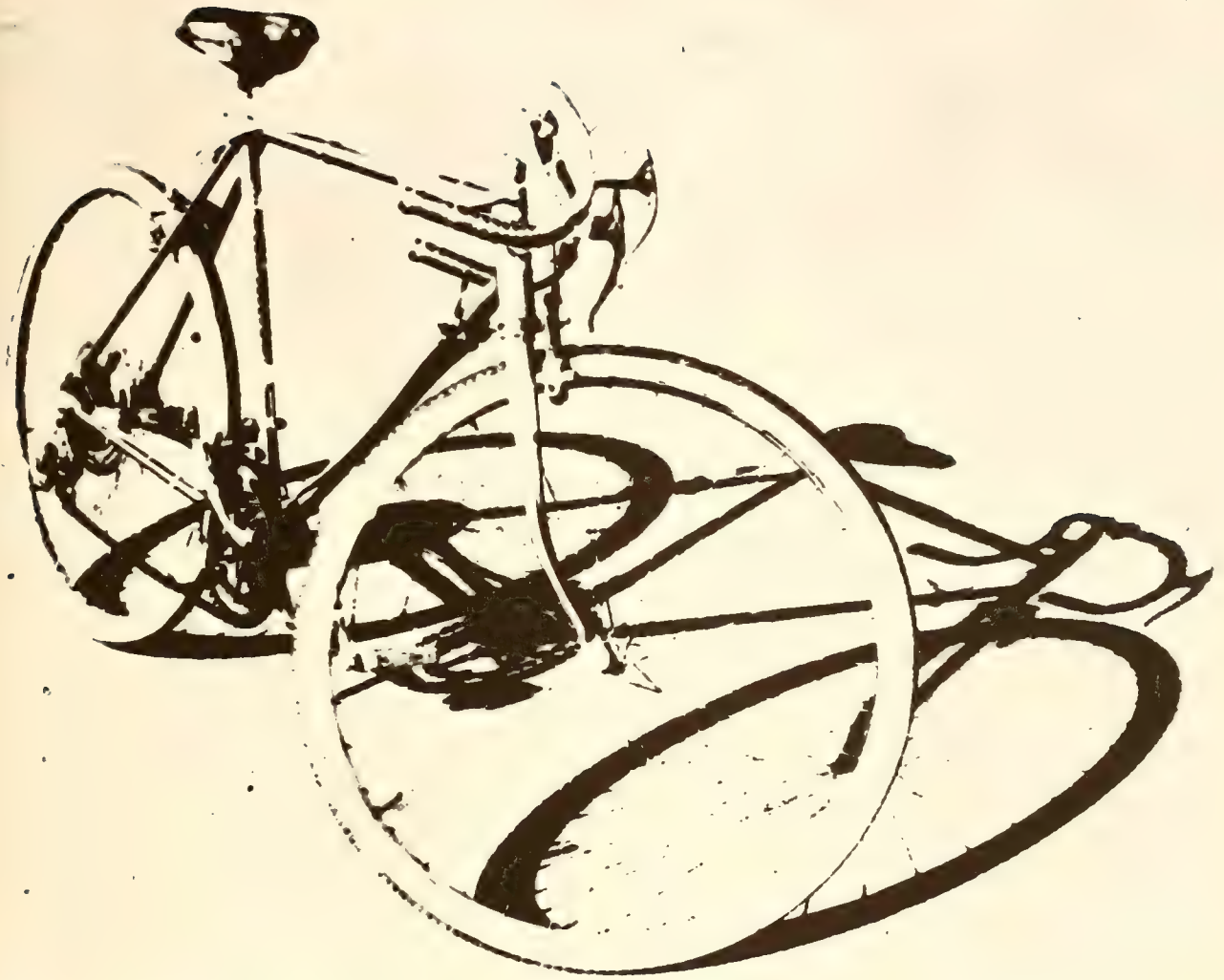
God drooled
Sticky, sweet rain.

— PAMOLU OLDHAM



For the old woman I saw outside the gates

For you the shelter of the cave or plank walls
is denied
outcast of this desolate space where wolves
roam at night and the debris heaps
smoke in the day
Nothing but bare stone and dust and
smouldering dumps
thrown away — scrapped — rotted down
searching through the rubbish to find something
marketable



A Complete Transaction

Hurry World,
complete your transacting.
Give the babe his milk,
the begger his bread,
the corn the sunshine,
and the bird its worm.

You have done all this before,
World,
before I ever was.
And I am waiting
for you to do again
all this that is routine.

And then when you are done,
World,
look at me and transact
words I've never dared to speak,
thoughts it always hurts to think.
Make it so routine
that I'll not be afraid
ever again.

I'll not be young
nor unenlightened;
I shall be before I ever was.
For you will resurrect me
from routine,
from tomorrow.

I shall know your secrets,
World,
and I shall be free.



As I ran away,
mostly for attention,
from the tennis courts
to the playground,
I almost chickened out
because a car of loud
someones who might have been
male stopped right near me;
that was why I stopped at the baby swings
instead of going on down to the big swings
where I had wanted to.
And also, the big swings were Taken
by I don't know who and didn't know then
so I was crowded into a cage that was a swing
and I swang
with excitement
wondering just who would get out of the car
that had pulled up right in front of me.
Two couples: fat buxom girls in banlon shells,
Tarzanic boys quick to make nasal joke
to make their women laugh,
to win favor.
All of a sudden there was the Big Dipper
I looked up. For a long time and let my hair
blow back in my face. Something smelled like garbage.
Courage had increased itself to me;
I decided it was time to move to the Higher Swings.
To blow and blow and blow and damply:
Hair in my face. It smelled like garbage here, too.
Sleeveless and chilly and burning and cool inside.
Again the Big Dipper for a long time,
Recalling to mind how much the Park
had always been attached to my growing-up
had always been attached to my Growing-Up
I smiled and felt brisk.
like playing after a snowstorm.
The two pairs of paired people
Danced and giggled between the night and the swings and
me.
I didn't mind. I was glad.
one pair had a radio chocked full of country-music.
I didn't mind. I was glad.
The knights still made jokes to their damsels fair.
The ladies laughed demurely and generously
and lit their own cigarettes.

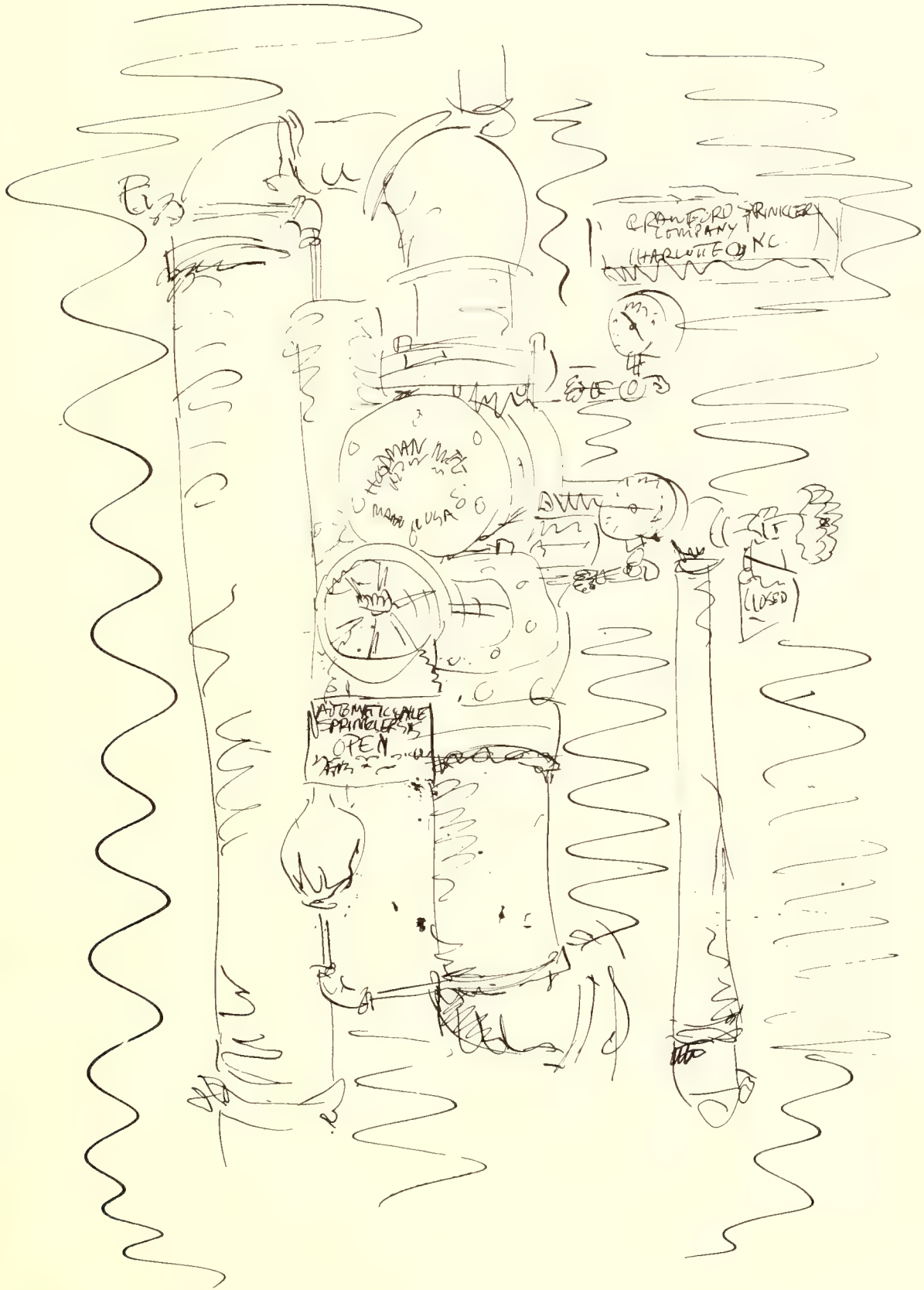
He came running running in the path of a busy ant
 who is looking for food.
 Maybe from the tennis courts.
 Being something besides human,
 he caught me by the heart and woke me up
 at the precise first instant that he caught my eyes.
 About five-years-old and full
 and full of what you want to call by name
 but you can't for the remorse that
 gets stuck in your throat.
 He was alone. Like me.
 He was running. Like me.
 He ran except that he flew.
 He really danced. And frolicked so light
 and so fast that only with
 Great Difficulty
 did I manage to keep so fanatical an eye on him.
 And for all this he was immortal,
 not of earth.
 He ran in front of behind me:
 I called to him;
 the wind didn't answer.
 Neither did he.
 I thought 'I'm crazy or must be because he isn't for real.'
 I was glad. If ever I was going to be crazy,
 the night was good.
 It was a good night.
 I looked back.
 He was on the merry-go-round
 He wasn't alone. Another kid had run to him.
 No other kid ran to me.
 They played as he lesser than gallantly
 fell from his own private heaven
 to Good Old Earth
 with the rest of us. the rest of us.
 No never mind. They were coming after all,
 I would rather have stayed in my swing.
 Maybe.
 I mean Sometimes I just kind of want
 to be something different in the hearts
 of the people whose hearts I'm in, am I?
 Maybe for a day I'll try.
 Am I ever in your dreams except
 the Wet ones?

— NANCY CRUMPLER

ON LAUGHING OUT LOUD IN CLASS

A teasing tickle ruffles up my fear
And like the serpent coaxing Eve to sin
It slyly sneaks into a silly grin
Exploding as it hits the atmosphere.

— GALE HULL



I knew all about guppies. You know,
when they were pregnant I could tell.

— BARBARA SMITH

Editor: Pamolu Oldham
Business Manager: Barbara Tessin
Circulation Manager: Edna Osmanski

POETRY

Tracy James
Susan Sellers
Trish Neale
Libby Wann
Gina Mancusi
Edna Osmanski
Charlotte Lykes
Karin Lawson
Jacque Penny

PROSE

Mary Bell
Barbara Tessin
Virginia Shaw
Roberta Culbertson
Debbie Bogdan

ART

Bruce Barrett
Jenni Matheson
Kathy Garcia
Anne Wiglesworth

PHOTOGRAPHY

Susan Jensen
Linda Modica
Peggy Bender
Champe Smith
Anne Wiglesworth



THE BRAMBLER

THE BRAMBLER

WINTER - 1971

Table of Contents

ART

Cover	<i>Bruce Barrett 72</i>
-------------	-------------------------

PHOTOGRAPHY

10	<i>Elinor Plowden 74</i>
15	<i>Mary Phillips 72</i>
21	<i>Elinor Plowden 74</i>
27	<i>Mary Phillips 72</i>
33	<i>Elinor Plowden 74</i>

POETRY

5 Hands	<i>Trish Neale 72</i>
6 Untitled	<i>Lianne Johnson 74</i>
7 Because	<i>Cynde Manning 75</i>
11 Limmerick	<i>Roberta Culbertson 73</i>
12 Walter	<i>Bart Whiteman 72</i>
13 Puck To Liberate	<i>Trish Neale 72</i>
14 A Gift From Their Mothers	<i>Libby Wann 72</i>
16 Gross	<i>Kitty Adams 72</i>
22 An Abstract Inspiration: Free Verse	<i>Trish Neale 72</i>
23 Untitled	<i>Karin Lawson 74</i>
24 dudeduh Forever (and a short while back)	<i>Nancy Crumpler 74</i>
25 Untitled	<i>Pat Reese 73</i>
26 Untitled	<i>Libby Wann 72</i>
30 Quiet And Still	<i>Dina Willis 73</i>
31 Untitled	<i>Marcia Thomas 75</i>
32 Limmerick	<i>Roberta Culbertson 73</i>
34 Untitled	<i>Helen Gray Thomas 75</i>
35 On The Rhapsody for the Hundred-millionth Time	<i>Nancy Crumpler 74</i>

PROSE

8 The Raccoon	<i>Bobo Ryan 72</i>
17 On The First Day Of Christmas	<i>Bobo Ryan 72</i>
28 Nenie And Bub	<i>Kitty Adams 72</i>

Hands

Day breaks;
another fall morning
blown cool by autumn air
and leaves crisp with deep color.
So familiar as to be expected,
dependable year upon year.

Afternoon;
tracing lines in our palms,
lines not deep, yet deepening.
Carved so carefully—
like hair-pin scratching in dust,
they stop thinly after
delicate, shaky curves,
then firmly are directed.

Evening;
underneath the greasespaint
and smeared lines of color
are faces— confused collage
splashes of yellow, red and deep orange.
Hands join
clapping palms
slapping palms
faces tracing time.
Firm are the resemblances,
remembrances
of color.

This night
the dust begins to settle.
This criss-crossing in palms-
crossed life-lines;
mysteries of what we are,
threaded memories of why.

Day ends,
and so falls night.
So familiar as to be expected,
dependable year upon year.
Poignant in its tragi-comic youth;
blow cool by autumn air
and leaves dampen with the darkness.

Trish Neale

i was going to write an epic poem about the sparkle in your eyes
or a hundred sonnets that were so beautiful
they would make elizabeth barrett browning's *Sonnets From
The Portuguese* sound like mother goose.
but i'm not.

oh, don't get me wrong.
i love you more at this very moment than i ever have.
i just can't understand what went wrong between us.
you see
there is no longer a me
 (and i didn't know until it was too late.)
i'm entirely you.

do you dislike yourself so much that you hate me because of it?

Lianne Johnson

Because

Why are we here?
When we could be there,
or nowhere,
Anywhere better than here.

Why are we?
When we could be they,
or those,
Anyone better than we.

Why are?
When are could be were,
or is,
Anything better than are.

Why?
When why could be how,
or what,
Anything better than why.

The child answers because.

The Raccoon

It was a typical Michigan evening, very lonely and quiet. The sun had set hours ago, and the cool breeze coming off the lake offered a gentle relief from the heat of the day. It was still early in the summer—only mid-June—and the dirt road which I was driving on had not yet been evened out or pressed for the new season. I had come up to the cottage early this year, with a few of my friends, to have a late graduation party, and also to open it up for the rest of the family who were arriving in just a few days.

There were four of us in the car that night, and we were returning from town where we had gone to eat dinner and to see an early movie. We'd been up here for two days, and the gas company still hadn't been out yet to connect up our stove and furnace. The other girls were discussing this, and also the probability of facing another night, as cold and as damp as the last two, without any heat.

"Judy, I thought you said they were coming out today to hook up the gas tanks."

"When I called them yesterday," I explained, "they said they'd be out here the next day. I'll give them another call tomorrow, even though I hate to keep going over to the caretakers to use their phone. You know it's bad enough that Dad asked them to look in on us every day, and I feel just that much more of an imposition everytime I have to ask them for another favor. Besides, I think it will probably be warmer tonight, since it really isn't very cold right now."

"Well, I'll be thankful when we can use the stove. This cereal and sandwich diet is getting a little monotonous, to say the least."

"Oh come on now," Lynn, my closest friend began, "you guys can't expect all the comforts of home. I think it's been kind of fun roughing it like this, and building fires in those huge fire places. And I love the smell of pine through the whole house. At least we have an electric frying pan, and a refrigerator."

"Yeah, at least the electricity is working," another one half-heartedly volunteered.

I was probably thinking about what to do with ungracious guests when I heard a small thud on the right hand side of the car.

"Uh oh," I muttered as I slowed down and stopped

the car. "I think I've just hit something."

"Oh God, let's hope it wasn't a skunk!"

"Why are you stopping, are you actually going to go back and see what it was?" someone else from the back asked.

"Yeah, I'd better, but it will just take me a minute." I opened the car door and got out. It was the first time I had ever hit anything, and I didn't really know what to do about it.

As I walked back down the road a few yards, I quickly saw the dead animal. I stopped for a second, and then slowly continued toward it. After a few more yards, I stopped again. It was a raccoon. I remained standing there for a couple of minutes, staring at it on the road. It was only a small raccoon, fortunately not a skunk, or thank God, a deer. I told myself to tell the caretaker about it in the morning, so he could remove it. But then, as I turned to go back to the car, I heard the animal move.

It was just a slight sound, like gravel being scraped, and I knew right away that it came from the road, and not the woods. As I turned around again and waited, nothing else happened. It was too dark to see from where I was standing if he was breathing, so I proceeded to walk closer. When I was just a few feet away, the raccoon moved again, this time frantically, as he became aware of my presence. I slowly stepped back quite a distance so he wouldn't be afraid, and after a few seconds, he stopped trying to move. He was actually breathing quite hard, and now he was even making little gasping noises.

Just then, someone honked the horn. "Come on, Judy! Let's get back and play some bridge."

As I hurried back to the car and started off again, Lynn asked, "What was the problem back there? What did you hit, a dog or something?"

"No, it was just a raccoon, but Lynn, it wasn't dead yet."

"Not dead?"

"No, thanks to this bad road. I guess I was going slowly enough so that the impact didn't kill him right away."

"Well, was he bleeding alot?" someone from the back asked.

"I hope the poor thing isn't suffering."

"I didn't notice any blood," I replied evenly.

"Maybe he's just stunned, and will be alright after a while," Lynn continued.

"Yeah, maybe."

They began talking about northern Michigan again, with its hick towns, cold lakes, and cold nights, and a few minutes later we pulled up to the back of the cottage. As everyone got out of the car, I slowly began, "Look you guys, you all go inside and start a fire, and get the cards set up, and I'll be back in a few minutes. I just want to run back down the road, but I'll be right back."

"Oh Judy, come on now. There's nothing you can do about it. Don't get so upset over the thing."

"I'm not upset in the least! Raccoons are a dime a dozen up here, and people end up hitting them all the time during the summer. I just want to see if he's dead yet, or if he's gone."

"Do you want me to go with you?" Lynn asked.

"No, that's okay, I'll probably only be a minute or so."

"Oh alright," someone else began, but don't take all night, okay? You know we can't play bridge until you get back."

"Well I wanted to wash my hair first anyway," Lynn continued, "so let's get out of the car and let Judy go and see her little friend of the woods."

Everyone was laughing and trying to tease me then, as I pulled out of the drive and headed back down the road. When I reached the area where we had left the raccoon, I pulled over to the right, and stopped the car a few feet behind him on the opposite side. I turned the lights off, and then got out and walked over toward the animal.

Once again, when I got fairly close to him, he tried to move away. This time, the attempt was a much weaker one, and seemed more strenuous than before. As I quickly stepped back, he settled down. I noticed that he was still breathing heavily, and his whole body was shaking. After a few minutes, I stooped down, and tried, once again, to slowly get up next to him. The light from the moon reflected the fear in his widely opened eyes as he watched my every move. It didn't work, though. I could only get within three feet of him before he started moving around again. I got up, then turned and walked to the car.

I stood there, leaning against the hood, and watching the raccoon on the other side of the road. He was definitely dying, and there was nothing I was able to do for him.

He didn't want my help, I was sure of that, and I was also sure that he wanted me to leave. But I couldn't do that for him, I had to stay. And so, I sat there on the hood of the car, about fifteen feet away, and watched the raccoon die. At first, he knew I hadn't left, but after a while, he forgot about me. I didn't disturb him anymore, and I never left my place on the car. It didn't matter, though; the night was clear, and I was able to see him quite well, and sometimes even hear him. No other animals came around, nor did any even seem to be in the area watching him. I was the only one aware of his presence, and I was glad I had decided to stay.

It was very quiet while I was there. The lake was across from me—I supposed the raccoon had just been down there before he was hit—and the calm lapping of the waves upon the shore softened the rustling sounds from the woods. No other cars came by, as they would have if it had been a few weeks later. There were no boats moored on the water, nor even any lights from the cottages around the point. The crickets were keeping a steady rhythm in the woods to my left, and occasional chipmunk or two could be heard racing through the underbrush. But we were all alone, the raccoon and I, and the two of us waited together.

It wasn't long, though, waiting, and when he died, I was aware of it almost an instant before he even stopped breathing. It wasn't too painful of a death; his breathing gradually slowed down, and so did his gasping, until finally there wasn't anything at all. I stared at him for about a minute or two before sliding off the hood and walking across the road. I didn't go right up next to him, but rather stayed about three feet away—the same boundaries as before. I looked at him for quite a while; he was a small raccoon, lying on his stomach with his head to the side, and he was neither good looking, nor ugly. His fur was nice, and kind of shiny, but his tail wasn't as bushy or as full as it could have been. There didn't seem to be any marks showing where he had been hit, and there wasn't any blood either. Just as I was turning to leave, however, I noticed that his eyes were closed, and the lashes were quite long and beautiful.

It was late when I returned to the cottage, but we still played bridge anyway. The next day, when I went to call the gas company again, I told the caretakers about the dead raccoon on the road.



There was a young man of Beirut,
Who sought to buy a new suit.
Yet the sleeves were too tight,
The coat it took flight,
And the dish ran away with the
Spoon.

Roberta Culbertson

Walter

Are you picking on my little brother again?
Watch out or I'll sit on you
And jump on your stomach
And hit you over the head with my hockey stick
And smack your sister across the nose with my baseball bat
And then convince her to believe in Jesus
And throw rocks at your house
And throw my football at your back
And toss you in the pricker bush
And get Dennis McDonald to come over with his brothers
 and beat the snot out of you
And step on your dog
And shoot my air gun in your ear
And stuff snow boulders down your neck
And tell people you're a weenie
And leave divots in your yard
And break some spokes on your bicycle
And eat all the Oreos in your cookie jar
And not play "horses" or "around the world" with you ever again
And tackle you a little harder than usual
And intercept all your passes
And strike you out on three pitches
And tell my mother
And yell at you a lot
And Love you

You've crippled me for life, you sonofabitch

Puck to liberate

from a Midsummer's Night Dream

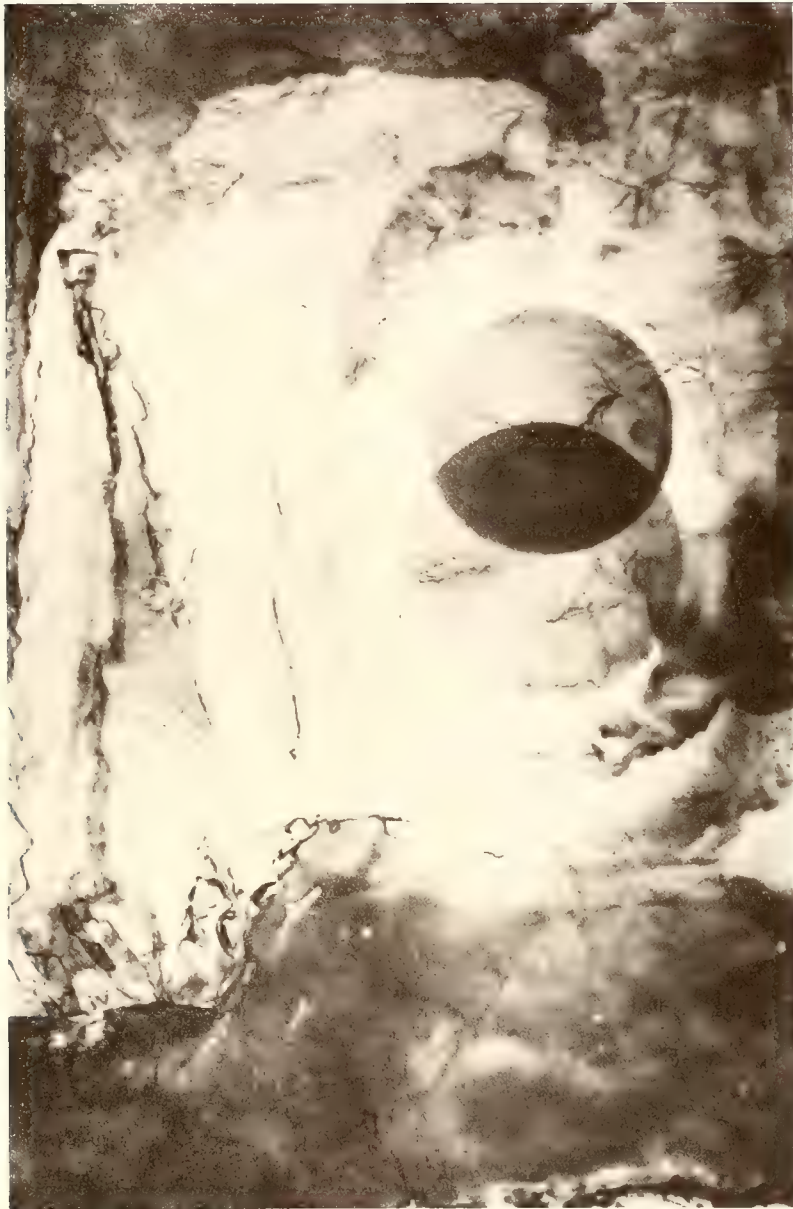
If we tired of love have come
We weep but once, and ponder some
New face and gentle smile.
And women, while we tender our adieu,
find it futile to be more or less than shrew.
And playing games, we find the nimble Puck
Who will not calculate his luck
But makes amends 'ere long.
He ends our fickle, pining song
With endless lovers, handsomely attired
And we, actresses will be, and newly hired,
and with new hearts we would uncover
Bright things, new things, and another
gent' to glorify our womanhood's illusion.
Sly Puck, quick genius, needs bring it to confusion.
So like a Goodfellow, Puck, get you here
To teach our girlish hearts some manly fear
And if you give us hands to make amends
Shake us less poor lovers, and meet us more good friends.

Trish Neale

A Gift From Their Mothers

How crucially alive they slip themselves on
early in their draft mornings
like fish or sheep or worms and angels
or red clay baked still on the road
which rises to meet them.

Libby Wann



Gross

A row of
Change Candy Cold Drinks Chips Ice Cream
Milk Hot Food Oven Buffet Cold Drinks Buffet
netted \$50,000.
Gross.

Kitty Adams

On The First Day Of Christmas

I awakened slowly; the room was still dark and also quiet, except suddenly the dog sat up on the foot of my bed and started growling.

"Pixie, what is it?"

She ignored me, and continued to growl and stare at the door, I looked at the clock; six A.M.

"Pixie, shut up. Nobody's out there."

She wouldn't obey, but instead jumped off the bed and stood by the door, growling louder than before.

"Oh, for Christ's sake!" I got out of bed and headed for the door. When I opened it, Pixie quickly left the room and headed for the stairs.

"Pixie, come back here," I whispered loudly.

She stood at the top of the stairs growling for a few seconds, and then decided to go down.

"Pixie!" I slowly felt my way through the dark hallway, and stood listening at the top of the stairs. The whole house was deadly quiet, and I could even hear the faint hum of the furnace in the basement. Pixie was at the foot of the stairs, no longer growling, but whining instead.

"I'm coming, you damn dog. You would pick six in the morning to decide you have to go outside."

I hugged the wall, hoping the stairs wouldn't creak and wake up the rest of the house. When I reached the bottom, Pixie started jumping around and playing with my feet.

"Cut it out! Now, come on." We walked through the hall and into the dining room, and then I stopped suddenly.

There was a thin line of light showing from the cracks

around the pantry door.

Pixie walked over toward it and started sniffing and whining. I followed, and as I opened the door, I was blinded by the bright lights that met us.

"Hi," a voice said.

"David?" There was my little brother sitting on the floor, folding and stuffing the morning papers which he was getting ready to deliver.

Pixie trotted over to him, and started walking through his papers trying to play with him.

"Get her out of here," he yelled.

"Pixie, come here," I snarled, "and shut up, David, you'll wake up everyone."

She followed me into the kitchen, and I opened the back door to let her out.

"Oh, God, is it cold! Hurry up, get out there!" I slammed the door, and the chilling wind stopped blowing into the room.

"Look, David, it's snowing out there!" The linoleum was cold under my bare feet, so I was sort of hopping around the kitchen while looking out the windows.

"I know it's snowing. Don't you think I know how cold it is? I had to go out to the curb and get these damn papers."

"David, don't swear. Listen, you let Pixie in, okay? I'm going back to bed."

"You let her in yourself. She never comes when I call, and I'm not going to go out and chase her."

I was sitting on the radiator now, trying anything to get warm, and also trying not to wake up too much. The

glare from the lights still hurt my eyes, so I squinted at the floor.

"Oh, come on, David. I'm too cold to wait down here for her. Just leave her outside then 'till you get ready to go, and she'll follow you around while you deliver the papers."

"You're crazy! Do you think I'm going to walk around outside in this weather? Heck, I'm going to wake up Dad to drive me as soon as I finish stuffing these."

"What? Dad's going to kill you if you wake him at this hour."

"No, he won't, he always drives me when the weather's really bad."

"You mean you'd make your poor old father get up at six in the morning just so you wouldn't have to go out in the cold? David, that's terrible!"

"Oh, he doesn't mind."

"David, he does too! God, how can you be so thoughtless. If I had a paper route, I'd do it myself, no matter what the weather was like."

"Yeah? Well, look out the window again, and see if you'd like to do it today. Besides, I don't wake him up every Saturday."

The window had frost on it, and outside it looked like it had been snowing most of the night. "Oh, look," I tried to say cheerfully, which was hard to do at that hour, "there's just a little snow outside, and the wind's died down now. If you wear a sweater under your jacket, you'll be warm enough. Don't wake up Dad, David. Honestly, I'm beginning to worry about him, he's really beginning to get old looking."

"He is not. Besides, he likes to do it. It reminds him of when he was a boy and had his own paper route."

"Okay, David, do what you want, you selfish brat." I went to the back door, opened it and called Pixie. The wind was blowing right through me, and I thought my lungs would freeze before that stupid dog finally came in.

She was all snowy and wet, and I had to pick her up and carry her so she wouldn't track up the floor, or get into David's papers again.

"You're suppose to dry her off," he said as we passed.

"She can dry off on the rug."

When I got back to my room, I dropped Pixie on the floor and ran to the bed, hoping the covers would still be warm. "Ah," I snuggled down under the blankets and closed my eyes, all ready to continue my beautiful sleep, which had been so rudely interrupted.

It didn't work though, as I knew it wouldn't. Even though my body cried out to go back to sleep, my head kept thinking, and hearing the wind outside. It was too late, my brain wouldn't give up, and I knew what I had

to do.

"God damn it!" I cursed as I got out of bed a few minutes later and hit the light switch.

Pixie jumped up, and walked over to me as I rummaged through my drawers looking for a warm sweater and a heavy pair of socks.

"It's all your fault, you damn dog."

I grabbed a pair of jeans and threw on a sweater over my nightgown. An old pair of skating socks were somewhere in my drawer, and after finding them, I put them on and carried my boots as Pixie and I softly crept down the stairs again.

David looked up as I came into the pantry. "Where are you going?" he asked slowly.

"Where am I going? Where do you think I'm going at this time of night? I'm driving you around, you jerk. What else is there for me to do on the first day of my Christmas vacation? I only got to bed last night at 1:30, but oh, God, don't remind me."

"What's that you've got on?" He kept staring at the argyle socks and the nightgown hanging down below the sweater.

"My ballet tutu, what do you think it is?"

"You're real funny, real funny."

"Yeah, well so are you, but this is no time for jokes. Now, where does Mom keep all the old jackets? And where are some extra gloves and a scarf?"

"Down the basement."

"Well, hurry up, We're not going to take all day doing this."

In a few minutes we were both in the car with the papers on the back seat, and Pixie jumping around between us in the front. The radio blared on as I started the engine, and while David was pushing the buttons to find a good station, I quickly turned the knob to "off."

"Why'd you do that?"

"Because, now don't talk—it's too early."

"David, how many do we have to deliver?"

"Seventy."

"Oh, God."

We turned the corner onto the first street, and I pulled up one of the driveways. "Now, hurry up, okay?"

"Alright, I'm hurrying. God, you sure are crabby."

He got out of the car and ran through the snow and threw a paper onto the door mats of the houses on either side of the drive.

"David," I began patiently when he got back to the car, "you'd better put them inside the screen doors so they don't get all wet. You're not going to get very good Christmas bonuses if you're not careful."

"I was going to, but you kept yelling at me to hurry!"

He angrily slammed the door and went back and stuck the papers inside the doors.

We continued down the street and then reversed to start the houses on the other side.

"We've only done ten, haven't we?" I asked.

"I'm hurrying as fast as I can."

I looked at him; all his clothes were wet and his face was a bright pink. "Okay, listen," I began as I slowly drove the car halfway down the street and put it in 'park,' "you take the last five houses, and I'll take the first five. Here, give me your hat, and you use your hood."

"Okay, thanks!"

We both grabbed five papers and started running through the snow drifts. Pixie followed me and started barking. I didn't even bother to tell her to shut up.

The wind was blowing snow into our faces, and by the fifth house, I could already smell the wet wool from the scarf I had wrapped around my neck and chin.

We both got back to the car at about the same time. David was wiping his nose on his glove as he leaned over the seat to grab some more papers.

I turned the car onto the next block, and parked it in the middle of the street. "This time, I'll take the left hand side, and you take all the houses on the right," I told him.

"Good idea, and we can have a race to see who gets done first!"

"Right."

He gave me some papers, and we both opened our doors and began running in opposite directions. I tripped over the curb, right away, and fell flat on the ground. The snow was burning my face and neck while I picked up all the papers, and I was too cold to even swear about it as I tried to brush it off with a wet glove.

David was back at the car, waiting for me, and he was laughing as I opened the door and fell in. "You're not too quick, are you? And if you could only see how funny you look, wearing that old jacket of Dad's, with your nightgown hanging down, and my ski hat." I wonder if anyone's seen you?"

"Well, if anyone is up at this ungodly hour, they deserve a better show than this. Say, you don't happen to have an extra pair of gloves, do you? These are all wet, besides being too small."

"No, these are the only ones I've got, and they're all wet too."

"What about kleenex?"

"No."

"Me neither."

We stayed in the car for a few minutes, trying to warm up and dreading the thought of going back out in that awful snow.

"You know, this is fun, your helping me," David told me as we held our hands in front of the heater. "This weather reminds me of this movie I saw," he continued, "where there were these two secret agents who had to deliver some top secret information somewhere in Switzerland. Anyway, they had to run through all this snow and everything to get to this little brick house where someone was waiting for them. Then, when they finally got there, the guy was dead, murdered, and they didn't know what to do with the secret papers they had with them. It was really a good flick, and the weather was exactly like it is today."

"Um, I bet it was. Do you make Dad get up often and do this?"

"Only twice this whole winter, that's all. But look, I couldn't even pull the sled through this snow today, it's so deep, so what else was I suppose to do if you hadn't come along?"

"I don't know, but I don't think I'm going to make a habit out of this while I'm home."

"Don't worry, the snow will be all packed down by tomorrow."

"Come on," I finally said, "let's finish up here and move on to the next block."

Pixie was still following me around from yard to yard, and seeing all her early morning enthusiasm and energy was really making me sick, so I tried to ignore her as much as possible. I stuck my last paper inside a door, and started running back to the car. Pixie passed me on the way, and went to chase David, who was also running back for a fresh supply. He really looked like he was beginning to have fun, especially when Pixie started chasing him. "He's probably running from an enemy agent, someone shooting at him, with a silencer on his gun, no less. God, to be young again," I thought to myself.

Finally we were on the last street, our own. I heard David yelling at me, but he was too far away to understand.

"What?" I yelled back.

I still couldn't hear him the second time, so I just waved, and gave up trying to find out what he wanted.

When I got back to the car, he was laughing at me once again.

"Guess what," he tried to stop laughing but couldn't "You just delivered a paper to our own house!"

"What? Oh no! I did!" I even started laughing then, too. "Oh God, David, my brain has finally frozen."

"Well, it's a good thing we only have a few more houses left."

Soon after that, we pulled up our driveway, and by that time, even Pixie was glad to see we were home.

Coming up the basement steps, we heard someone in the kitchen.

"Dad! What are you doing up?"

"I have to leave for the airport in a few minutes to pick up your sister. You knew she was coming in today."

"Oh, yeah, I forgot. Well, I took David around and helped him deliver his papers just so you could sleep late, but now I guess it didn't do much good, did it?"

"Well, thanks for thinking of your poor father, anyway. It's not much fun out there, is it?"

"Yeah, well no, it's not that bad, but I wouldn't want to do it every weekend."

"Do you want some breakfast?"

"Forget it! I'm going back to bed. It's still the middle of the night as far as I'm concerned. Honestly, to think I got up for nothing! I could kill David."

"Oh, come on now, I bet David appreciated it, didn't you?"

David was gulping down his cereal, and was it ever disgusting to watch.

"Uh? Oh, yeah, I really had fun! Thanks alot for helping me, too. I'll help you do something, if you want."

"Well," my father began as he got up from the table, "you can both shovel the walks later on."

"Thanks," I told him.

David started telling him about how deep the snow was then, and now that he was warm again, it became 'neat' and 'cool' all of a sudden.

"You know, it would really be great to go sledding now, while the snow's still new and fresh, and not all crunched down yet."

"Well, I'm going to bed," I said, trying to get away before I heard what was coming next.

"Wait a minute," David gulped down the rest of his orange juice, "you, um, wouldn't like to go sledding over at the park first, would you?"

"Forget it, David, it's only 8:00 in the morning!"

"Well, this way we could get over there before everyone else does, just think how neat it'll be."

"Forget it."

"Then just drive me over and drop me off. I can walk home, or else call Mom to come and get me. Oh, come on, won't you?"

"You won't have any fun alone, use your head. Wait until this afternoon, and I'll drive you and some of your friends over."

"But it'll be real crowded then."

"Dad," I looked at him pleadingly.

"Don't look at me. I'd take you, David, but I've got to leave for the airport, right now."

"David, do you have to?" I looked at him, but he wouldn't look up at me. He just stared at his plate, waiting.

"Oh hell, why not!"

"Don't swear," my father added as he left the room.

"You find some more gloves and a dry scarf, and I'll be down in a minute to drive you over there."

"Thanks alot, I'll hurry, and I'll shovel all the walks this afternoon, don't worry." He jumped up from his place and knocked over the sugar bowl.

I went upstairs while I waited for him to get ready. My room wasn't very dark anymore. The sun was reflecting off of the snow, and shining into the window. I sat there for a minute on my bed, and stared out at the snow. It was really the first big one we'd had all year, and I couldn't blame David for being so excited about it. It's never any fun to go sledding alone, though.

"Oh, God, I might as well."

David came into the room and saw me making my bed.

"Go find me a dry pair of gloves, will you? And a larger pair than the last ones you got me. I'll be down in a second, as soon as I take this nightgown off and put on some warmer clothes."

"What for?"

"Because, idiot, I'm the only friend you've got who'd be stupid enough to go sledding with you at this hour!"

"You mean you're going to go with me?"

"Yeah, now hurry up. Look, we can even take Pixie with us, and I'll help you get down the toboggan, we can take that, too, so she can go down the hills with us."

"You really mean it? All right! I'll go get the stuff in the car right away. Don't worry, you don't have to help me with the toboggan, I'll get it. Hurry up, okay?"

As I came outside a few minutes later, I heard Pixie barking and running around while David was putting the things in the car. I didn't even bother to tell her to shut up.

Bobo Ryan



An Abstract Inspiration: Free Verse

When nobody was watching,
she climbed into the side-hole of the pencil-sharpener
and sat among the shavings,
throwing them up with her hands
and letting them land all over her hair.

Someone outside started turning her around and around,
and then stopped.
Suddenly she solidified,
and came out the hole with a pointed head
of lead.

Someone grabbed hold of her,
and began pressing her head onto a piece of paper.
The person was writing with her,
writing beautiful poetry.

She tried to wriggle out of his grasp
but she couldn't even turn around,
and her head was killing her, so
finally she just relaxed and tiew across the
paper writing words.

Then she grew tired, and scrawled out "The End",
and finally the poet put her down,
Not knowing that his beautiful poem that afternoon
was nothing but blunt-cut plagiarism.

Trish Neale

In the sunshine of late afternoon,
Shade, cooling and soft
Around me.
Pressing ever closer.
Enclosing me, at last, in its
Easy outline.
Covering my day with its darkness.

Above me, the wind,
Blowing the daylight from heavens and branches—
Squirrels scurry before the shadows.

I sit unmoving in the still quiet of the shade,
The afternoon,
And the coming darkness.
I watch the day leaving.
Quietly,
Slowly,
Slipping away with the shadows.
Sliding into corners and around buildings.
Tucking itself away—

Until, I'm all that remains.
Even the trees are changed.
Their leaves, once flecked
With the dappled yellowness of the sun,
Are quiet and dark
In the night.

Karin Lawson

dudedub Forever
(and a short while back)

Red, white,
(& Black) & blue;
giddy streets of
nighttime: & the
death continued.
red (among a shirt and head) and White
(retail, mdse, the supermarkets and the Fear)
Stripes with a blue sea (of caps
and billy clubs and perspiring, the official
shirts) on which there hang the stars
of (brass: "I am the Law"),
Death, (cont'd).
 The cop swings the kid bleeds the
 cop bleeds the kid dies the cop
 curses (and bleeds);
red & white,
a black-&-blue america

Nancy Crumpler

Take it.
Inhale it.
Swallow it.
Sniff it.
Breathe it.
Snort it.
Hold it in,
Hard.
Exhale.
Through your nose.
Through your mouth.
Slowly.
Oxygen is beautiful
Do it again.

Pat Reese

The knife that would rend the blood-purple carcass
of the slaughter house cow
scars deeply into the flesh
and rips the skin apart
laying bare the bone—

pale trees rise parched
stark, silver in the forest
of blood.

The rags of flesh piled up
underneath on the bottomest floor of the forest.

Thoughts and missions of life and death hovering
flightless in the womb-like shrouds
that seek the drying bareness of all the trees
and the rotting rench of the wetting floor.

are suddenly pierced with the silken shrieks of eternal conception
and the understanding of the total mind rages forth
seeping forever throughout the forest
in triumphant separation alone—

Libby Wann



Nenie and Bub

I don't like my big brother Bub anymore. I really don't. He's mean and he's horrible and he wanted Nenie to die, and she did.

Nenie was our great-grandmother. We were really proud of that 'cause nobody we knew had a great-grandmother, not like ours anyway. She was beautiful. At night, before she told us stories, she'd go and get ready for bed. Nobody ever went to bed more beautiful than Nenie did. She'd always wash and put on the prettiest smell and take the net off her long blue hair. I asked her once how come my hair was straight and brown when her hair was so nice and wavy and blue. She just laughed and said that God gave me my hair the way it was but she had to pay fifteen dollars a month for hers. I always wondered what God did with the money.

When she was all ready, she'd get in bed and pull us up on either side of her so we could lay our heads on her bosom. It was sort of wobbley, but it was much better than the bedboard. Then she'd tell us the story. My older sister Kitten and I had to take turns sitting beside her, but Bub always got to, 'cause he was a boy and Nenie liked boys most. She had Two husbands! Mom said it was alright 'cause she only took a husband when one died, but I thought it was kind of weird. Bub thought it was kind of funny too, so he asked her why she had two. Nenie always twinkled when she talked to Bub, and she sure was twinkling when she answered him that time. Looked him straight in the eyes and said, "Variety's the spice of life."

She sure could tell good stories. She told us about our two great-grandfathers—how one liked butter so much he ate it on his roast beef, and how the other was really partial to whiskey. That was the husband she said gave her a taste for the finer things in life. She almost got in trouble with the Law because of him. Well, it wasn't really because of him. It was really because she lied to a policeman and chased him off the property. She said she found him snooping around near the stills where Great-granddaddy Ross made his special occasion whiskey. Well, she snuck up behind him with great-granddaddy's 22

gauge, stuck it in his back and told him that he had some explaining to do if he wanted to get off the property O. K. Nenie could shoot the eye out of a crow thirty yards away and everybody knew it, so the policeman said he wasn't going to move if she didn't want him to, but he'd heard about a couple of stills that were being operated on their property without great-granddaddy or her knowing about it of course. Nenie acted really mad and asked the policeman what made him think that she and her husband were so stupid that they didn't know everything that went on on their property. Then she said that if there were a still on the property she'd know about it, and if he ever wanted to come snooping around again he'd better bring a search warrant and speak to her first. When she finally told that policeman to go, he went. Nenie always did have a way with words, and guns.

Great-granddaddy Ross was really proud of her for that, and so was Bub, when he heard about it. He made Nenie take him out in the backyard the next day to see if she could still shoot the eyes out of crows. Nenie didn't mind. She said Bub reminded her more and more of her second husband—that was Great-granddaddy Ross, and besides, crows were mean 'cause they took baby birds from their nests and dropped them on the ground. Nenie never did like mean things.

Kitten and I waited on the second landing inside while Nenie showed Bub how well she could still shoot. She got three crows before the police came. They told her it was against the city orders to shoot in town, and they were going to have to arrest her, but like I said, Nenie was beautiful. She started crying and said that she knew it was against the law, but when she saw those crows attacking her great-grandson she hadn't thought. She'd just grabbed the gun and tried to scare them away. She really looked like she was sorry, so the policemen said that was O. K. but never to shoot in the city again, and they left. It was a good thing they didn't check the crows. She got all three, right through the eye. Bub sure was proud of her.

Great-granddaddy Ross wasn't always as proud of Nenie

as he was when she scared the policeman away from his stills. You see, Nenie was sort of a gambler. She used to take some of the food money every week and bet on the horses. It embarrassed Great-granddaddy when she won money from his friends, but they didn't mind. They said Nenie was the gamest little something or other they knew. I guess that was 'cause she was such a good sport and didn't mind losing either. If she lost a race she'd just smile at them and tell them to save their money in case they might need it in the next race. It always came out about even, but Nenie said it wasn't the winning that made it fun, it was the trying.

Once Bub came home really mad. He tried to smash his baseball bat on the garbage can 'cause he hadn't been chosen captain of Don & Bob's Little League baseball team. Nenie went out and watched him for a couple of minutes. He was still pretty mad but he stopped beating his baseball bat when he saw her.

"You may continue," she told him and smiled at him. Nenie had the sweetest smile.

Well, Bub whacked the bat really hard a couple more times and then he looked at her again. "How come?"

"Put the bat down and I'll tell you."

Bub was even madder then, 'cause the dumb thing hadn't broken and he had to stop, so he dropped it on our concrete driveway and stormed over to where Nenie was leaning against the side porch. "How come?"

"Because you thought it would make you feel better."

Bub stuck out his chin. "It did."

"Really? Then you probably wouldn't want to know a better way."

"Of what?" This time he kicked the garbage can against the wall. I bet that hurt but he didn't jump all around and Nenie didn't laugh.

"Feeling better." Nenie picked up the baseball bat and handed it to him but he shook his head. "What happened?"

"Mr. Don picked Ricky Hertz to be the captain of the baseball team, but I can run twice as fast as he can, and I can hit better, and I'm smarter than he is."

"Then why did Mr. Don choose him?"

Bub sure wasn't in any shape to figure that one out. "Because he likes him I guess."

"Doesn't he like you?"

"No!"

"Oh . . . Then what do you think would be smarter—to break your bat and not play baseball again or to make Mr. Don like you? Come on Mr. Smartypants, what's the smarter thing to do?"

Bub grinned for a sec when she called him that. "To make him like me I guess, but I don't know how."

"Then you take it from your old Nenie. You can't win all the time, just as you can't lose all the time. If you try and give them that old toothless smile of yours whenever you lose, you might just come out ahead. Come on now, just smile."

Bub stared at his baseball bat and then threw his arms around Nenie's middle. "You're not old Nenie. You're great."

I sure do miss Nenie. She had a stroke about a year ago, and it changed her. She was still beautiful, but sometimes she couldn't remember words. She'd get really upset about it and want to cry, but if Bub was there she wouldn't cry. She got much, much worse, but she never cried in front of Bub. That's why I think he's so mean. He went into her room one day and put up all the blinds. Nobody had put the blinds up since Nenie's stroke. We weren't meant to. Then he pulled the old walnut chair up by her bed and just stared at her. He didn't even talk to her; he just stared. When I came up and saw what he'd done, I was all set to get mad at him. He told me to shut up and get lost, but I ran to the windows and put the blinds down instead.

"You get out of here, Bub Adams," I yelled at him.

He was so mad he was almost crying when he turned around and glared at me. Then he turned back to Nenie, leaned over, kissed her hard on the cheek and ran out of the room. I bet that hurt poor Nenie.

I put the chair back quickly and ran after him. "Why'd you do that?" I yelled. "That wasn't nice."

Bub almost looked like he was going to hit me he was so mad, and his eyes were still blurry. "Shut up. I wish she were dead."

Nenie's funeral was yesterday. Everybody was crying when they saw how pretty she still looked. She had a coffin made of the same old walnut as that chair in her bedroom. The inside was blue velvet. It looked soft, but not as soft as Nenie's skin. I almost wanted to touch it, but I was afraid, 'cause she wasn't the same. They were pretending she was asleep but I knew she wasn't. Nenie never wore makeup to bed. She never went to bed without that pretty smell, and she never went to bed with her hair up. Still, everyone cried when they passed her coffin, everyone except Bub. He didn't even look at Nenie, and worst of all he was smiling. When we got home he ran upstairs and locked his door. He didn't even care about Nenie and that's not fair. She loved him most.

Quiet and Still

I should have been brought up
amongst wildflower and prairie oak.
Such splendor can be sought
where grazing grass breeds mellow folk.
All the times I've spent
wishing to be here
seem rare and dear
the soft un-noticed breeze
whispers through my hair
not once, but many pleasing times.
I talk to my sisters
and brethren so fair
as they dance for me
weaving petals through the air.
Still and quiet.
Quiet and still.
—shhhhhhhhhh—
You might be heard
and take away the peaceful
if you come too near.

Dina Willis

Wisps of golden rays
entangle me
within the cool, green sea
on freshly moistened days

soft cotton of purple grey
disguised my bright
just took the light
in its pocket put to stay

when God came out to play
with me
I climbed His tree
and pushed the grey away.

Marcia Thomas

Then there was old Mata Hari
Who reputedly enjoyed the safari.
One day I heard tell
Off of a lion she fell,
And terribly dirtied her sari.

Roberta Culbertson



Bursting forth from a
worm ridden womb
earthen and sunwarmed
I spread my leaves to the
heavens and foraging bees,
knowing not of war,
death, or disease.

As days past, I felt
pollutants clogging my
breath and starving me.
I looked once more to
the heavens, and . . .
fulfilling Nature's instinct,
scattered my seed . . . and died.

Helen Gray Thomas

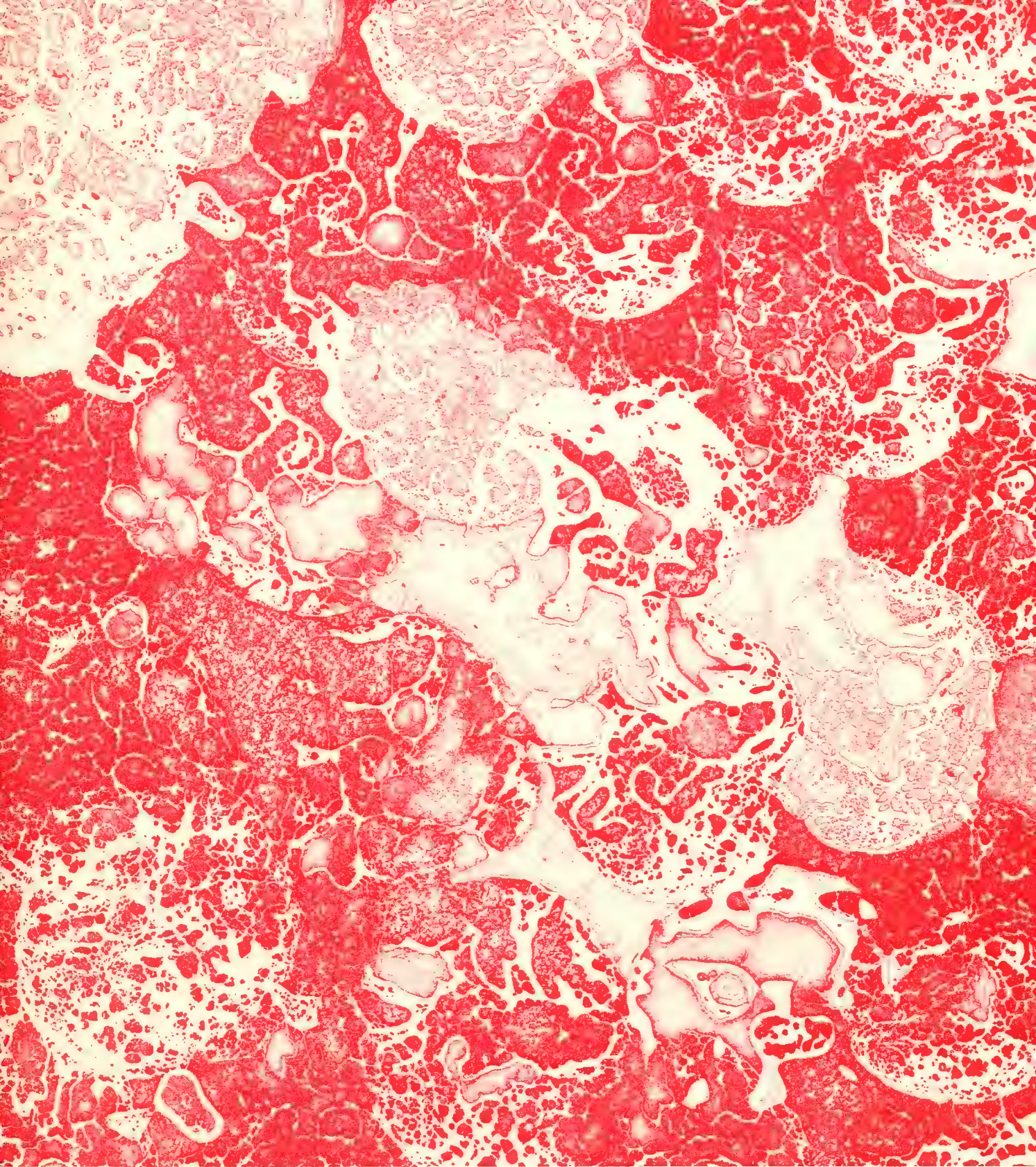
*On the Rhapsody
for the Hundred-millionth Time*

If I die before you
I'll go to live with Gershwin
wherever he may be
and wait there for you
and he and I will feel
sadly happy maybe
or then only feel
but it will be so much
and I will drink the Great Sweat
of his unTimely emotions.
They will choke me in
his screaming lullaby
but my eyes and ears will never close.
I can hear his heart
beating
dying
laughing, lonely
and a little moist
beating
dying
etc.
inside my heart.
He must love me because
we are the same he must
hate me because
we are the
same.
He strips me every time:
I'm exhausted; I come back for more.
Never to be weaned.
Never to be weaned.

Nancy Crumpler

Brambler Staff

Bruce Barrett, *editor*
Debra Bogdan, *business manager*
Roberta Culbertson
Rhonda Griffith
Lianne Johnson
Karin Lawson
Cynde Manning
Edie McRee
Karen Medford
Bobo Ryan
Champe Smith
Jan Storey
Carey Thomas
Marcia Thomas
Libby Wann
Edna Osmanski



brambler

FALL - 1972

Brambler Staff

Jan Storey, *editor*

Debra Bogdan, *business manager*

Peggy Bender

Nancy Blackwell

Anita Clarendon

Dee Couchmen

Roberta Culbertson

Trisha Gilhooley

Cynde Hardy

Carolyn Johnson

Karen Lawson

Karen Lindgren

Cynde Manning

Champe Smith

Cary Thomas

Helen Gray Thomas

Table of Contents

ART

Cover	<i>Nancy Blackwell 74</i>
10	<i>Wanda Hudnall 73</i>
16	<i>Wanda Hudnall 73</i>
19	<i>Nancy Blackwell 74</i>
28 Fetus	<i>Champe Smith 73</i>

PHOTOGRAPHY

7	<i>Peggy Bender 73</i>
13	<i>Peggy Bender 73</i>
15	<i>Nancy Richards 73</i>
23	<i>Champe Smith 73</i>
24	<i>Nancy Richards 73</i>
27	<i>Nancy Richards 73</i>
31	<i>Peggy Bender 73</i>

POETRY

5 Idle Conjectures	<i>Anonymous</i>
6 XIII	<i>Karin Lindgren 75</i>
6 XVIII	<i>Karin Lindgren 75</i>
11 To Essene, From Isadora	<i>Carolyn Johnson 75</i>
12 Untitled	<i>Kathy Orr 75</i>
14 Dark February	<i>Champe Smith 73</i>
17 Courtesan, Her Dull Clientele	<i>Nancy Crumpler 74</i>
18 Untitled	<i>Helen Gray Thomas 75</i>
20 For one who remembers a yellow flowers day	<i>Patti Nanke 73</i>
22 Untitled	<i>Dede Alexandre 76</i>
22 Untitled	<i>Susan Bundy 73</i>
25 Noctambulist	<i>Jane McCutchen 73</i>
29 Southern Lament	<i>D. F. 73</i>
30 Untitled	<i>Debbie Mutch 76</i>
32 Eden	<i>Karin Lindgren 75</i>

PROSE

8 Closed Doors, Locking	<i>Anonymous</i>
21 Teapot	<i>Helen Gray Thomas 75</i>
26 The Breakfast House	<i>Jonna Pierce 75</i>

Idle Conjectures

Ubangi woman
with a lost
lower plate
Travel through time
Encased in a giant gelatine capsule
Has Anyone kissed
the violent purple pendulum
touching your chest
Lain tastebuds alongside
your swollen tongue?
Sucked the scarred hairlip?
A pot-pourri of perversions awaits you
Make pace towards the massage parlors
Did Mother never tell you
or the whispering prismatic mirror
of the guilt you inflict?

Anonymous

XIII

So surface I from murky silence now
as waters ripple in their dread of night
to scatter pieces of my broken vow
like ashes in the solemn parting rite
and leave me looking numb without an urn
in which to hold the morbid souvenir
(of us?), so pigeons murmur lost concern
in vapor folds that drape the fluid bier.

As infants die unborn and I see weak-
ly the plight (of love?) that withers tongue-tied,
so shy and hushlike forward slips the meek
arrival of dissolving scribble sighed/
but ripples shudder as your footsteps fall
to sweep alive the anthems we made stall.

Karin Lindgren

XVIII

I had no fear of heights. So try I did,
Sir, to swan-dive in the wind. Yes, I knew
I would not swim, so wanted I to rid
myself of your bondage. Wingless I flew
so fast so deep so down, and silver things
kept spinning nearer, almost up to me—
and now it seems my deathspin sudden brings
you this alibi hopelessly empty.

So slightly stunned am I before you, Sir,
while somehow still within me something screams
for its freedom of speech. Did I prefer
above you, in fact, my paranoid dreams?
Your Honor, no more can I say now as
I see you are and (Oh, my God!) I was.

Karin Lindgren



Peggy Bender '73

Closed Doors, Locking

I'm awake and spilling out into the chilled wet of the morning, straining for the solid thump of Spanish door, laughing shakily at the space widening between myself and this house of closed doors locking. Leaving them all I'm heading away to the city's center, to school. The bus stop in sight I remember amarillo. That circle for bus stopping splashing a bit of sunny color on the morning of grass and trees, verde, and the roses . . . roja y las flores muy pequenas son azul. My foot comes crushing and grinding these flowers for I remember Father blue, Father silent. And what is Mother's color? My Mother yellow as she rises with her hair streaming down and around her shoulders. My Mother red as her earrings ting jingly and her dress swishes as she steps. My Mother black as she raises her hand to come crashing down, down on Jenny, poor Jenny, home surviving the last of her holiday. "Please" I charged her as I left, "stay out of Mother's way, she's in her mood, remember." I warned her recalling last night.

Last night when my sister sat rocking, knees against chest. Her eyes spoke such puzzled symbols as she stared just to the right of, through the painting, through the delicate dream of orange poppies in the field. She sat rocking so, webbed and bound about herself with such frail arms and rigid back bending, without elegance. Some defeat held painfully in the tight clutching of her chest. The T.V.'s blaring haze caught her face blue, caught her face wrinkling into such soft shivering folds . . . trying to say, wanting to hold, be held, but gestures so stiffly cornered would jerk so, like a wintered branch pushed forward, forward, by the wind. So, she remained, tightly holding knees against chest, so terribly, terribly frail, my sister, trembling.

"Trembling!, Why Jennifer you're trembling. Haven't you enough sense to wear a robe?" said Mother suddenly flicking on lights and slamming, slamming windows surely closed. "And turn off that T.V. you little sneak. Everytime I turn my back . . . what a revolting little girl you are." And she grabbed Jenny by the bladed back and thrust her before the mirror. "Look at you with your bangs in your eyes, no one can even see your pretty face". Jenny's muscles reflected tight and stern. With her jaw jutted she stared at the mirror with its dust and spots while Mother spoke down on hair unparted, as if her words might sink and find a place at Jenny's center. Mother looking up caught my eyes in the mirror and then away again, falling away from the mirror searching in tired depths of eyes puffed and swollen. "Oh," she said turning, dropping herself into spindly chair before me. "Oh, James" she sighed heaving one fat thigh atop the other. I knew she felt Jen moving at her back but I saw her moving stiff with anger, tensing, tearing.

"Why was I so abrupt," she begged with aged lines furrowing. Against the chair's back, so tensed, so angry

at her black and mean, I softened, for the cruel lights cast such green shadows on her day worn features. "It's just that she looked so odd, just sitting there and staring off like that. An eight year old kid who spends most of her time staring off into space or scheming up some meanness, . . . It's just not normal!" No words would come. I watched the lighting of the cigarette, following the motions of hands fumbling, tapping, firing, and shakily reaching for the twisted "o" of receptive mouth. After the first blowing of the grey from between her teeth and out into the air, the room began to hang with smoke.

Smoking, clouds and screeching and the bus wakes me. The driver is before me black and I feel a heated blush creeping. Balancing against slippery silvered pole, I feel money warm and jumbled in my pockets. Everyone is watching. I know that without turning round. The only one standing, the only one fumbling with money and books. With the money tinkling against the meter, I jig and jostle my way to the window seat, hoping to escape the smells of bus and catch the smells of morning. The smells, oh, yes, the smells of Mother smoking, last night, filling the room. "Oh James" she said, this time entreating, "do go sit with your Father until dinner. He's sitting in the dining room alone again." And so, as every night, I sit to the right of Father waiting . . . waiting for Jenny to get up the courage to come in, waiting for Mother who is waiting for her drink to take effect and finally waiting for Father to raise his head and peer around at everything in order. He must listen like a blind man for all the proper sounds because not until we are all in our proper places with food ready on the table does he flick, flick the pages of the paper into shape and set it down with a slap at his side. He then smiles grimly and launches into one of the stories he's burned out of the paper, and if Father tells a story you'll surely listen. He stares so as he speaks with such wide unblinking as if the conversation danced on a taunt wire stretching from the center of his blueness to the center of your own. His eyes burn naked and bare like bulbs and itch a fire in your eyes, but if you dared to look away, if you dared to blink to stop the pain, there would come a certain firmness in the jaw and a cold film passing from the lashes and the talk would stop shortly.

"Son", a warm hand upon my cheek wakes me to the bus. So close to my face is whisper of wine and dead teeth. Jerking around to the left I find the whitest man I've ever seen. His hair softly curling is cotton and his skin is smooth, not lined but curving like sheets. "Where are you going?". The man pressed closer. Shudders racked at my legs, so I turned and answered the lightposts whizzing by, "to school". Where? "Walton". Even as the words escaped my mouth, even as I turned to watch this mans eyes swallow them up, I knew I should not have told him that. Can't trust this face smiling, then

speaking, then smiling, for the smiles are either a bit too early or too late, having the habit not of putting periods but of putting question marks instead. Jumping with the next gentle grazing of my cheek, I brushed past the man feeling his leg warm. The door is before me but my legs are stiff and my books and arms are dragging.

As James left school that evening the sweat poured from his hands, dampening his books. He walked with machine like rapidity into the night fast falling. The shadows tightening round him, he clutched his books tighter with frenzied wetness. He felt each chill wind stealing up his spine to the nape of his neck. As the minutes passed he began to loosen, shifting his books to one arm he put the other round the lightpost, feeling its size supporting. But with the first scruffling near him he would stand upright with eyes straining. Finally, the bus pulled huge and reeking before him. He boarded hesitating, searching all the faces flouresced in the aging greenness of the light. Satisfied, he moved to sit near cotton dressed woman with shopping bags of comfortable celery and eggs emerging. After a time the colored neons of the city faded into the regular whiteness of the suburbs. Burning, they forced his lids, weary and aching from the too wide staring, from the rabbit like intensity, to close and let the itchy pain recede. The driver nudged him at his stop. He started and looked about him to find the whole bus empty and he, almost safely home. Out of the bus, up the street, across the lawn, dry now, and in through the Spanish door he ran, breathing and then not breathing, in short gasps. At the door he paused and waited for his heart to stop that thumping. He watched his Father's back in the dining room searching in the paper for facts for dinner.

The Father suddenly turned his head toward James. He must have sensed the hesitation at this back. "Come in" he said "sit down", and he quickly lost himself again in the staring at the paper. Soon all were assembled again to eat without tasting. The Mother not feeling her drink yet looked out across the table searching among the potatoes and corn for something to say. Suddenly the Father lowered his paper and lifted his head. He was going to speak. The Mother met his gaze with pained expectation, but he riveted his head to his son and asked in a consultory manner "Is everything all right son?" James kept his head bowed hoping for the right words to come, the words that were in the front of his Father's mind. What could he say, how could he say that he feared, he thought, perhaps—a man was to come from the shadows and touch him on the cheek. No, it must be the right words, because if they did not come or worse no words at all then there would come the same chilled masking of the face. "No sir, nothing" and he smiled a straight line across his face. Ah, return smile, he'd been right, his Father hadn't really wanted to know. He never wanted to talk of things that touched that way, on the inside.

"And you Jenny what have you been doing on your holiday?"

"Oh yes, do tell Daddy what you've been doing" spits

the Mother with her eyes slanting and mouth twisting.

"Do tell him what his little darling has been up to. Tell him, that when Mommy asked you to turn off the T.V. for the umpteenth time today that his little pumpkin took the sewing shears and cut the cord. Isn't that cute Daddy?"

James searched Jenny's face for an answer but Jenny sat, as if in another world, smiling, shakily.

"Smiling like a cheshire cat, are you?" the Mother screeched. "You won't have much to smile at when your Father gets to you" and she reached over and pinched Jenny's arm purple. A sickness passed over James and he rose from the table, excusing himself. No one noticed. All eyes were on Jenny.

He headed up the dark hallway to his room. He could hear his Mother's booming "what do you mean leave her alone? Just as long as she's quiet about it you wouldn't care if she burnt the house down."

Safely in his room he set it blazing and then to blaring with radio bursting through the earphone into his ears. He stretched the cord to his bed and climbed beneath the covers, fully clothed. He lay there staring, remembering the man's face curling and forcing his head to keep time to the music. Somehow he fell asleep and later much later awoke to hear his Mother swishing in her gown and robe down the hall.

She must have woken terrified that night, rigid with fear. She had to wander the house easing her body as she saw each sleeping child. Easing the muscles in her back to see that they were safely frozen for a time. She must come close enough to see the rising and the falling, come close enough to touch the huddled curves and creases of such protective folds.

When she entered the room he felt her coming closer, felt her warmth and saw the thickness of her form covered in robe and gown. When she came to his bed he closed his eyes and felt her warm and breathing above him. He convulsed with chill as she touched his cheek but quickly turned, so that she might not notice, so that she might lie down again with her neck loose and her mind letting go. He opened his eyes again. He knew she'd left.

After hours of staring, he rose and felt his way to Jenny's room. His hands extended he edged against the walls. Her room was lit by headlights from the street, creeping through the window and around the walls. He leant over her and saw that her face was streaked and dirty. Her hair, so black, was running in crazy streams over her sheets and twining gently round the boniness of her arms. Her knees were pulled up tightly against her chest and she made only the slightest lump in the mountains of sheets and blankets. James leant back in the rocker and watched the headlights patterned on the wall. He watched them with his hands clutching the chair arm, mid-rock. He watched their slow swimming round the room and waited, waited with unwavering blue gaze for them to pass over and touch him on the cheek. Again and again.

Anonymous



Wanda Hudnall

To Essenine, from Isadora

Mad Russian desire
surging through and around
engulfing us—
drowning
O my Essenine
my insane song
singing me

My laughing yellow babe—
my blue boy
I never had a chance to
say goodbye . . .
I know there's no way I
could have stopped you
in that room
the room that was ours
long ago—
during wine dance days
love dance nights
fed on oysters and champagne
by Aphrodite herself
we were so strong against all tides
flowing, silken days—
my red liberation dancing days!

ah, my little child—
always playing
always needing
but you stole my blood
as well as my love
you drained me so dry
drunk all my mother-milk
snatched all my energy
I was dying—yet full of life
I had to unattach you from me
the sky-pleasure that was ours
gave way to crazy
leeching, sucking
I had to—
I had to—
make you let go
and now—
long after
you took your life—
I took back sadly, with
my great mother-pain,
and gratefully
to you, my child,
my lover,
my husband,
goodbye

Carolyn Johnson

Caught in crystal
Spun by stars
Made by magic inhuman in its touch
A unicorn
Fragile because he is so real
Scorns the sky
As he runs from men.
This is no dream
Though when I go to look
His tiny feet have not even touched the grass.
But I could feel his breath in the wind
And he looked for one moment into my eyes.
This is no dream.
Far above my head
A cloud like a dragon
Swallows the sun into itself.

Kathy Orr



Peggy Bender '73

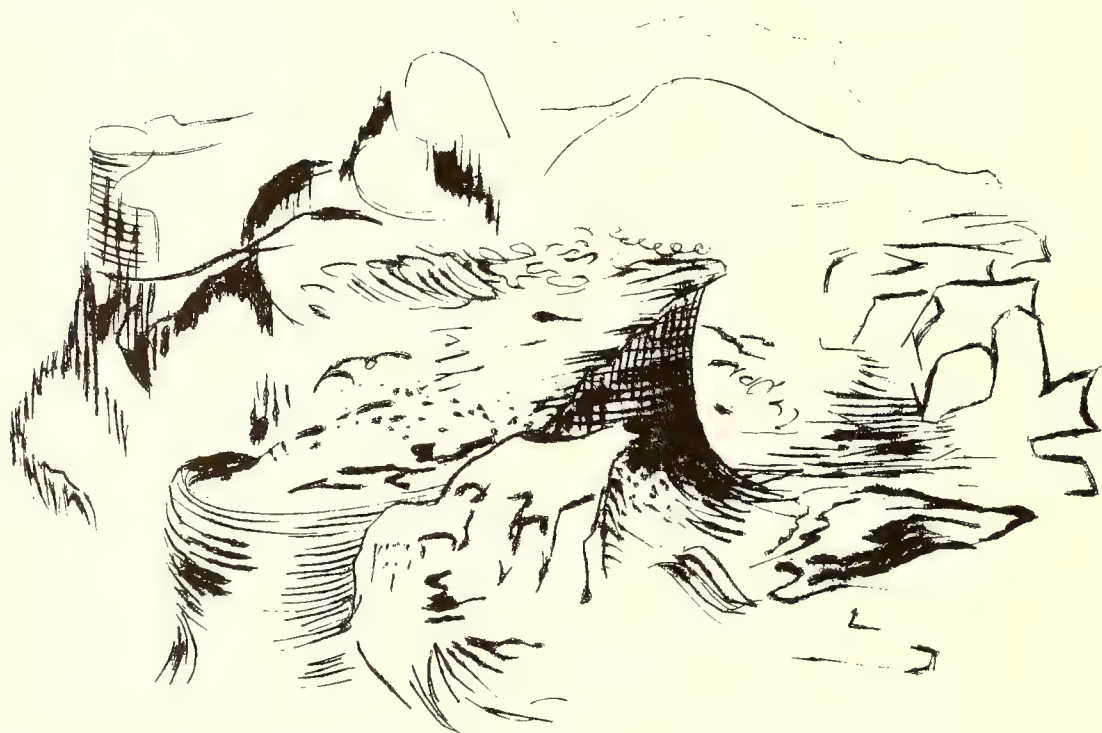
Dark February

In the darkness of the night
it pushes gently my hair,
Gently but with the force of the sea air.
And as I remember how the sea smells
I can imagine the roaring of water
pounding on the shore, surrounding my feet.
No, for it's February in the mountains.
But February like the spring
like the night air has never been before.

Champe Smith



Nancy Richards '73



Wanda Hudnall '73

Courtesan, Her Dull Clientele

This "historial" a Beaupre:
(Religion seems to whore herself
More quickly than the waterfalls,
the crosses more brittle than
the worldly souvenirs, and
50¢ for holy healing water
in a plastic jug
with blessed saints tatoood
across the front) it is a
mechanized museum,
each scene having lifelike
figures done in wax all
to depict the life and death
of saint and relics, and the Miracles
attributed to them and her
for which it's named;
And each room lights up
faith becoming music and in
order and between becoming music
first in francais, than in English.

. . .

two tape-recorded gentlemen
describe the lives and deaths
(already mentioned) After which
the music stops, a buzzer sounds
whereupon the next room is the source
of all the music and the lights and of the
tape-recorded gentlemen.
Wax figures populate the scenes
with their nonexistent stares
(Looking much like corpses)
Almost real except their faces
have no life, their eyes are dull.

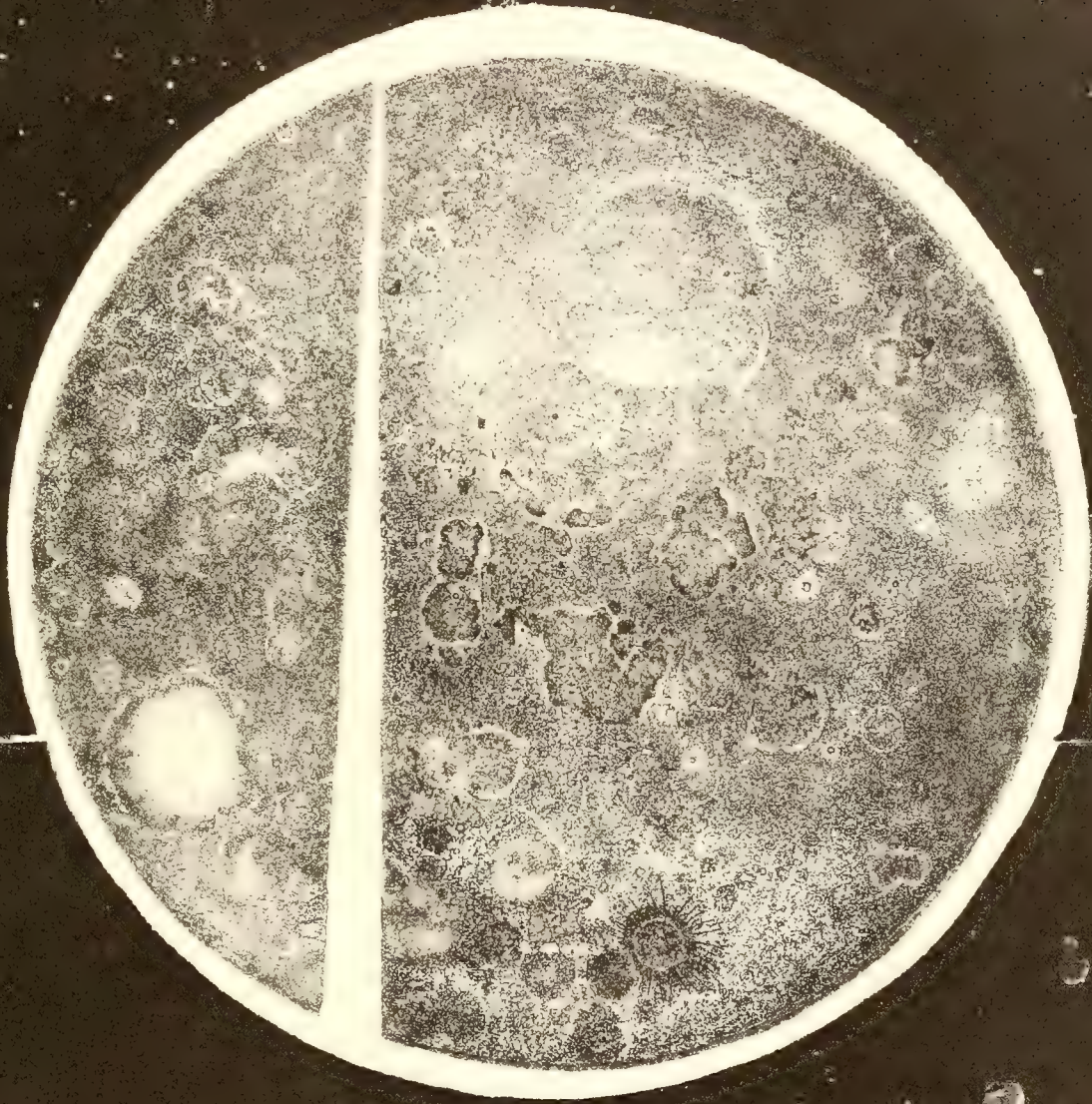
. . .

We began this tour as 7 at the first room
(2 families of 4 and 3)—it was, I think,
the fifth room that I'd noticed
we'd collected more and more with
each buzzer and each room till at
la sortie there were maybe 20 of
us touristes—as if the figures
had changed clothes and followed us
(as soon as their room's light was out)
and leaving you could hardly tell
which ones had been the wax ones
and which not, one said, "the figures were
so lifelike!"
Color postcards, sparkly rosaries
saw us out.

Nancy Crumpler

The stars seemed limp
lost of lucent light
above my moribund mind
catipillars, creeping
across the pavements of
the heavens.
I shut my eyes to block
them from sorrowful sight
and pray until the heavens
spin with kaliedescope colors
the truth.

Helen Gray Thomas



for one who remembers a yellow flower day

yellow flowers beside the road
blue car with its glad-sad load
spins along that strip of time
stretching to eternity
 stretching to the future
 stretching to the past
bordered all by may flow'rs bold
silent shining fields of gold

golden like sunshine
gladdening down on all
golden in the daybright
fate it is to call

knowing—in the bright gold flow'rs
fated future's hold
touching that—three pensing beings
encased in bluemobile
can only guess at, hope at, dream at
yet not know
wisdom a small yellow flower grows

Patti Nanke

Tea Pot

She was alone now, her friends back at college, her suitcase in the trunk: the sound of the car purring in the dark calmed her, she had finally done it. She had spent the last two months wondering about him, how he was, where he was, and what he was doing. It was now only ten miles to the farm house.

Winding up a narrow dirt road, she asked herself if this was right. She had called the night before only to find that he wasn't there, his little brother had been busted and he had gone home to see him. She had wanted to talk to him about their relationship; there had to be something definite and final between them. Now she was worried about him, his brother, and his family. "No, it wouldn't be wise to talk to him now", she had decided, and she hopped into the car and started driving to where she thought he might be. She had to be with him now, they had always helped each other out of depression.

A tiny light gave her direction and she pulled into a fenced in yard. Her lights gleamed on the white frame house and caught a chicken running under the porch. "So this is it", she thought as she turned off the engine and held her breath.

It was a cool breezy night and the moon was three quarters full surrounded by stars. Her hair blew off her shoulders as she straightened out of the car; the door crashed shut in the silent night. Walking towards the porch she was startled by a low growl as an English setter appeared from beneath the steps. A grating creak made her jump and turning she saw the swing on the porch gliding back and forth, it's hinges rusty.

She cautiously peeked into a warm bright room. It looked like him, cheerful, nice with white curtains, yet mannish with guns over the mantle. A braid scatter rug lay before the fireplace where a fire was just gaining strength. Smoke rose from a cigarette placed precariously on a beer can next to a still moving rocking chair. "Well at least I know that someone's here", she breathed deeply again, and knocked once, twice three times . . . no answer.

She tried the door . . . unlocked. "That's funny", she thought, "why would the cigarette be burning and the door unlocked, what if something has happened?" She took two steps and closed the door behind her.

The room smelled wonderful and she thought of the times they could have had in such a happy place. "If only things had worked out"; she smiled and shook her head, "there are always ifs". A whistle from a corridor . . . the kitchen. She followed the noise and turned off the stove where a teapot boiled furiously, the hand painted tea pot they bought the night she had realized that everything was fine. Two cups with tea bags in them waited on a table; she filled them. The kitchen was clean she noticed, he always was a stickler for cleanliness. The dishes were drying from dinner and she opened the refrigerator to find a roast and a half-eaten pie on the shelves . . . musselberry, his favorite. "At least he's eating well".

She heard a creak and turned, someone was there. She cautiously moved into the corridor; there it was again, a creaking noise coming from a room next to the kitchen. She opened the door, the light fell first on the pot bellied stove he had prized so, then on the horrified faces of a couple entwined among the sheets on the brass bed that she had heard about.

No one said a word, no one moved. She felt as if she was drowning, struggling for breath and for words, horrified, shocked, and embarrassed. "Excuse me" came from somewhere. She shut the door and running out of the house, realized too late that she held the tea pot in her hand.

The car moved quickly down the road, dust and rocks flying. Soon it was silent again. She couldn't cry, she actually felt sick. The tea pot turned over as she sped around a curve and water poured out, burning her leg. She pulled over and threw the tea pot into the woods and burst into tears.

Helen Gray Thomas

Winging far too near,
A shooting star's snared
By an unconquerable force.

Joys sought for an hour
Oft may be transformed
To longings for the lasting.

Brave stars may perish;
Mem'ries remain . . . And
That which was, is forever.

Susan Bundy

Reeling, pitching—
the continuous motion
creates boredom.
my mind is rocking
to the sway of the waves.
the white caps upset my thoughts
as boredom confuses the sea.

A fresh opening
slowly drawing the sun.
the warmth caresses each petal.
the fire ball forces the bud
to expose its secret center—
And life is created—
taken for granted—

and dies.

Dede Alexandre



Champe Smith '73



Nancy Richards '73

Noctambulist

Dreams, dreams,
 dreams—
I walk often in my sleep;
Balancing on seconds,
 obscurities,
Darkness surrounds shadow-filled sleep.
Stepping lightly over gravel,
Silently passing through unknown doors,
Eyes opening by perception's touch—
 thoughts
Transfixed by rambling peace.
Bordering on wakeful moments
 wandering,
Unaware of my feet.

Jane McCutchen

The Breakfast House

Dappled by muted shadows, an old stone smokehouse with a cupola roof stands, close to our house, silent under the annual fall of cherries from the twisted tree over its roof. When we were small, it was a place of refuge from anything that we didn't want to be bothered with. Neither of my sisters had any idea what to call it until our mother told us it had been used to cure bacon. Since bacon and breakfast went together, we named it the "Breakfast House".

The walls were of very old stone—so old that it was turning white in splotches—and very thick. There were always spiders in the corners, but we made it a point not to look for them after a while. Sometimes, when we would touch the stone, bits of it would crumble from our hand, and powder the floor with a film of grey dust. Two small windows competed with each other, each trying to let the most light in while glaring at each other. The wooden bars in them made us think of prisons, and the huge, scarred beams with rusty chains and hooks still hanging from them were used in the Civil War for torturing Yankee prisoners. The thick brown dust on the top of the clumsy beams was from the prisoners' bones, who had been tortured, and then left chained above to die.

The floor was dirt, but not the type of dirt that is dusty. It's dark surface had a smooth, polished texture, and even the bumps were rounded. A thick, wooden door with black iron hinges would be barred from the inside. It hung slightly lopsidedly, and creaked when we opened it. One of the round, black bolts on the outside was the dot for the "i" in "Private" that we painted on

the outside in leftover creosote. A thick threshold rose from the sunken floor, high enough to trip us when we were in a hurry. The molding at the top of the door harbored wood-borers. They gnawed huge, round holes in the rotten wood, and we would look above our heads each time we entered, fearful that they would sting us.

The roof did not mold into the walls, but left an overlapped space through which ivy grew. The ivy avoided covering the walls with windows, but chose instead to grow over the wall opposite the door. This wall was covered by an unbroken mass of green, heart-shaped leaves all year round. In one corner, there was a large, brick-red drainpipe which ran directly from the inside, through the thick stone wall, to the outside. The cats used this as their personal entrance.

When we played in the breakfast house in the summer, the damp air was cool, even on the hottest day, and the darkness, rarely penetrated by sunlight, kept it cool. Chairs, no longer good enough for the house, were hidden in the breakfast house. Our cats were born in the stuffing of these chairs, and the matted padding clung to our feet when we walked in it. An old driftwood lamp was our hatrack, and a broken china vase from Japan was a spittoon for the cowboys. A 1920-style lawn chair with rusty, green upholstery was used as the queen's throne. Turkey feathers in one corner were for writing the way Benjamin Franklin did, and for the dressy hats.

Now, cobwebs tie everything to lawn mowers and bikes, weaving them into an indistinguishable mass of spindle-thread.

Jonna Pierce



Nancy Richards '73



A Southern Lament

I lost my wits, while eating grits
This morning at breakfast time.
Without much sleep, it's hard to keep
The better half of my mind.

My mind in a jumble, I repeatedly mumble,
"Oh! What has become of my head?"
And the only drives that can keep me alive
Are sex and the grateful dead.

D. F.

Jack
in his youngly painted box of tin
will
ALLOFASUDDEN!
pop UP
to a whimsical tune

on a coiled piece of wire
he will totter merrily
and amaze too little eyes
with his stupid carnival
of painted face and burlesque

and jack
(a two-eyed simpleton?)
will go crazy with the strains
of his own circus
and the paradox
of his minstrelsy when the lid
is closed.

the onemanshow
is dropped into
an already full toy-box
by i's too little satisfied
(leaving six eyes safe to cry.)

Debbie Mutch



Peggy Bender '73

Eden

After I
turned your birdbath over,
picked your purple clover,

trampled your snowberry,
mangled your rosemary,

let my savage frenzy
scatter all your pansies,

sucked your honeysuckle
with an impish chuckle,

your voice didn't harden
to ban me from your garden.

I gaped at you dumbly
and could only numbly
wonder why.

Karin Lindgren

